SEP 7 1983

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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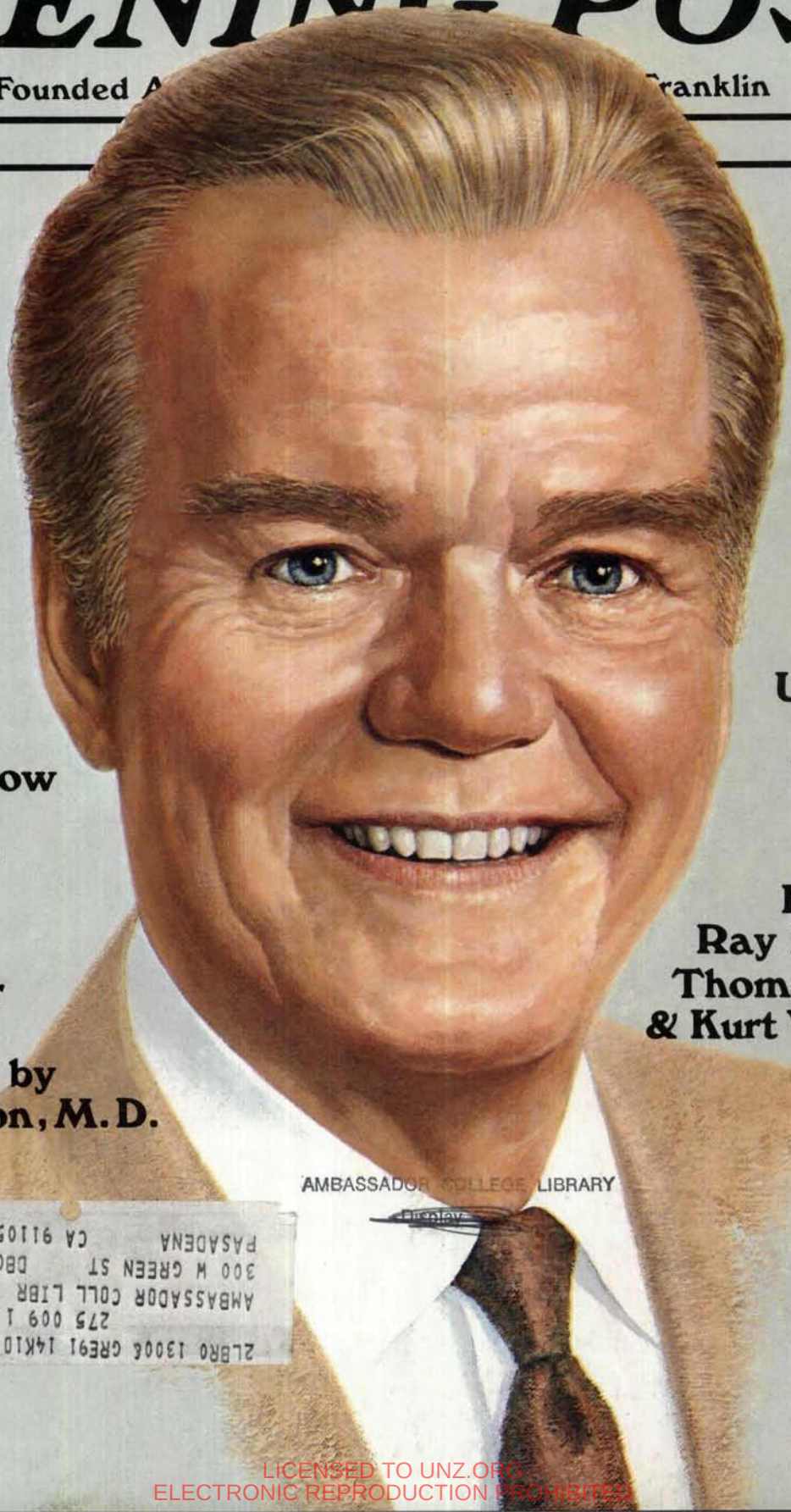

Paul Harvey

Vatican Art

Prostate Cancer: A National Tragedy

Anti-Herpes Diet

Men & Women: How Different Are They?

Up-ending Back Problems

Fiction by Ray Bradbury, Thomas Tolnay & Kurt Vonnegut

High-Fiber Diet for Diabetics by J. Anderson, M.D.

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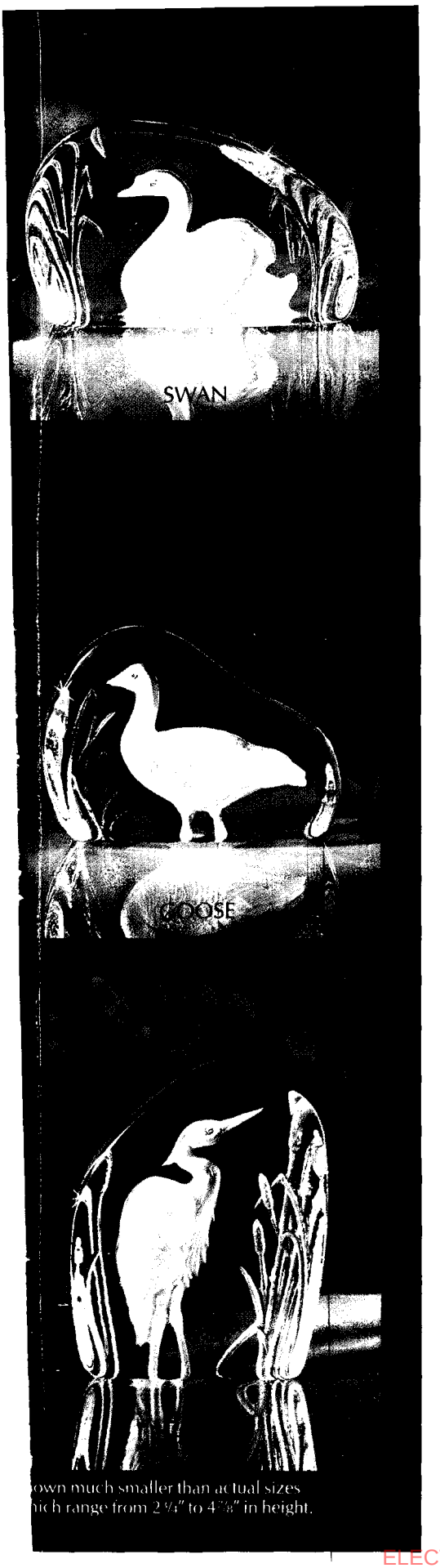

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RESERVATION APPLICATION Q-15

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Broadcaster Paul Harvey—is the undisputed Voice of America to his audience of 20 million. **42**

Men and Women—How are they different? Let us count the ways. **48**

Prostate Cancer—Is the answer to prevention in a low-fat diet? **26**

Vatican Treasures on Tour—taking the scenic route through the heartland of America. **54**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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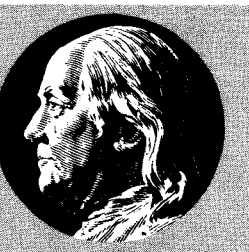

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(Cover Portrait by Lucian Lupinski)

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The Lion in Autumn—Joe Paterno roars into his 19th season as head coach of Penn State's Nittany Lions. **61**

Foods That Fight Herpes—are high in lysine—low in arginine. **90**

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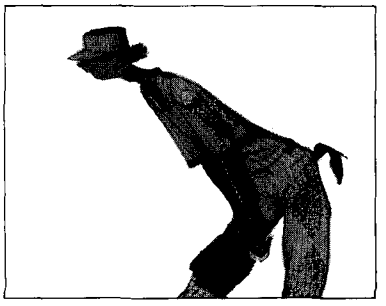

A Living Foul Ball—becomes the Portland Clams' pitching ace in Thomas Tolnay's new fiction. **66**

The Diabetic Diet—Dr. James Anderson's high-fiber/carbohydrate diet is good for diabetics and nondiabetics alike. **18**

Letters

Cover Commentary

I sincerely hope that you continue to have situation style covers like the cover of the May/June '83 issue. May the days of photo covers be gone for good! You've got good illustrators—use them!

One of my favorite old *Post* illustrators (besides Norman Rockwell) is a guy who always signed his work simply as "Alajalov." He did quite a few from the 40s to the early 60s. I doubt if he's painting anymore, or even living, but it might be worthwhile for you to look into rerunning some of *his* beautiful old canvas!

I'm only 26 and do not remember any of them from when they were new, but I've seen quite a few in old book stores and at magazine swap meets.

Dick Sargent is another great *Post* illustrator who also did alot of mid-century covers like Alajalov's.

Today, a lot of people don't seem to appreciate (at least not yet) *The Saturday Evening Post* issues that were done from the 40s to 60s in "the *other* style". They seem to be perceived as being inferior to the pre-1942 "classic" style. I for one like those issues a lot. In fact if you wanted to go over to it again, I think it would be fine.

Robert McGowan, Jr.
Van Nuys, California

I was very interested in the cover for the July/August *Post* but I was dismayed to find the flag (top story) is hanging incorrectly. The blue field should be to the observer's left.

I really like the *Post* and look forward to its coming.

Mrs. O. Brenneman
Salmon, Idaho

Golden Smile

I read about salt and soda (July/Aug) and their benefit to the teeth and gums. I started using these two at the age of ten.

I was from a family of ten children. We could not afford toothpaste. After I was grown, I used toothpaste for a few years, lost two lower jaw teeth, went back to salt and soda and have not lost another tooth. I was 69 years old

continued on page 10

EDITORIAL
Cory SerVaas, M.D., *Editor and Publisher*
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Robert L. Silvers, *Religion Editor & Associate Publisher*
Ted Kreiter, *Executive Editor*
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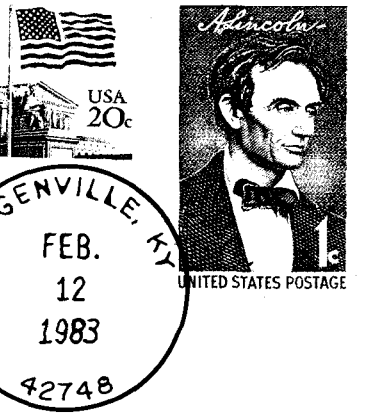

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Historic stamps no longer available from the Postal Service.

Many of the stamps have extraordinary philatelic importance and most depict the President himself. For instance, the Abraham Lincoln medal will appear with the 1959 stamp issued for the 150th anniversary of his birth.

In a few instances, the Presidential Medal will be accompanied by a stamp which depicts a significant event or accomplishment associated with the President's administration. The Grover Cleveland medal, for instance, will

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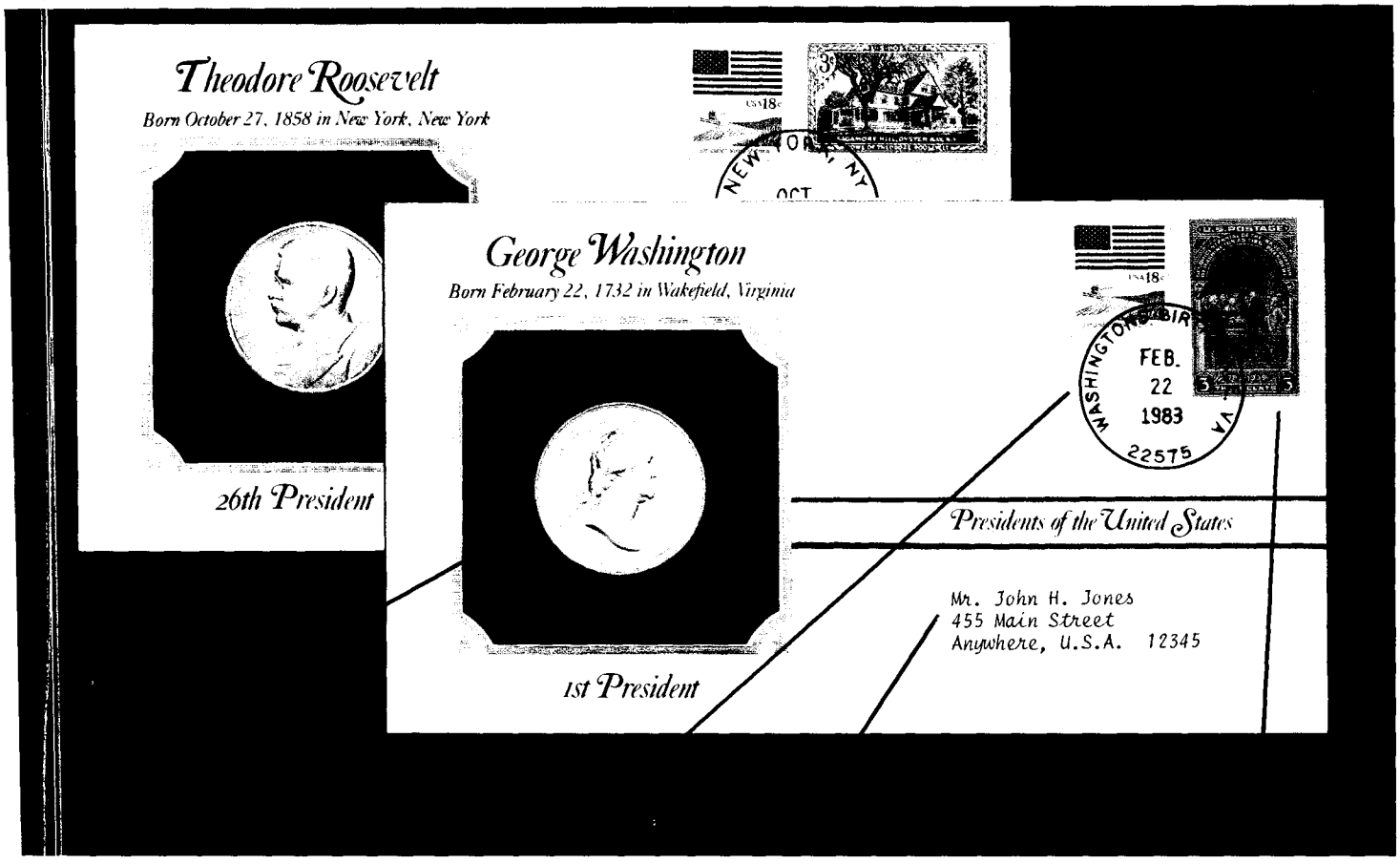

appear with a 1947 stamp commemorating the settlement of Utah (which became a state during Cleveland's administration).

None of the stamps are currently available from the Postal Service—all are out of print. The Postal Commemorative Society has had to assemble them from private dealers, and the limited supply necessarily limits this unprecedented Commemorative Cover collection.

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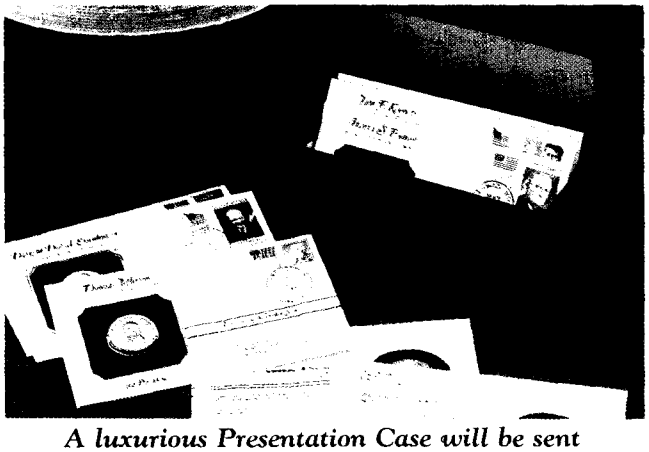

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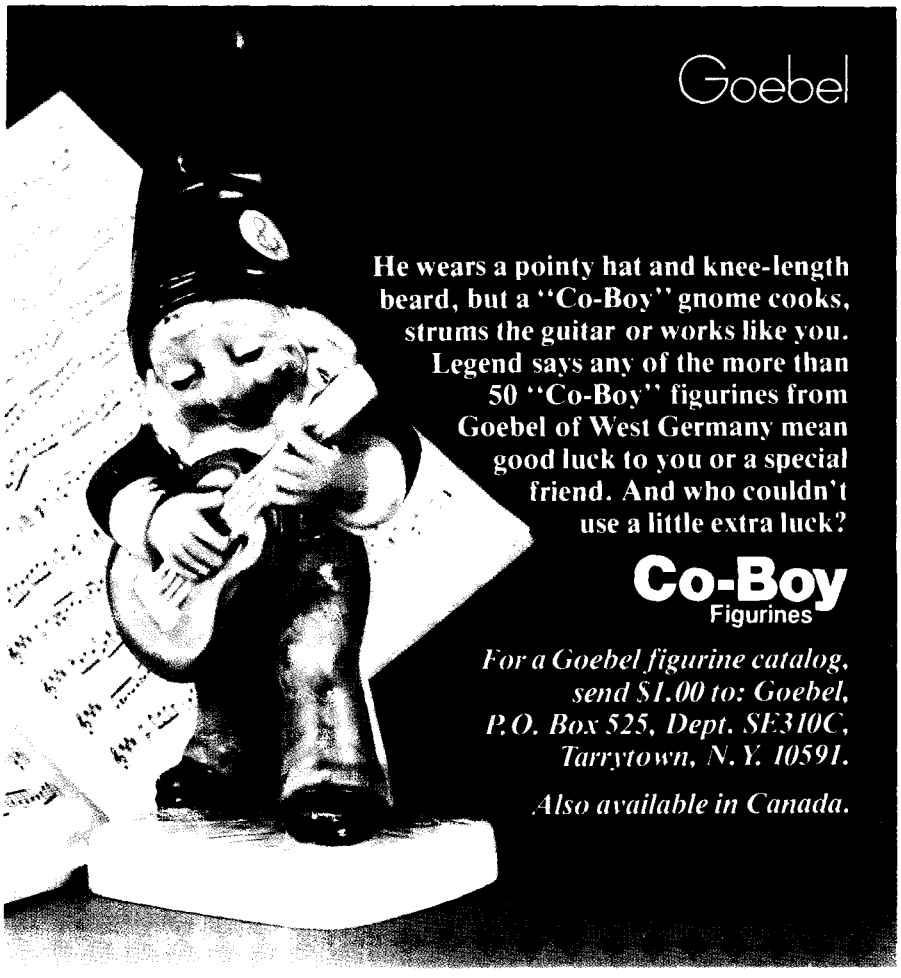
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Gladys Duncan
Farmington, New Mexico

Slippery Sleep

I didn't see the article about "Satin Sheets," but I can imagine how funny it was. However, as you know, for every action there is a reaction, and while the sheets are slippery (I didn't know there were some that were not wash and wear), that very fact helps me. Because of multiple sclerosis, turning in bed is difficult, and satin sheets help.

Mrs. H.M. Gay
Menlo Park, California

Church & State, Cont'd.

Is it not incongruous that *The Saturday Evening Post* should maintain at its masthead a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, who in his young manhood was an avowed atheist? This is not in keeping with the fundamentalist religious doctrine that pervades the editorial thinking of the *Post*. I refer specifically to the article "The Myth of Separation," by D. Elton Trueblood, in the July/August '83 issue.

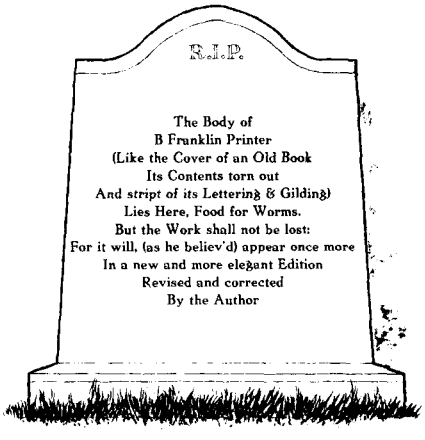
Mr. Trueblood characterizes those who wish to keep church and government separate as crusaders, zealots and fanatics, whereas the opposite is actually the case. I know of no atheist organization that inspires zealots and fanatics to crusade in the cause of agnosticism [sic].

Mr. Trueblood contradicts himself. In the final paragraph he says, "We certainly prize what the Founding Fathers did." The Founding Fathers included the aforementioned Franklin, the atheist, and Thomas Paine, the agnostic, who inspired his fellow men in a cause for freedom as few men have done since. They wanted no part of a government system that would permit the wholesale treacheries, tortures, hangings, burnings and assorted horrors that marked the long history of Christianity, up to and including the witch hunts in colonial Massachusetts.

Again, in the last paragraph, Mr. Trueblood asserts that separation would always favor atheism. This is a ridiculous argument. It is the contradictions, bigotries, inconsistencies, half-truths and fairy tales of Christian teaching that nurture atheism. Of course, we all wish to preserve religious and civic freedom, a thought George Washington had in mind when he issued an official proclamation recommending that "November 26, 1789, be kept as a day of national thanksgiving for the establishment of a formal government that made for safety and happiness."

Virgil R. Thomsen
New Hampshire

We must refute your reference to Benjamin Franklin as an atheist. Franklin authority Frank Jones of Indiana University emphatically states that this was never the case, albeit Franklin at one time did chastise Presbyterian ministers for delivering boring sermons. He told his young daughter that no matter how unendurable the sermons were, she should not skip church. Franklin believed both in God and in an afterlife, proof of which can be seen in many of his writings and in his witty epitaph.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Thank you for publishing the article "Church and State: The Myth of Separation," in the July/August issue. Only recently did I learn myself of the Bill of Rights' exact wording with reference to church and state, but I'm sure a large percentage of the American population is not learned on this subject at all. With all the noise such organizations as the ACLU make about keeping religion out of public view, it is difficult for one to get the truth; and because of this article in your magazine, I am sure many Americans' "eyes were opened."

Mary P. DiLoreto
Plymouth, Massachusetts

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With the third Tiny, you'll receive a beautifully crafted mahogany display shelf designed to showcase your collection.

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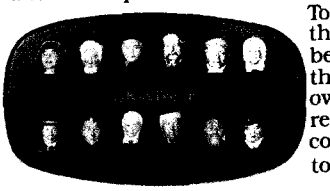

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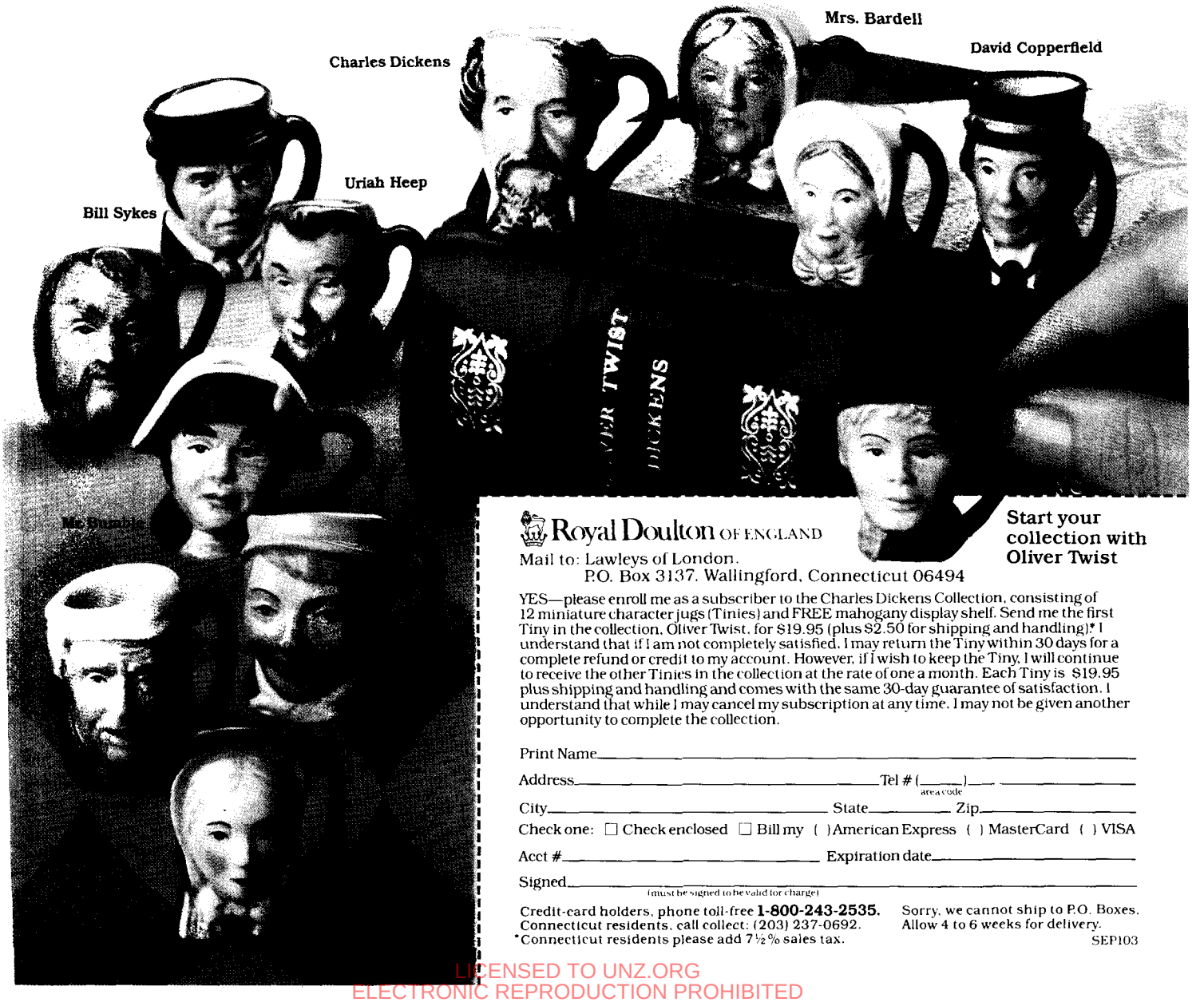
The Charles Dickens Collection



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YES—please enroll me as a subscriber to the Charles Dickens Collection, consisting of 12 miniature character jugs (Tinies) and FREE mahogany display shelf. Send me the first Tiny in the collection, Oliver Twist, for $19.95 (plus $2.50 for shipping and handling).* I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the Tiny within 30 days for a complete refund or credit to my account. However, if I wish to keep the Tiny, I will continue to receive the other Tinies in the collection at the rate of one a month. Each Tiny is $19.95 plus shipping and handling and comes with the same 30-day guarantee of satisfaction. I understand that while I may cancel my subscription at any time, I may not be given another opportunity to complete the collection.

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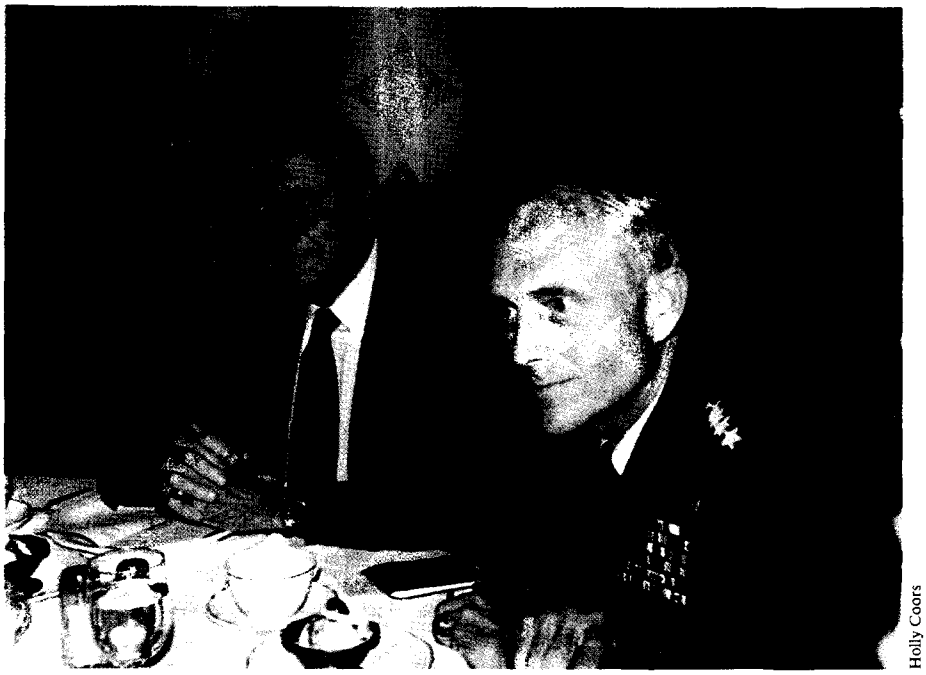
Post People


Holly Coors

This is the army—from the top. ***John O. Marsh, Jr.,*** commissioned at age 19, today serves his country as secretary of the army. ***General John A. Wickham, Jr.,*** former commander of the U.S. troops in South Korea, now holds the rank of army chief of staff.

Holly Coors

Fulfilling the duties of governor of Delaware is not challenge enough for ***Pierre S. "Pete" DuPont IV.*** The energetic heir to the billion-dollar chemical fortune has now accepted the chairmanship of the Education Commission of the States for the coming year. It is his belief that unless we maintain educational progress, we will have doomed America to an economic inferiority that will place our nation and our people at risk in an increasingly competitive world.

Cory SerVaas

Preparing for the Olympics in Los Angeles in 1984 and those to follow, ***Joe and Gloria Henson*** spent a week on the Notre Dame campus hosting almost 5,000 young athletes, ages 7 to 18, at the annual USA AAU Junior Olympics sponsored nationally by Sears, Roebuck & Company. A volunteer in great demand, Joe is president of the AAU (Amateur Athletic Union), on the board of directors of the U.S. Olympic Committee and a member of the Citizens Advisory Committee of the Los Angeles Olympics Organizing Committee. His current interest in athletics has its roots in a bronze medal in wrestling he received at the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki. Gloria volunteers by raising money for Project Hope.

Holly Coors

Leonore Annenberg attained cabinet status in the White House as President Reagan's first chief of protocol. Then her husband, Walter, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's and publisher of *TV Guide*, needed her at home hostessing in Palm Springs and at their new home on the Castle Pines Golf Course in Colorado.

Cory SerVaas

Less than three weeks post-op for six coronary bypasses, the indomitable ***Rich DeVos,*** cofounder and president of Amway Corporation, took his wife, Helen, and friends on a Lake Michigan boat trip from their summer home in Holland to Saugatuck. Guess who insisted on taking the helm?

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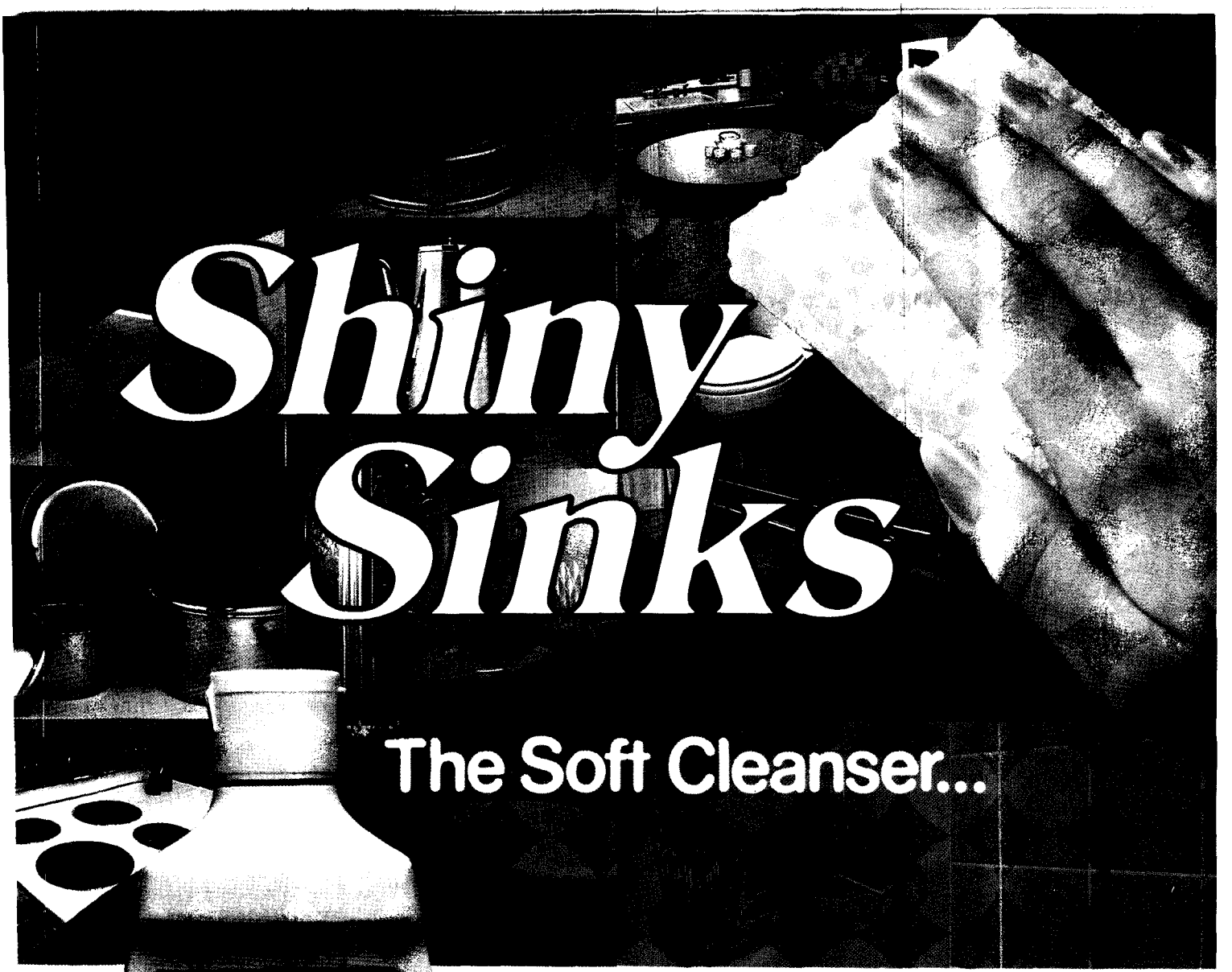

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SPEAKING OF CALTHROPS

When out of the mouths of 13-year-olds come words like shuriekens, modems, DOS 3.3, moto-fox, alpha-control and t-bug-9, some parents take up loud hobbies like the trombone.

by William Aiken

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

I was easy on my father. I didn't even have a dog.

My 13-year-old son, Matthew, burst home from school the other day and said: "I can't wait till we get to apple soft."

I remained in my chair, smoking my pipe, another dark cloud beginning to form over my head. Did I hear right this time? Do I put this phrase with the other words he has launched at me over the last few months. They include: shuriekens, modems, calthrops, motor-fox, alpha-control and t-bug-9? I take out my Random House each time, but I can never find anything.

Thirteen is an age when parents get the full effect of their difference from youth. Some parents respond by going for long walks in the woods. Others take up loud hobbies like the trombone. A few grow mathematically resigned, thinking they got to 13 by taking the Terrible Twos and multiplying by 6½. I'm still trying to figure out just what happened.

I am one of those people who have to have things laid out carefully for them. I am not ready for sudden spurts of enthusiasm about disk drives and choke holds. I like to have things introduced slowly around 6 p.m., with something to blur the impact of my 13-year-old's breakthroughs. I get especially confused when the subject of every other sentence is a daunting compound of letters and numbers. When I found that a KX-125 was neither an IBM nor an Apple but a Kawasaki, I became very depressed. I thought Aiwa was a tennis racket and supercalc a kung fu weapon.

This avalanche of enthusiasms from Matthew has put me in touch with my own departure from such things. I met a woman the other day who said with terrifying assurance, "Don't you think 13 is a wonderful age? My son is interested in so many things—hockey, tennis, computers." I stared at her woefully as my son was losing another match on the court below us. "How about XR-100s and Indonesian Poekoelan?" I replied. "How about George Perez and John Byrne? What's the difference between a whoop-de-do and a weave-step?" She got up and left at that point because her son had just won the game.

I like to deliberate over things. Quickness I find tiring. Life isn't the measured way it was 30 years ago, when my father indulged my yen to play shortstop next to Buddy Blatner by playing catch with me in the back yard twice a year. In those days there was no climbing of roofs to bring in UHF, no endless hours at Hi-Tech sampling the Walkmans, no touring three counties for the Endless Quest Series and "Elfstones of Shanara." I was easy on my father. I didn't even have a dog.

I remember I used to tag along when the old man played golf, wandering through the woods occasionally to look for lost balls. I was a tiny adjunct to his day. Now it is reversed. What I do best, Matthew tells me, is finding the parking place at the mall. After that, it is just a question of keeping up, not getting lost in Sound City or the Radio Shack outlet. And it is strange to me that, no matter where we enter that huge mall complex, he immediately knows where everything is and goes there, slipping through streams of people like some dazzling fish. I can still be hung up for an hour in the A&P just looking for pickled herring.

The thing is, the world somehow buzzes for him. I wouldn't mind so much if, along with the sounds of an XR-500 downshifting (ging-ging-ging-ging) or an AF-35 taking color shots at a JV basketball game (touf-zzzip), he had some settled and persistent interest, like being a computer expert, or a nuclear physicist, or a mountain climber. But he has *all* of these interests, plus Poekoelan, motocross and George Perez, the whole galaxy ecstatically intermeshed. It is maddening.

I confess at this point that I have been carefully grooming Matthew to take over for John McEnroe's position as No. 1-ranked tennis player in the world in about ten years. He became interested in tennis when he found out his friend Ricky, third-ranked in New England, was receiving free Nikes in the mail. Matthew has always liked shoes. So I took him down to the tennis center for some lessons. And he progressed well enough to fool me. Then Mas Barbara came to town with her karate school.

The problem for me now is how to parlay Indonesian karate into a crisp net game. After a match I try to talk to him about the missed overheads, but his mind is already

continued on following page

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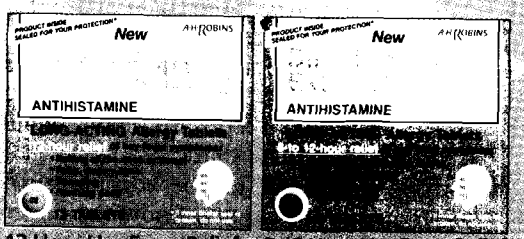

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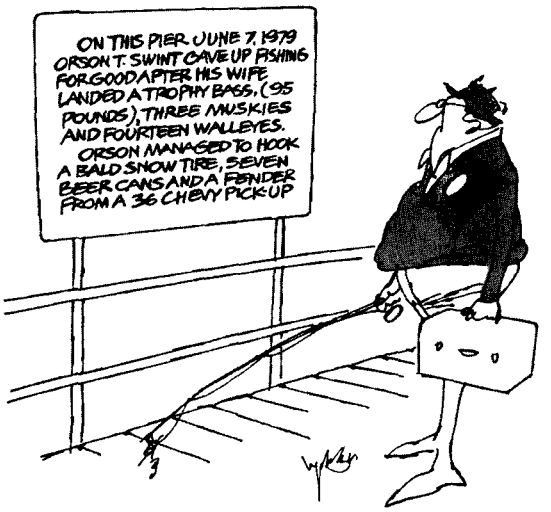
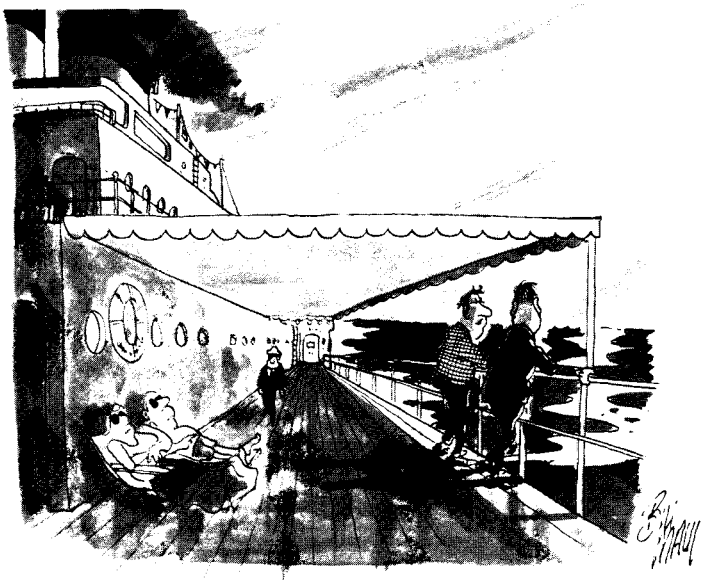
HITS AND MRS.


ON THIS PIER JUNE 7, 1979
ORSON T. SWINT GAVE UP FISHING
FOR GOOD AFTER HIS WIFE
LANDED A TROPHY BASS, (95
POUNDS), THREE MUSKIES
AND FOURTEEN WALLEYES.
ORSON MANAGED TO HOOK
A BALD SNOW TIRE, SEVEN
BEER CANS AND A FENDER
FROM A 36 CHEVY PICK-UP

"You smell very good, dear. New liniment?"



"I kind of hope I'm assigned to the captain's table tonight. If I can work it into the conversation, I'd like to mention the missus falling overboard yesterday."

on the Poekoelan workout for next afternoon. "I know," he says, "it's like a flying shear to the shin, only you don't use your feet." That is pretty much the way our debriefing sessions go after a match.

I recently overheard an excited discussion between Matt and his friend, Dale, about the respective merits of Bob Layton, George Perez and Frank Miller. Do you know who these guys are? Hockey players? Rock stars? Astronauts? No. They are graphic artists for Marvel Comics. They draw the intergalactic warriors—Dangard Ace, Namor the Sub-Mariner, Corvac, etc. If you had kept up, you would have known that.

But maybe you are also pushing 50. Do you know the difference between RAM and ROM? Chi and ghi? Bit and byte? Micro-soft-basic and DOS 3.3? Mono-shock and moto-fox? (If you got four out of five you are probably 13.) How about a calthrop? Let me tell you about calthrops. Calthrops are "like little sea urchins" that are dropped by ninjas on forest paths to act as land mines, so that pursuers must "cease the chase." We can all think about that.

There are some compensations, though. Hanging around with a 13-year-old can be a substitute for Advanced D & D (Dungeons & Dragons). We don't need to learn that game—we have our own dungeon master. In fact, we don't have to learn any of the new games. All we have to do is not let the reckless curiosity of "What did you do today?" get the best of us. Last Monday on our way to Provincetown for the big parade, we drove through a wind tunnel caused by the dunes, and Matthew volunteered: "You can tell the aerodynamics of this car by the way the sand blows over it." I didn't care to pursue the matter. I have learned to just let things pass.

Yesterday Matthew said in a rather upsetting metaphor as I tried to sit down in my chair again, "Come on, dad, doesn't anything shine for you? Think of the educational advantages of an Osborne 1, with two disk drives, super-calc, mail-merge and D-base-2, only $1,495, from Oberlin." It is upsetting, certainly, and I spilled my drink. And yet it is a little thrilling, too: this exaltation of 13.

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A DIET FOR DIABETICS ...AND THEIR FAMILIES

The high-carbohydrate, high-fiber foods that eliminate or reduce the need for insulin also serve to keep the whole family healthy.

by James W. Anderson, M. D.

Since 1970 my colleagues and I at the University of Kentucky have been testing different diets that would reduce or eliminate the need for insulin in certain people. We also wanted the diet to lower blood sugars and blood fat. In 1974 we began testing high-carbohydrate, high-fiber (HCF) diets. By 1976 we were able to report that HCF diets decrease insulin requirements and lowered blood sugars and blood fats. Further tests showed that most people with diabetes benefit from HCF diets. We have been able to discontinue the daily insulin shots for more than half of the patients that we have treated. HCF diets have lowered the blood cholesterol in every person we have treated. Other blood fats usually are improved by HCF diets.

We feel that HCF diets are healthy diets for all adults and are especially beneficial for persons with diabetes. These diets provide generous amounts of starch and plant fiber, and they are restricted in sugar, fat and cholesterol (three gremlins, or bad guys, in the average American diet).

High-fiber and high-carbohydrate dishes like the chicken dish (above) and the stuffed tomatoes with oat bran (below) will decrease insulin requirements.

For many diabetics, the fat in their diets is their worst enemy. Eating fat blocks the action of insulin—the body cannot burn sugar very well after a meal containing much fat.

Our studies show that most diabetics do better if they substitute starch for fat in the diet. The baked potato is fine—but leave off the butter and sour cream. When you eat unrefined (unprocessed) starch such as whole oats, whole-wheat flour, brown rice and many vegetables, you also benefit from their high-fiber content.

High-Carbohydrate Diets for Diabetics

Over the past five years we have rediscovered the benefits of high-carbohydrate diets. When diabetic patients are changed from conventional diabetic diets (43 percent carbohydrate, 20 percent protein and 37 percent of calories from fat) to high-carbohydrate diets, virtually all patients have received the HCF diets in the hospital under close medical supervision. Usually there is a gradual reduction in insulin requirements. For example, we have been able to discontinue insulin therapy after 14 to 21 days in most patients taking less than 25 units per day. We have also been able to stop oral antidiabetes medication in virtually all the patients we have treated with the HCF diets.

A word of caution is in order. The diets we have used in the hospital provide about 70 percent of our calories as carbohydrates. The diets that we prescribe for home use are outlined in this article and contain

continued on following page

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Quaker introduces Mother's Oat Bran.

A tasty new fiber source that may actually lower cholesterol.

People have long believed oats were good for them. Recent findings, first reported in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST[1] later in the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF CLINICAL NUTRITION[2] tend strongly to support this popular belief with convincing data.

The "usual high-carbohydrate high-fiber diet lowers cholesterol by an average of 25 percent, which is not too bad," according to the Post article. "But with oat bran we found we obtained about a 35 percent reduction in the serum cholesterol."

Oat bran vs. wheat bran

Bran is the outer fraction of a cereal grain, contains most of its fiber content, and is separated from the flour during milling.

"Basically," the Post article explains, "you can divide fibers into two categories, based on their water-solubility. Some fibers are water-soluble, others are water-insoluble. The water-soluble fibers are the ones that lower the cholesterol to the greatest extent."

The article goes on: "Wheat bran is mainly water-*insoluble*. It doesn't do anything to the cholesterol.

"Oat bran is very rich in soluble fibers and is very effective in lowering cholesterol."

Now packaged for you and sold at nutrition centers/health food stores

You can buy this fine product yourself, in packages labeled "Mother's Oat Bran," with complete directions on the box.

Nutmeg or cinnamon sprinkled on top make the creamy hot cereal version especially delicious.

There's a recipe for Oat Bran Muffins on the side panel.

Common sense, of course, tells you that any food product believed to offer potential dietary benefits should be used as part of a total program, and oat bran is no exception. Persons with medical conditions, especially those related to diabetes or cholesterol levels, should see a physician and follow his or her advice.

In any event, one especially welcome pleasure is the flavor. That should improve your spirits while Mother's Oat Bran is improving your fiber intake.

1. January/February 1980, pp 35 *et seq.*, and December 1979, pp 114 *et seq.*
2. Kirby, R.W. *et al* Oat-bran intake selectively lowers serum low-density lipoprotein cholesterol concentrations of hypocholesterolemic men. Am. J. Clin. Nutr. 34:824, 1981.

Try this delicious new natural, too.

New Mother's Whole Wheat is a great natural change of pace cereal, with other flavor and nutritional benefits. It gives you the bran, the germ, the natural vitamins, minerals, and fiber of the natural grain. With no additives, no preservatives, nothing artificial to get between you and its naturally healthy, robust, and satisfying good flavor.

QUAKER ©The Quaker Oats Company, 1983

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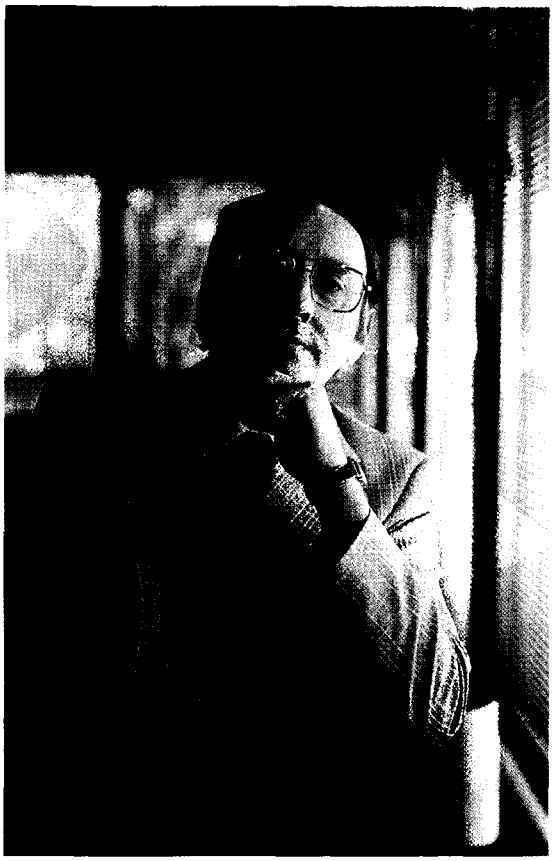
55 percent to 60 percent of calories as carbohydrates. The response to these diets at home is much slower than it's been in the hospital. Furthermore, we have not been able to stop insulin therapy in any lean patients receiving over 40 units per day. Our experience indicates that most patients treated with 35 to 45 units of insulin per day have a gradual reduction in their insulin requirements to 15 to 25 units per day (one-half to two-thirds of initial doses) on these diets. These diets have not increased insulin requirements in any patients. Because of the changes in insulin requirements, close medical supervision is required when insulin-treated diabetic patients go on HCF diets.



Dr. James W. Anderson, professor of medicine and clinical nutrition at the University of Kentucky in Lexington, has specialized for 20 years in the treatment and dietary control of diabetes.

Role of Plant Fiber in the Diet

Several benefits result from raising the fiber intake above the low levels that most Americans eat. Plant fibers improve bowel function and relieve constipation by absorbing water and increasing the size of bowel movements. For this reason, fibers are now used to treat and prevent diverticulosis of the colon.

Eating plant fibers also improves glucose and fat metabolism. Starches and sugars are more slowly absorbed when they are eaten as part of a high-fiber diet. Thus, we know that the blood sugar does not go to as high a level after high-fiber meals as it does after low-fiber meals. Several plant fibers lower blood-cholesterol values in a dramatic fashion. Over the past three years we have tested a variety of foods and found that oat bran and beans are among the best foods for lowering your blood cholesterol. *Oat* bran is produced during the milling of oat flour and should not be confused with *wheat* bran or Miller's bran. Oat bran is sold by Quaker Oats in the United States. We advise our patients with cholesterol problems to eat one bowl of hot oat-bran cereal every morning and to have four oat-bran muffins per day. When oat bran is not available, we advise our patients with cholesterol problems to use common dried beans such as pinto, navy and kidney beans. Usually we recommend two or three servings of one-half cup of cooked beans a day.

Our HCF diets lower the blood-cholesterol levels by an average of 50 points (50 milligrams per 100 milliliters). High-fiber diets also tend to lower blood triglycerides (the neutral fat originating from animal fat, i.e., the white fat around a steak). The blood cholesterol falls by some 25 percent, or about 60 milligrams per 100 milliliters, in the average patient we have treated. Blood triglycerides, the neutral fat that is stored as fatty tissue, also drop by 15 percent or about 25 milligrams per 100 milliliters. Thus we recommend the HCF diets for most patients with blood-fat abnormalities. Because plant fibers lower the blood fats, they must behave beneficially in the prevention of heart disease and of hardening of the arteries.

If you do not take insulin or anti-diabetes pills, these diets will not cause hypoglycemia (low blood sugar). Actually, we have found these diets to be useful for treating hypoglycemia. If you have the type of low blood sugar (reactive hypoglycemia) that occurs after meals, you will benefit from a high-fiber diet. In addition you should avoid sugar in all forms and fruit juices. All our patients have much less difficulty with hypoglycemia when they follow high-fiber, low-sugar diets. The fiber in the diet smooths out the blood-sugar changes and prevents hypoglycemia.

How much fiber should we eat? No firm recommendations can be made at present. The measurement of "crude fiber" is not a good indicator of the plant-fiber content of most foods. Thus the fiber content of most cereals and cereal products is much higher than stated on the label. At the present we recommend that all adults should receive at least 40 grams of plant fiber per day. This level of fiber intake has been well tolerated by our patients for as long as six years.

Eating the HCF Diets

Adjusting to the HCF diets means switching your ideas about the "typical" American meal that consists of meat as the primary food with vegetables and bread as side dishes. Vegetables, salads, beans, breads and fruits should be your primary foods, with meat and fat as side dishes.

The following guidelines will help you select your foods:

1. Choose fruits, vegetables, breads and cereals that have not been stripped of their natural fibrous coating; refining or removing the fibrous coating, such as producing white rice from brown rice, eliminates the fiber and allows you to digest and absorb the carbohydrate too quickly. Avoid "naked" or highly refined carbohydrates such as table sugar, honey, corn syrup and foods that have been sweetened with fructose.

2. Limit your fat and oil intake by eating breads and vegetables without margarine. Using nonstick vegetable sprays in your cooking eliminates excess fats and oils generally used in vegetable and meat preparation. Other products such as Butter Buds® and Insta-Butter® can be purchased to provide the taste of

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butter without the fat or caloric content of the latter.

3. Meat is generally limited to 3 to 4 ounces each day, because most of your calories need to come from foods high in carbohydrate, high in fiber and low in fat. Do not exceed your meat allowance, or you will probably sacrifice the amount of carbohydrate and fiber you eat, causing your blood sugar and blood fats to rise.

Shopping Hints

The cardinal rule in shopping is to read the labels carefully. You must avoid items loaded with sugar or fat. You must watch for *visible* as well as *invisible* fats: The visible fats are butter, lard, margarines, vegetable shortening, vegetable oils and salad dressings. When you use these fats or oils you know that you are using fats. The invisible fats and oils are more difficult to detect. These fats are present in meat (the marbling), whole milk and cream, most cheeses, chocolate, nuts and olives. Most bakery products contain shortening or some other types of fat or oil. With industrious shopping, you should be able to locate whole-grain breads that are very low in fat.

Many prepared foods are laced with sugar, honey or molasses. Since the HCF diets provide generous amounts of starch, added sugar is not necessary. These extra sugars add calories and may raise your blood sugar and blood fats. The fruits and vegetables provide adequate amounts of simple sugars; thus you should avoid items loaded with unnecessary sugar or honey. Some breakfast cereals provide large amounts of sugar. Granola, for example, contains more honey and fat than other "natural cereals" such as whole, rolled oats. So, *read those labels* to avoid unnecessary calories from sugars and fats.

And what about eggs? Egg yolks are rich in cholesterol and should be avoided. Fresh or powdered egg whites are acceptable. In recipes, two egg whites can often be substituted for one egg. Check the egg substitutes available on the market for use in recipes and as omelets. The fat content of some egg substitutes is too high for use on the HCF diets. Read the label to make sure

continued on following page

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IN SEASONED BREADCRUMBS. VEGETABLE MEDLEY

Lightly breaded cod fillet. Crisp broccoli and carrots.
Carefully aged romano and parmesan cheeses. A hint of onion.
Weight Watchers® introduces new Oven Fried Fish.
Like our new Fish au Gratin and Italian Style Fish Fillet,
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And if you don't think those ingredients make all the
difference, try it. You'll diet.

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that one serving does not contain more than 3 grams of fat.

If you are a cheese lover, several acceptable low-fat cheeses are available. Dry or uncreamed cottage cheese is much lower in fat than the more widely used creamed cottage cheese. Farmer's cheese or hoop cheese is also low in fat.

Cooking Suggestions

Your biggest challenge is to avoid fats and oils in your cooking. The availability of Teflon®-coated utensils and PAM® and other agents will help you meet this challenge. Meat should be broiled or baked in a manner to remove most of the fat. Fats can be skimmed from the top of soup and stews with a paper towel or leaf of lettuce. Better yet, chill the soup in the refrigerator for several hours, remove the fat and reheat.

A variety of tasty breads and muffins can be made without any fat or sugar. For example, we use the basic recipe given later to make corn bread and a variety of bran muffins.

Since you will be eating more salads, you will need to shop for low-calorie salad dressings or prepare your own. A very large salad is an excellent way to start the evening meal. Those salad dressings that provide less than 10 calories per tablespoon are acceptable. One sample salad-dressing recipe is provided below.

Many of your own recipes can be modified to conform to the principles of the HCF diets.

- If whole eggs are called for, use either egg substitutes or two egg whites per egg called for.
- If whole milk is called for, use skim milk.
- If a high-fat cheese is called for, substitute a lower-fat cheese such as dry cottage cheese (in lasagna), Count Down® or farmer's cheese.
- If sugar or honey is called for, try to substitute mashed fruit or an artificial sweetener.
- If fats or oils are required, try to eliminate them.
- Season with a variety of spices and cooking wines rather than fat.

Zero Salad Dressing

1½ teaspoons green pepper, grated
1½ teaspoons onion, grated
¾ cup carrots, chopped fine, grated
7 ounces vinegar
Artificial sweetener, if desired
10 ounces tomato juice

Mix ingredients in a quart jar and store in refrigerator. Shake before using.

Whole-Wheat Bran Muffins

(Makes 10 servings)

1 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup whole-wheat flour
1½ cups All Bran® cereal
1 teaspoon baking powder
1½ teaspoons artificial sweetener
1½ cups skim milk
Egg white (1 large or medium egg white; 2 small egg whites)
1 tablespoon corn oil

Slightly beat egg white with fork and add milk, corn oil and artificial sweetener to the egg white. Mix well. Measure flour, whole-wheat flour, All Bran® cereal, salt and baking powder into large mixing bowl. Mix well. Pour the milk mixture into the dry ingredients and mix with fork (don't overmix). Spray muffin pan with PAM®. Pour batter into ten-muffin pan. Bake at 375° F. for 20 minutes.

Vegetable Soup

(Makes 2 servings)

2 ounces cubed roast beef
2 cups tomato juice
1⅓ cups cooked potato, diced
1 tablespoon raw onion, chopped
1 cup green beans
¾ cup cooked carrots
½ bay leaf
Salt substitute and pepper to taste

Combine above ingredients. Heat thoroughly. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Stir-Fried Vegetables

(Makes 4 servings)

½ medium bunch broccoli
1 fresh tomato, medium
¼ pound fresh mushrooms
5 ounces water chestnuts
2 stalks celery
¾ cup onion, chopped
4 teaspoons corn oil
½ teaspoon salt substitute
⅛ teaspoon sugar substitute
⅛ cup water
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 teaspoon cornstarch
1½ teaspoons water
¼ teaspoon pepper

Wash vegetables. Cut broccoli into stems and flowers; then dice flowers into bite-sized pieces. Quarter the broccoli and celery stems lengthwise, then slant-cut into small pieces. Slice mushrooms and water chestnuts. Dice onion. Heat oil in skillet over medium-high heat. Add vegetables and stir constantly about 2 minutes. Add salt and sugar substitutes and ⅛ cup water. Cover and cook 1 minute. Mix soy sauce, cornstarch and remaining water; shake well. Add this mixture to vegetables and cook about 30 seconds, stirring constantly until sauce is thick and clear.

Rice-Jardin

(Makes 3 servings)

¼ cup onion, chopped
¾ zucchini, thin sliced
1 tablespoon corn oil
5 ounces whole-kernel corn, drained
5 ounces canned tomatoes, drained
1 cup cooked brown rice
½ teaspoon salt substitute
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon oregano
¾ teaspoon chili powder

Sauté onions and zucchini in margarine until tender. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.

Vegetarian Pizza

(Makes 2 servings)

2 cups zucchini, coarsely grated (about 2 medium zucchini)
Salt substitute to taste
2 large or medium egg whites
2 ounces Countdown Cheese®
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon basil
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup tomato sauce
¼ cup mushrooms, sliced
½ ounce onion, chopped
¼ teaspoon oregano

Place zucchini in a colander; sprinkle lightly with salt substitute and let stand 30 minutes. Preheat oven to 350°F. Rinse zucchini and dry thoroughly. Combine zucchini with egg whites, 1½ ounces Countdown Cheese®, flour, basil and pepper. Spread mixture into a ten-inch quiche dish or an 11" x 7" oblong or 10"x1½" round baking pan that has been sprayed with nonstick cooking spray. Bake 20 minutes or until firm. Place in broiler and broil 3 minutes; remove from broiler. Top pizza evenly with tomato sauce, then with remaining Countdown Cheese®, mushrooms, onion and oregano. Bake about 5 minutes at 350°F. or until cheese has melted.

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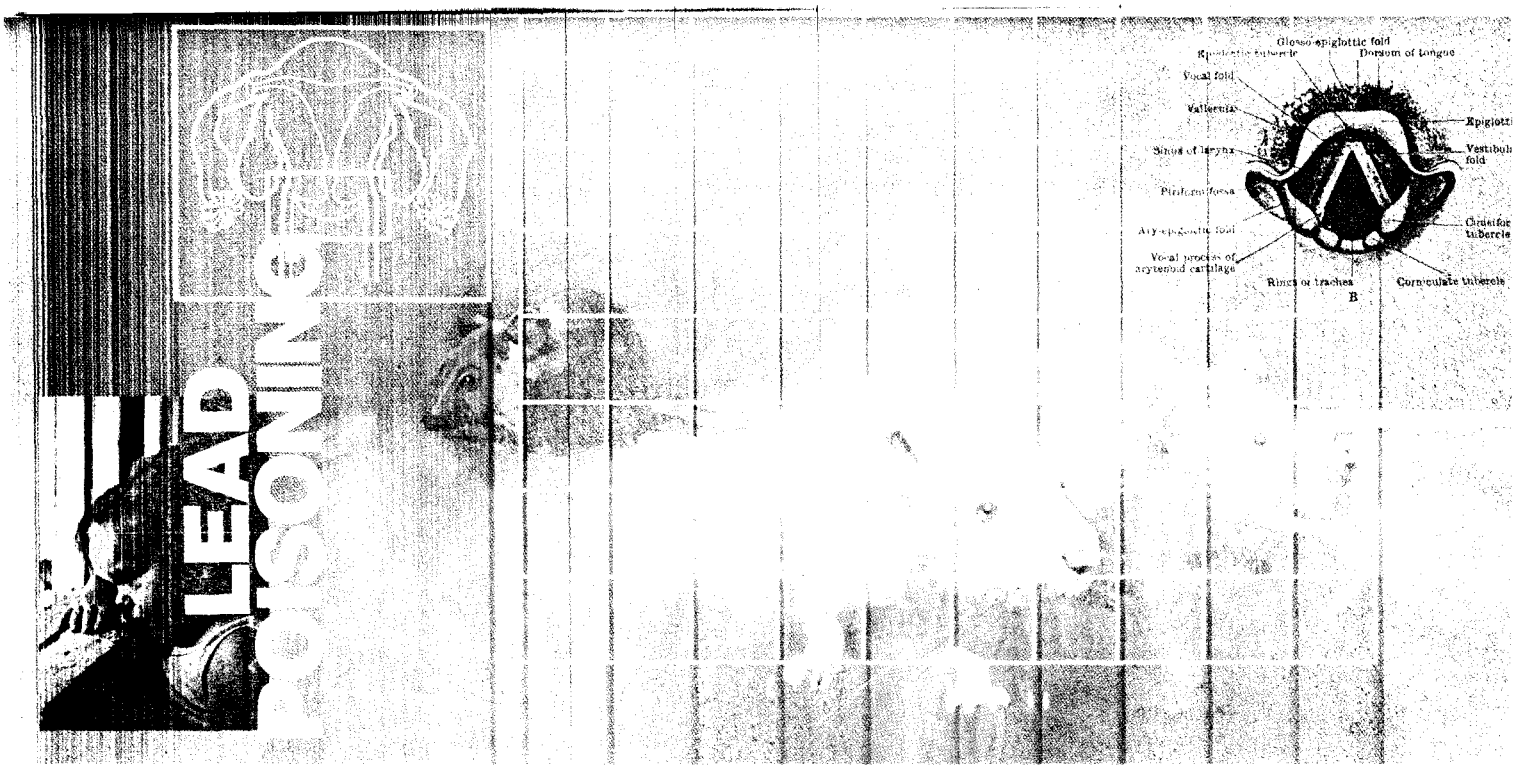

OCTOBER ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFESTYLE DIGEST

October 6
Lead Poisoning

Throughout history, toxic lead has filtered into the human body—the symptoms of lead poisoning were first noted in ancient Rome. Find out how Clare Boothe Luce was being poisoned while she was the U.S. Ambassador to Italy.

October 13
Cervical Cancer

Sufferers of genital herpes have it seven times as frequently as non-herpes sufferers. Smokers are now reported to have a higher incidence. Learn how you can prevent it and why you shouldn't douche before a pap smear.

October 20
Fasting and Nutrition

The practice of fasting was discussed in biblical times as it is today. Hear the latest information about this time-honored practice, along with other information about losing weight.

October 27
Seeing the Vocal Cords

"Look in every body orifice as far as you can see," is what every good doctor wants to do . . . especially into the larnyx, if the patient is at high risk for cancer because of smoking and drinking. A new fiberoptic device makes viewing the voice box much easier and less traumatic for the patient.

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PROSTATE CANCER: A NATIONAL TRAGEDY

This article was written to scare the pants off the 63 percent of our male readers who haven't had a digital rectal examination in the past year, and the 36 percent who have never had one.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

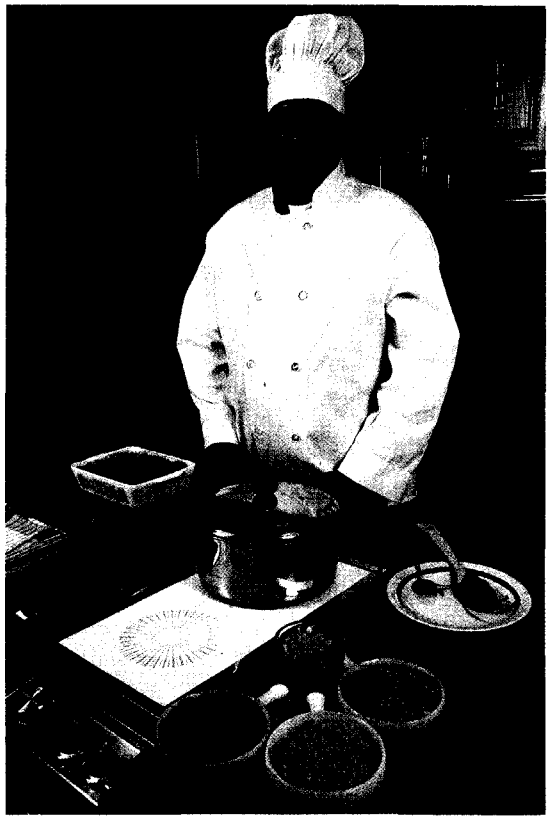
"Every man walking down Canal Street needs a rectal exam." An ear, nose and throat specialist laughed as he recalled this professor's warning from his Tulane medical-school days. But his half jest somehow lost its humor when I began to read the statistics from our computer. In fact, it wasn't funny at all. The sobering truth is, 36 percent of our male readers and viewers over 40 have *never* had a rectal exam and 63 percent of them have not had a rectal exam within the last year. This means that hundreds of men—our own readers—are needlessly vulnerable to having cancer of the prostate spread to other parts of their bodies.

Our readers are in a relatively high socio-economic bracket. If *they* are failing to have rectal exams, one can surmise that the percentages for the country as a whole are far worse.

This is a national disgrace, a tragedy and a scandal because the rectal exam is doubly important for men. It is an ideal way to have a prostate cancer detected, if there is one, *as well as being an important diagnostic opportunity for detection of cancer of the rectum.*

Since black males have twice the incidence of prostate cancer as white males, it is *triply* important for them to have a rectal exam each year.

The prostate cancer fraternity is a large one, with 75,000 reluctant new members expected to join the club in 1983. The American Cancer Society predicts that 24,100 members of this brotherhood will die from their advanced prostate cancers this year.



Blacks have twice as much prostate cancer as whites. Chef Robbie Robinson isn't taking any chances. He cooks "no chitlins, no fatback, no pâté de foie gras." He does gourmet dishes with rice, lentils and beans.

There usually are no early symptoms of this cancer. When difficulty in urinating turns out to be cancer of the prostate, it is often too late for successful treatment. If the difficulty is accompanied by back pain, this usually means that the cancer has spread to the pelvic bones.

Urologist Phillip Mosbaugh reports, "Probably 80 to 85 percent of the males that we see initially, having just had the diagnosis made of cancer of the prostate, will be in an advanced state."

His experience corroborates a report that appeared in *The New England Journal of Medicine,* in which more than 80 percent of patients had advanced prostate tumors on first diagnosis. The report showed that most patients appear for testing initially because of obstructive symptoms or metastatic lesions. A more sensitive screening test is needed. A study from another cancer-screening program reported: "Treatment of 'early' tumors found by routine digital rectal examination results in nearly perfect survival rates."

That so many cases of prostate cancer are detected by late symptoms is a national disgrace because unlike some cancers, this one is so often easy to detect early. Other malignancies, like cancer of the pancreas or the stomach, are deep-seated tumors, and are usually beyond reach in a physical examination.

The prostate is a muscular glandular organ that surrounds the urethra at the base of the bladder. To examine the prostate, the doctor puts on a glove, lubricates the examining finger and introduces it into the rectum. Most cancers are not too deep in the prostate to feel. One oncologist describes how a cancer in the prostate feels as he palpates it with his finger. "It's just a hard nodule. It's like suddenly bumping over a little rock. I've never had a patient with a painful prostate resulting from his cancer. If the prostate is tender it is usually prostatitis," he reported. X-ray is not a

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3. Winners for the Winter Winning Events will be selected on or about the week of January 16, 1984. Winners for the Summer Winning Events and the Grand Prize drawing will be selected on or about the week of May 21, 1984. All winners will be notified by mail. Decisions of the Carlson Marketing Group Inc., an independent judging organization, are final. Chances of winning depend upon the total number of entries received.
4. The prizes consist of:

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   1-First Prize—45" RCA Wide Screen Television
   10-Second Prizes—His and Hers 26" Murray 10 Speed Touring Bicycles
   25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
   1000-Fourth Prizes—Olympic Posters

   Summer Winning Events
   1-First Prize—Sanyo Deluxe Portable VCR
   10-Second Prizes—Nikon FG Camera, Lens, Case and Flash
   25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
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   2 Grand Prizes—all expense paid trip to the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles for a family of four.
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good diagnostic tool for detection of cancer of the prostate.

In a recent television interview with urologist Mosbaugh, I asked him to discuss current therapy for *early* prostate cancer. "Discovery of a cancer in an early stage (meaning confined to the prostate without adjacent structures being involved), offers the doctor (and patient) three treatment options," he said.

"One is the total surgical removal of the prostate, and while the 'cure' rate may be the highest with this modality of treatment, there is perhaps a 15 percent incidence of loss of urinary control, and in the past, nearly 100 percent incidence of sexual impotence. Newer techniques are emphasizing preservation of some nerve fibers around the prostate, which may reduce that 100 percent figure somewhat.

"A second treatment for early cancer is external-beam radio therapy, done with machines which can deliver a very precisely calculated dose to a definite target. This may involve no surgery at all—just a seven- or eight-week course of treatment.

"With external-beam treatment there is a very low or negligible urinary incontinence rate and a sexual impotence rate of 40 percent.

"A more recent approach combines surgery and radiation. The prostate is mobilized and radioactive pellet implants are inserted into the gland. The rate of urinary incontinence should be virtually nil and the sexual impotence rate is about 6 percent. The implants can be gold or I-125 radioactive iodine, depending on the center where treatment is being given. The survival or 'cure' rates with this treatment may not be quite as high as for patients who undergo the surgical removal of the gland.

"I think the patient really does have a choice now in terms of how he is treated. And I think the doctor involved in helping him make the decision has to explain these avenues to him and let the patient and his family decide."

Cancer of the prostate is "staged" by the way it feels on rectal exam and by doing a bone scan and usually a chest X-ray. A blood test called a *serum acid phosphatase test* is given. Alkaline phosphatase is also measured. Stages for cancer of the prostate are:

A mixture of brown rice and bulgur wheat adds flavor as well as beneficial zinc and fiber to main dishes (p. 109).

Stage A: Occult cancer, clinically nonevident.

Stage B: Normal acid phosphatase level. Cancer confined within prostatic capsule.

Stage C: Cancer with extension beyond the prostate capsule but no nodal or distant metastases.

Stage D: Cancer with demonstrable metastases.

There is a misconception that hormone therapy will prove successful if carcinoma of the prostate is diagnosed. Patients with stage C prostatic carcinoma survive an average of less than 4 years, and stage D patients, 1.7 years. Early diagnosis through staging and knowledgeable treatment planning must occur if we are to increase survival time and improve the quality of life with this disease. It is agreed by most urologists that carcinoma of the prostate usually occurs in the periphery of the gland, a location that places it close to the examiner's finger.

It was at one point hoped that the serum tests would become the equivalent of a male pap test, but doctors tended to get many false-positive tests, which resulted in an excessively high incidence of needless biopsies. Therefore, it is felt that this is neither a cost-effective nor a highly reliable screening test. It may be useful, however, in following patients who *have* prostate cancer.

We asked Dr. Mosbaugh about sexual habits and cancer incidence. He said, "It seems that if a patient who early in life has had the normal sexual drive, but for whatever reason this drive has been unfulfilled, there seems to be an increased risk of cancer developing in that patient. For example: a young man whose wife becomes ill or invalid in some way, and the normal sexual release is unavailable to him, may later develop prostate cancer. Sexual abstinence seems to bring an increased risk. We think it may have something to do with retention of prostatic or seminal products; perhaps some stimulation of prostatic cells to undergo change toward cancer. On the flip side of that, patients who have diabetes, or patients who have congenital heart defects—where perhaps at an earlier age their sexual drive might have been less than normal—that group of patients seems to have a lower incidence of prostate cancer. So it's an interesting area which has been looked at and probably has some significance."

"Are there other things that men could do to prevent cancer of the prostate?" I asked him.

"There is a suggestion that smoking from an early adolescent age throughout life perhaps may create an increased risk," he said. "There doesn't seem to be an increased risk with alcohol consumption, but there does seem to be an increased risk with a previous history of venereal diseases," he said.

Studies have shown that cancer of the prostate occurs in a high percentage of men who eat a diet high in fat and protein content. A lower incidence of cancer of the prostate has been found in men who regularly eat larger amounts of vitamin A in green and yellow vegetables. Blacks in Africa who eat high-fiber diets have much less cancer than blacks in our U.S. population who eat high-fat and fiber-depleted diets.

Orientals have a low incidence of cancer of the prostate when they eat their native rice and low-fat diet. When they migrate to the United States, their incidence of prostate cancer increases, but it still doesn't catch up with the very high incidence in U.S. blacks.

Because there is strong epidemiological evidence that the high-fat diet consumed in the United States contributes to the incidence of breast, prostate and colon cancer, men who wish to avoid prostate cancer are well advised to switch to the low-fat diet—if they haven't already done so for other health reasons such as cardiovascular disease, diabetes, etc.

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Black men, as stated, have a much greater reason to switch. Robbie Robinson, our cook and a black, has become a believer in our low-fat, high-carbohydrate diet. In the daytime, he drives a semi for the Post Office. On Sunday he teaches Sunday school and is a trustee for his church. At night he moonlights as our late-evening cook. Being black and 49 years old, he is also a prime candidate for cancer of the prostate.

If you ask him about his low-fat diet to avoid cancer of the prostate, he'll tell you, "No chitlins, no fatback and no ham hocks. I remove the skin from chicken. . .No spare ribs. I prepare a lot of beans, rice and whole-wheat muffins."

This takes a lot of will power on Robbie's part. He agrees with me that you would pray to the Lord to spare you if you *did* get prostate cancer. . .but you should pray *now* for the will power to do what's necessary to *prevent* cancer of the prostate.

Here are some of Robbie's favorite dishes, appropriate for anyone who's trying to avoid cancer of the prostate:

He cooks oyster stew, because oysters are high in zinc. (The highest concentrations of zinc in body tissues are found in the prostate gland and in spermatozoa, which provides some rationale for the common "wisdom" that oysters and pecans are good for the prostate.)

Oyster Stew
(Makes 4-6 servings)

2 pints fresh oysters in liquid or 2 dozen oysters and ⅔ cup liquid
¼ cup corn-oil margarine
½ teaspoon salt substitute
2 cups skim milk and 1 cup skim milk with 2 tablespoons arrowroot starch or corn starch dissolved in milk
Paprika and chopped parsley

Drain oysters, saving liquid. Heat margarine in a 3-quart pan. Add oysters and cook 3 to 5 minutes or until the edges begin to curl. Add salt substitute, pepper, milk, milk with arrowroot or corn starch and oyster liquid. Heat over medium heat until just before boiling. Do not boil. Sprinkle with paprika and chopped parsley.

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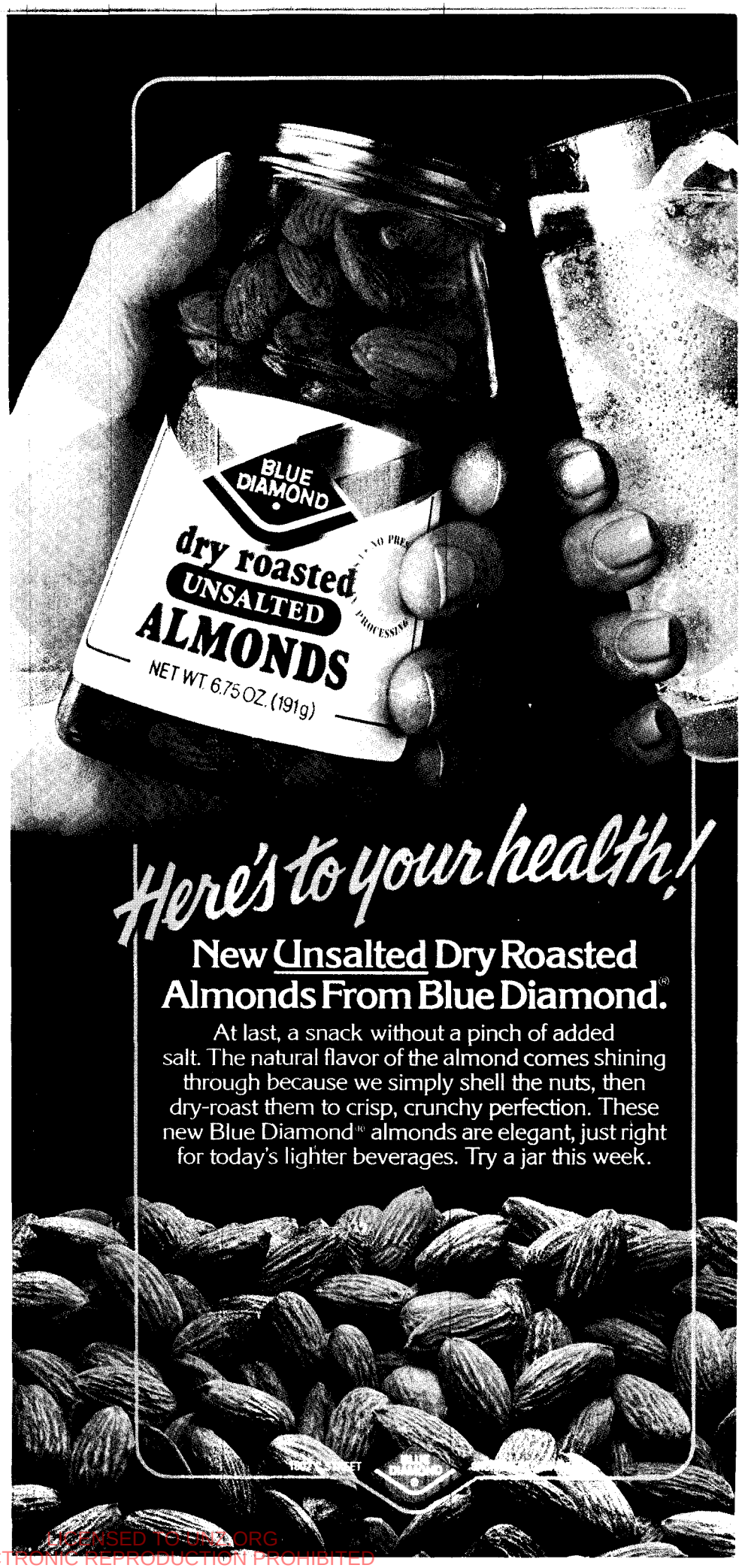
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REMEMBERING THE HIGH LIFE

It took a unique breed of men to fly on that daring raid—and a "special brew" of circumstances to bring them all together again afer 40 years.

by Ted Kreiter

Men outlive their machines. In the 40 years since Don Oakes' crew crashed their *High Life* plane in a Swiss pasture, B-17 Flying Fortresses have become antiques, rare curiosities.

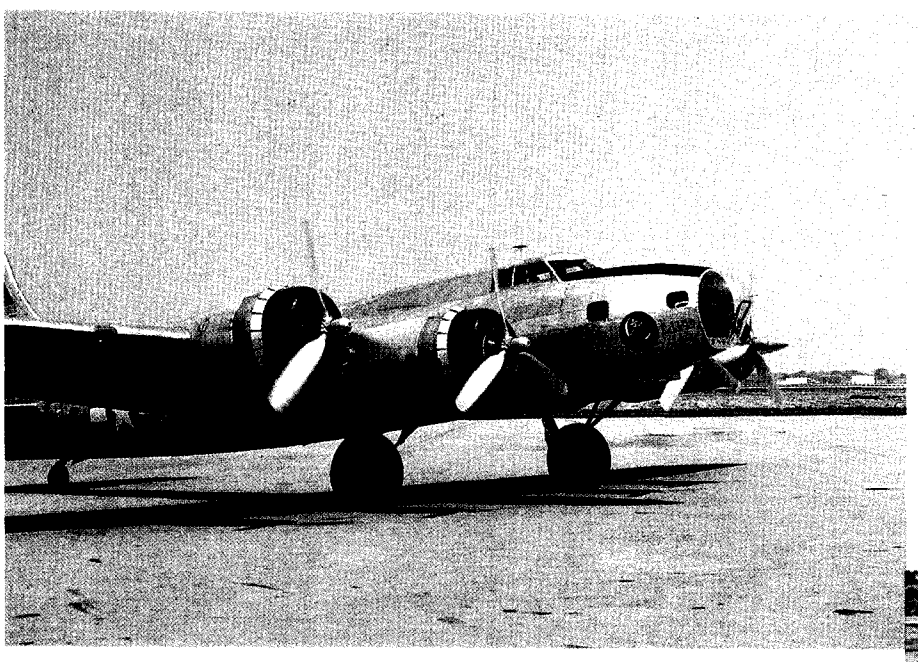
Perhaps that's why so many people had gathered on the tarmac at Milwaukee's Mitchell Field in June 1983. Things were just starting to bake under the hot midday sun when the speck of a plane appeared. Growing larger, it swung out over the lake and then descended, seeming to narrowly miss the tops of the trees. Coming to a landing on runway 190, the plane taxied to the makeshift platform and, in a final display of histrionics, issued a flurry of yellow flames from one of the port engines. Then the propellers stopped.

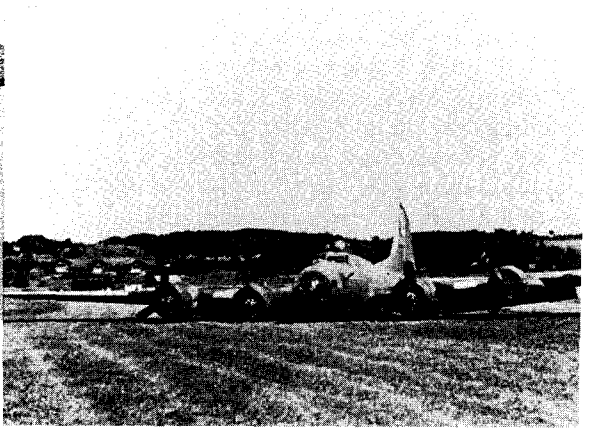
"To think we fought a war with that," said a voice from the crowd. Of the 12,731 B-17s that were fitted out for World War II action, only 4 are still airworthy. This particular model no longer sported the famous turrets and guns that made B-17s the flying wedge of air power in those pre-jet days.

In fact, this plane, decorated for this special occasion with a new logo—HIGH LIFE in big, red letters with a girl seated on a crescent moon—was only the packaging for a very special cargo: nine men who knew more than most would ever care to know about B-17s. They were the crew of the original *High Life* plane, one that took part in the raid on Regensburg, the first Allied mission to the heartland of Germany, and the fiercest air battle of World War II. The crew members are: Donald Oakes, pilot; Joseph Harper, copilot; Hiram Harris, navigator; George Elder, engineer; Nolan Stevens, assistant engineer; James Scott, Jr., radio operator; Leslie Nadeau, assistant radio operator; Leonard Goyer, tail gunner; and Howard Ball, bombardier. They had just returned from their 14th—and this time, final—mission.

The last time they were all together, wedged into a similar contraption of steel and rivets, they had been on their way to Regensburg, Germany, to deliver an eight-ton cargo of bombs on the Nazi's main Messerschmitt 109 fighter factory. It was a mission they never completed. After losing two engines to German fighters, pilot Oakes was forced to release his bombs over a forest near Heilbronn, break away from his "coffin corner" position (just behind the later-to-become-famous *Piccadilly Lily*) and leave his bomber group and World War II behind for good.

Navigator Hiram Harris plotted a new course south over the Alps, unaware that this flight path would take the crippled plane directly over the German antiaircraft school at Friedrichshafen. As tail gunner Leonard Goyer described it later, "We got the [you know what] kicked out of us again." But the German gunnery students got poor grades that day, because the *High Life* escaped, at least to the Swiss side of Lake Constance. There, the crew's 13th mission ended in a dra-





Of the nearly 13,000 built during World War II, few B-17 Flying Fortresses survived until 1983 (above). The original *High Life* plane lies in a Swiss pasture (right), following a daring crash landing on August 17, 1943.

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matic belly landing, much to the surprise of a Swiss farmer who was loading hay nearby. It was noon, August 17, 1943.

Some planes did get through that day and delivered their bombs on target. A handful even found their way to North Africa, the unlikely destination the "brass" had plotted on a chart back in England early that morning. But most were x'd off the charts as lost in action. Oakes' crew, all ten—still in ten whole, but shaky pieces—were surrounded by Swiss guards and interned for the duration of the war.

It wasn't until 39 years later that ex-radio operator James Scott started thinking about a reunion. A photograph of the *High Life* and story in the *8th AF News* "brought it all back." Several months later, he was surprised to see a letter in the same publication from former *High Life* copilot Joseph Harper, correcting some errors in the story.

"I got the idea maybe we could find a few of the old crew and invite them down here to Huntsville [Alabama] and pay the motel bill ourselves," says Scott, who still has the same affable smile and laughing eyes that appear in his old war photos. Scott phoned Joe Harper, whom he hadn't seen since the war. Harper told him he knew that their navigator, Hiram Harris, was living in Nashville, Tennessee. But Harris, a retired shoe manufacturer's representative, said he had no news of the rest of the crew.

So, Scott began his detective work. He put ads in magazines, looked up 40-year-old home addresses and bantered with small-town phone operators. He called strangers trying to get information, and his phone bill went up $500. "I couldn't give up," he says. "My wife kept encouraging me." Scott even took a temporary job to pay for his protracted search. In addition, he wrote an account of the *High Life*'s last mission. The manuscript was not destined for movie fame, as was Beirne Lay's account of the Regensburg raid, *Twelve O'Clock High* (Lay had been aboard the *Piccadilly Lily*), but it did find its way to the Miller Brewing Company's headquarters in Milwaukee.

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At Miller, the public-relation department's cup (or should one say mug) ran over. The story of a crew of unsung heroes who'd obligingly named a Flying Fortress after their most famous brew was too great a godsend to just let slip by. Besides, Bob Roger, father of High Life brand manager Doug Roger, had been a bombardier aboard the *Piccadilly Lily*. These fellows would have a reunion, all right—a bigger one than Jim Scott had dreamed of. Meanwhile, after months of searching, Scott had tracked down all the old crew. (One, armor gunner Vincent McGrath, died in 1960.)

Now, here they were, all together again, ready to face the crowd of press and spectators. They stepped out smiling and waving to hearty applause. Brewing company president Bill Howell stepped out as well, sporting a blue *High Life* cap like the rest of the crew, smiling his biggest smile since the invention of the pop-top can. "You're probably wondering how I got this cap," he told the crowd. "Well, I traded a Miller's for it."

After a brief welcoming ceremony, spectators mixed with the crew, some inspecting the shiny plane, others gathering to chat.

"I'll tell you what it was like," said tail gunner Leonard Goyer. "It was the largest, most vicious air battle of World War II. Even afterwards there was never a battle like that one." Goyer recalled the hours he'd spent kneeling in the tiny tail-gun section with only the ammunition box for company and scores of enemy fighters just outside.

"Of course, this is not exactly the aircraft that we flew," he said. "This is what they called a 'G.' We flew an 'F.'" The current plane was rented from the Experimental Aircraft Association at Oshkosh.

Elsewhere, engineer George Elder was asked the inevitable question. Why the name *High Life*? Back in early 1943, while training in an isolated area of Utah, the crew had been known to tip a bottle or two on occasion.

"Looking at the bottle with the pretty girl sitting on the half moon was about all the female company we had on the salt flats of Utah," interjected Jim Scott. Elder had another version. "We just thought it sounded like a very good name for

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an airplane."

Slowly, the crowd diminished and the crew adjourned for lunch. Then came the offer of a free ride. Old B-17s are somewhat less comfortable than modern commercial airliners, but they have other attributes. They can, for example, be shot to pieces and still keep flying, as old photos in the waist-gun compartment showed. The high decibel levels in flight preclude all but even the loudest forms of verbal communication.

High Life waist gunner Nolan Stevens, who'd driven to the reunion from Wichita Falls, Texas, was pointing and smiling. "We dropped our bombs in a forest just like that," he shouted, indicating a stand of trees far below. Stevens kept watch over his nervously smiling wife, Liz. It was her very first plane ride. Other wives had declined the opportunity to board the plane they'd probably been forced to hear so much about over the years.

A "PM Magazine" crew member clambered in from below, hoisting cameras and microphones. The young interviewer looked pale. Stevens rushed to give her a hand.

Up front, Hiram Harris showed the former location of the guns, the compass and the navigational equipment, long since removed. He was thinner in those days, he shouted, and could get around in a tight place like this.

It was Harris who had saved the crew from becoming POWs on that last mission. Pilot Oakes had prepared to sound the bail-out klaxon when Harris pointed out that Switzerland lay only a short distance away. They had held on, and they had made it to friendly territory.

"It looks like we're heading back," Harris shouted.

Back at the hangar Liz Stevens was ready to go up again, while the "PM Magazine" lady looked relieved to be earthbound once more. That night, the crew and wives attended a banquet in their honor. On Sunday they would all leave for their homes.

The previous night, the crew had been shown the 1949 movie *Twelve O'Clock High*, starring Gregory Peck. Most had never seen the film, "a pretty accurate description of the Regensburg raid," as Scott described it. Gregory Peck, as well as actor and World War II flyer Jimmy Stewart, had been invited to the reunion. Neither could attend. It had remained a reunion for ordinary, everyday heroes. As Jim Scott wrote in his story, "There are those of us who do our work without a chance of glory ever coming our way. And so it was with the crew of the *High Life*. There would never be headlines or curtain calls for us and we wanted none."

The Monday following the reunion, Jim Scott called with some added information about the crew—another *High Life* call to add to his long-distance bill. "I'm back home," he said, "but I still haven't landed. You know," he added, "someone once asked me what I thought this flight was like compared to the last flight in '43. My reply was that the one on August 17 was a nightmare, while the one on 11 June '83 was like a dream come true."

The reunion still wasn't over for Scott. He was taking the money from that extra job and going to Switzerland, where he planned to have his picture taken on the actual spot where the *High Life* crashed. He wasn't sure he'd get permission, because the site is now part of an air base. Pilot Don Oakes, who owns a lumber company in Hesperia, California, would go with him. They planned to visit the crew's old base in England, where they'd been promised a cookout and dance. The *High Life* wouldn't be forgotten, after all.

The *High Life* crew posed with their plane at Wendover, Utah, in May 1943. In the following three months they would fly 13 bombing missions over Germany, France and Norway.

Miller High Life's girl-in-the-moon has been "off the bottle" for nearly 30 years, but her presence on the nose of the *High Life* plane helped James Scott, Jr. (front row), to bring his old B-17 crewmates together again at Milwaukee's Mitchell Field.

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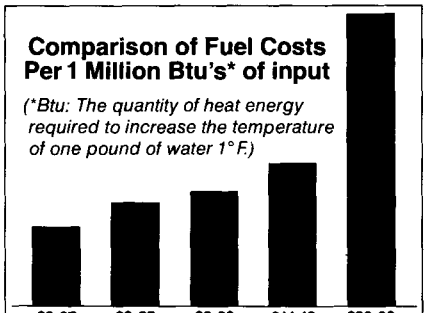
*(*Btu: The quantity of heat energy required to increase the temperature of one pound of water 1°F.)*



$6.27	$8.65	$8.80	$11.10	$22.86
Nat. Gas	Propane	Fuel Oil	Kerosene	Electricity

Note:

Cost figures for Natural Gas, Propane, Fuel Oil and Electricity are those established by the Federal Trade Commission (Department of Energy) as the revised national average energy costs for 1983. (Refer Fed. Reg. Vol. 48, No. 64/Friday, April 1, 1983/Rules and Regulations.) Cost figure on Kerosene, 1K (water clear) is an established national average of $1.50 per gallon (135,000 Btu/gallon) based on information obtained from the industry association. Costs will vary depending upon the output and efficiency of the heating appliance in use. With Electricity, costs will also vary where special heating or all-electric rates are available.

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POST SCRIPTS

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

Der Slother

Der slowpoken slother ist oftenisch stallen
Mit upsiden-downer gehangen und crawlen.
Comparen mit slothers, ein snailer proceeden
Ist offen-gewhizzen mit break-necken speeden!

Der Owlers

Folkers ist claimen der owlers ben wisen
Mit daylighten snoozen und nighten uprisen.
Ach! After ein nighten mit rooten der tooten,
Der owlers ben seldomisch given ein hooten.

Das Poorisch Woodenchopper

Ein poorisch woodenchopper dressen mit raggentattes ben walken besiden ein grosser kastle. Suddenisch das chopper ist finden ein goldenisch ring.

Ach! das chopper ben thinken, *der ring ist royalisch mit belongen to der Princesser!* Mitout waiten, das chopper ist returnen ein goldenisch ring belongen to der Princesser.

"Vas ist causen das returnen?" der Princesser ben asken.

"Meinself ist upfullen mit der honest feelen," das chopper ben answeren mit noblisch uplooken.

Der Princesser ben thanken das chopper und rubben der ring. Ach! Mit flashen und smokenpuffen ein handsomisch Princer ist standen in fronten der Princesser!

Das chopper ben blushen mit watchen der huggen und billen mit cooen.

DER LESSON: Princessers ist thanken wooden choppers und kissen Princers.

Das Eagle Und Der Arrow

Ein grosser eagle ben obersailen der countrysiden, und suddenisch ein arrow ben uppengezippen mit whizzen in fronten der eaglebeaken. Ach! Mit speedisch downswoopen das eagle ben chasen der arrow mitout der catchen! Himmel! Das chaser ben fumen!

"Ich ben spenden mein life mit catchen ein arrow," das eagle ben swearen mit strongisch oathen.

Ober und ober der arrows ben upswishen und das eagle ben undertaken der chasen. Suddenisch das eagle ben outscreamen mit loudisch squawken, und der chasen ist enden!

DER LESSON: Catchen ein departen arrow ist goot. Catchen ein arriven arrow ist awfulisch.

Der Swan

Der swan ist gefloaten acrossen der laken,
Mit preenen und primpen und pinfluffen shaken.
Excepten der necker ben longisch und loosen,
Der beautischer swan ist ein snootischer goosen.

Der Wolf Und Der Mask

Mit winter arriven, ein wolf ben disguisen der self mit ein mask und sneaken insiden ein sheepenpen.

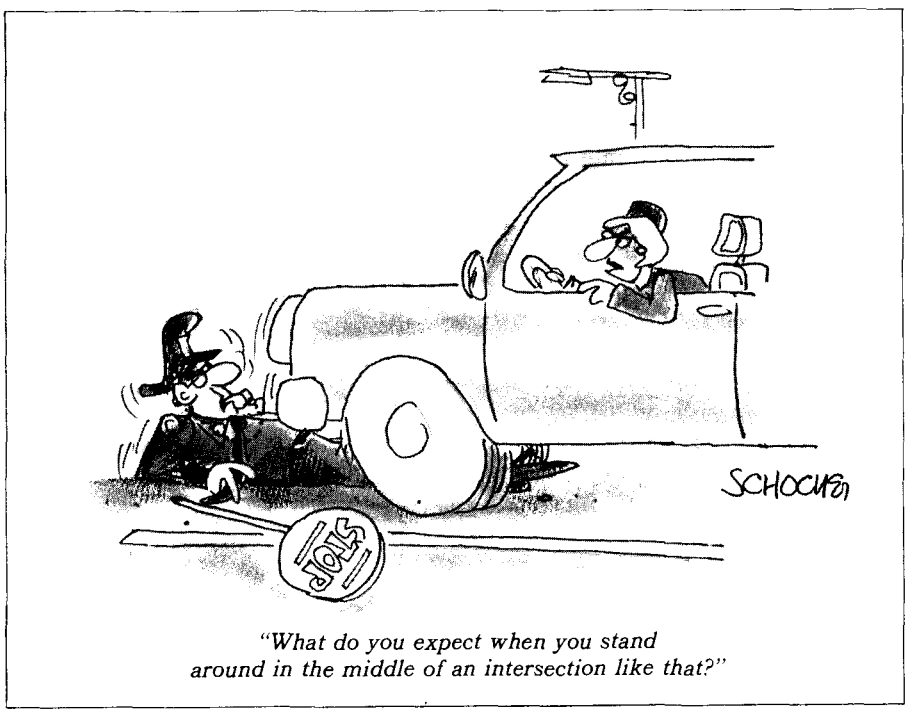
Ein oldisch sheep ben suspecten der evilisch tricken und exclaimen, "Ein wolf disguisen mit ein sheepenskin ben attempten das sneaken in der summer, und meinself ist detecten mit offenchasen der schtunker! Ich ben thinken das wolf ist returnen mit ein mask."

"Nein, nein!" ein youngisch sheep ben disputen. "Das ist nicht ein wolf! Das ist ein oddisch sheep!"

Der flock ben voten mit adopten das grayisch, sharpentoothen sheep mit der bushentail. Ach! Soonisch der sheepenshearen ben starten und das wolf ist freezen!

DER LESSON: Mit disguisen wolfers, ein mask ist beaten ein sheepenskin.

—Dave Morrah



"What do you expect when you stand around in the middle of an intersection like that?"

Item

Doctors need patients,
We're sure you'll agree,
And sitting here, waiting
Hour after hour—
There's no debating,
We patients need patience
Unendingly. . . .

—Betty Yarnall

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Whiskey Wit

A crowd gathered when a man collapsed on the sidewalk.

"Give the poor man a drink of whiskey," an old lady shouted.

"Give him some air," another shouted. "Stand back."

"Give him a shot of whiskey," the old lady repeated.

"Let's see if he's bleeding," a third voice said.

"Give the man a shot of whiskey," the old lady said.

"Call the hospital. . . ."

The man on the ground opened his eyes and said, "Will you all shut up and listen to the old lady!"

—Thomas E. Oetzel

Fancy Footwork

The football coach went to the locker room and took his linebacker aside. "Jenkins," he said, "remember those tips I've been giving you about rushing the quarterback, filling those holes in the line and getting to the outside?"

"Sure, coach. I remember."

"Well, forget them," murmured the coach. "We just traded you to Baltimore."

—Melvin E. Lukenbach

Flab Flavor

There are three colors that make most people look fat: vanilla, chocolate and strawberry.

—Frank Walsh

Colorful Communication

Autumn is a colorful time of year. . .
All of that colorful foliage on the trees
And all of that colorful language when
The foliage starts to fall.

—Sandra Thompson

A Question of Class

"I hear you have a boy in college. Is he going to be a doctor, an engineer or a lawyer?"

"That I do not know. Right now the big question is if he's going to be a sophomore."

—Al Lindop

Ketch My Drift

Mom was trying to get the ketchup out of the bottle to put the finishing touch on little Harvey's sandwich. Just then the doorbell rang and the boy went to get it. "Is your mother at home?" the visitor asked.

"Yes," the boy replied. "She's in the kitchen hitting the bottle."

—G. G. Crabtree

Symptoms

The hula hoop, a few years back,
threw out many an -iliac.
Then the skateboard craze came in
to bruise a kneecap or a shin.
The epidemic that is nigh
effects a glazed and spaced-out eye,
With twitching fingers rarely at ease—
Pronounced video-syncrasies.

—Daniel De Paola

Last Stand

"My father was an old Indian fighter."

"What was your mother?"

"An old Indian."

—Sherwood Ellis

Left in the Dust

The bride was a very lovely girl, but her housekeeping left much to be desired. However, she thought her husband never noticed her carelessness until he called to her one day: "Sweetheart, whatever happened to the dust on the hall table? I had a telephone number written on it."

—Rose Sands

One Saxy Guy

"The people upstairs are very annoying," Mr. Jones complained to the landlord. "They were stomping and pounding on the floor and the wall until after midnight."

"Did it keep you awake?" asked the concerned landlord.

"Fortunately, no," replied Mr. Jones. "I was up anyway practicing on my saxophone."

—George E. Bergman

Ben's Corollary

"Early to bed and early to rise till you make enough money to do otherwise."

—Julia Brodigan

Barking up the Wrong Tree

The newlywed husband came home to find his bride in tears. "What's wrong, honey?" he asked.

"The dog ate the meat loaf I made for dinner."

"Well, don't cry. I'll get another dog."

—A. H. Berzen

Limp Diagnosis

The instructor in the medical college exhibited a diagram.

"The subject here limps," he explained, "because one leg is shorter than the other." He addressed one of the students: "Now, Mr. Smythe, what would you do in such a case?"

Young Smythe pondered earnestly and replied with conviction: "I fancy, sir, that I should limp, too."

—Michael R. Villano

"Ball . . . high and inside."

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE HUMAN BEING

Tossing aside decades of Hollywood tradition, this Robert Duvall film rediscovers the drama in decency.

by David Sterritt

The excitement of *Tender Mercies* lies below the surface. It's not the quick change of fast action, the flashy performances or the eye-zapping cuts.

Rather, it's something much more rare—the thrill of watching characters grow, personalities deepen, relationships ripen and mature. It's the pleasure of rediscovering the dramatic richness of decency, honesty, compassion and a few other qualities that have become rare visitors to the silver screen. It feels good to have them back again.

Robert Duvall sensitively plays Mack Sledge, a country singer with a broken career and a drinking problem. Down and out in rural Texas, he puts up at a roadside motel, and eventually marries the young widow who runs the place. By slow degrees, he puts his life back together by devoting himself to his new wife and stepson.

Problems from the past keep dogging him as old entanglements creep into his new situation. They bring confusion and disappointment. But the movie's whole thrust is on Mack's progress from dissoluteness to dignity, and on the people who help him make the trip. It's a moving and life-affirming story—riveting to watch, refreshingly humane in its attitudes and tastefully handled, though a handful of vulgar words have earned it a PG rating.

Tender Mercies is a daring picture, tossing decades of Hollywood convention cheerfully out the window. Faced with temptation, the former drunk stays off the bottle! Widowed early, the young mother keeps her home together and raises a fine son! That carload of beefy youths isn't a gang looking for trouble, but a country-music band hoping for a glimpse of their hero! Surprises galore, most of them heartily underscoring the good in people.

As written by Horton Foote, and directed by Australian film maker Bruce Beresford, of *Breaker Morant* fame, *Tender Mercies* combines delicacy of detail with great strength of structure. Though the story and performances thrive on subtlety, the underpinnings of the film are as firm and palpable as human nature itself. Capitalizing on this, Foote and Beresford make masterful use of understatement, letting the emotions of the story speak for themselves through quietly framed shots that deftly sidestep sentimentality.

Their style culminates in a brilliant scene late in the film, as Mack struggles to work through an unexpected tragedy. "I don't trust happiness. I never have and I never will," he tells his wife with breaking voice, bowed by the weight of his trouble. Yet there's a profound irony to the moment, since happiness is all around him—in his family, his home, his work, his future. He even knows it, in a dim sort of way, and he's bound to know it better as time and experience roll on. It's a deeply stirring moment, and all the more so for the gentleness with which it's conveyed.

Tender Mercies has flaws, like all movies. There's a bit of syrupy music on the soundtrack, especially at the end, which is also marred by a few cute close-ups that overstate their case. A couple of scenes also slip into melodrama, pushing their moods just a little too far. Most of the way, though, *Tender Mercies* builds

Robert Duvall turns in one of the year's best performances as Mack Sledge, an alcoholic country-music star, who finds a new kind of success in a remote Texas town. (Right) Mack strums for his stepson, Sonny, played by Allan Hubbard.

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a marvelous flow of suspense and surprise precisely by refusing to "pay off" on situations that would plunge toward sensationalism in any conventional picture.

Add another stunning portrayal by the brilliant Duvall (who even does his own singing) and a splendid supporting cast, and you have a movie to treasure for a very long time to come.

Horton Foote came to the *Tender Mercies* project from a long career of stage, television and movie work. A veteran playwright and TV dramatist, he turned to films in 1963, when he won an Oscar for *To Kill a Mockingbird,* based on Harper Lee's fine novel. His other Hollywood credits include *Baby the Rain Must Fall* and *Hurry Sundown* as well as *Tomorrow*, which continued the collaboration with Robert Duvall that began in *Mockingbird.*

The idea for *Tender Mercies* came from watching a nephew try to make it in the country-music business, in a band that was helped along by an older musician. "This older man had been through it all," Foote told me over lunch the other day, speaking in the faint Southern accent that's a legacy from his Texas upbringing. "As I thought about a story line, I got very interested in that type of character."

Another key element, the hero's victory over drinking, also came from Foote's own observations. "I've spent my life in the theater," he recalls, "and I've known performers who have struggled with this problem. It's a shattering thing to see a wonderful artist ruined by such a thing—and yet some have the humility and grace to fight it off and come back. That's what I had in mind."

Asked about the movie's gentle approach, Foote says he looked for the best way to treat this subject matter. "I wanted to show a man coming out of something," he says, adding that a melodramatic slant would have undermined his intent: "That's been done so many times, and I didn't know what purpose it would serve."

Then too, a certain restraint is part and parcel of the Foote style. "It's just how I write," he says. "I've been told often that it's not commercial, but

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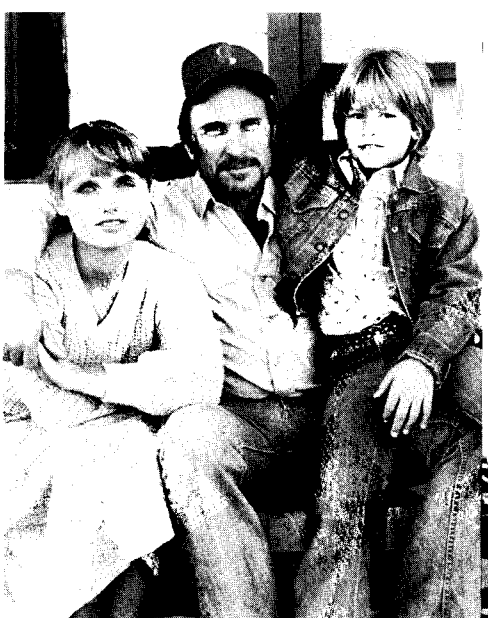
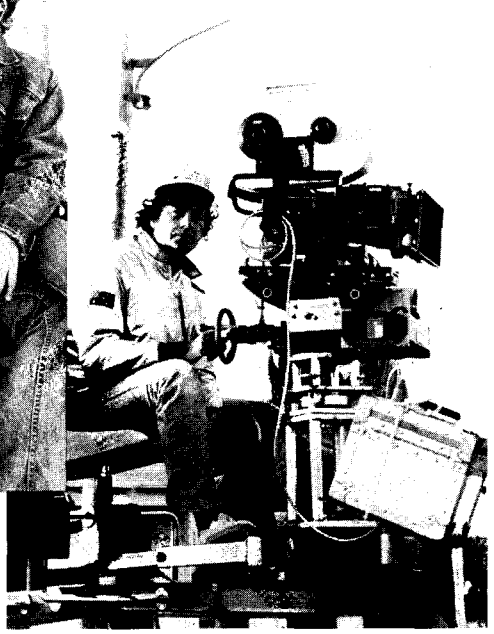
Quiet atmospherics and "under action" rather than over ripe melodrama make *Tender Mercies* work, but the music does begin to swell when Mack, urged by a group of admiring young singers, returns to the stage after a long absence.

that's how I do it, and I'm stuck with it. When I try the other way, I get into trouble. I'm not against jazzing things up, I just don't know anything about it! Some of those quiet long-shots in *Tender Mercies* even make *me* nervous. But if that's your talent, that's your talent. . . ."

One of the pinions of *Tender Mercies* is the hero's wife, a strong and sturdy woman whose touchingly honest conversations with her little boy are some of the film's most exquisitely written scenes. How did her character come about?

"There's a kind of woman who crops up in my plays, and in a lot of American literature," Foote replies. "She's not intellectual, but kind of intuitive. I go to the South a lot, and I'm struck by these women who have very little in possessions but have great dignity, even though they've married young and often have to raise children alone. . . .I write them from a sense of affection and admiration. I don't find them sentimental. They can be very confident, though they've certainly been given more than their share of difficult problems to work out."





Leading lady Tess Harper has never worked outside Texas. (Right) Australian Bruce Beresford directs "outback."

The title of *Tender Mercies*, from the Book of Psalms, also relates to the character of Rosa Lee, played by Tess Harper. "I looked for something that would express the expectations that kind of person has," Foote explains. "It's all she asks for—certain moments of gentleness or respite. She has a sense of appreciation for what she has; it's nothing to do with grandness or largeness, but just thanks for a nice day or some such thing. Mack must learn to evaluate and appreciate this quality in her."

Though it's his newest child, *Tender Mercies* isn't the only thing on Foote's mind these days. He is also working on a cycle of nine plays called *The Orphans Home*, which grew out of his "meditating and thinking about the South," and has roots in the story of his own father's life. One portion, *1918*—about the "moral and spiritual journey of an orphan at the age of 12"—may be made into a film. Another, called *Convicts,* will probably star Duvall as a 90-year-old hero.

It's a huge project, reflecting Foote's continuing love of the stage. He comments, "The Broadway arena doesn't have much room now" for serious playwrights like himself—or peers like David Mamet and Sam Shepard—but he finds a lot of energy and ferment in other parts of the theater world. By contrast, he sees little good on the TV scene and has written little for that medium in recent years.

So expertly is *Tender Mercies* put together, it's hard to believe it marks the first time Foote has written directly for the screen. If moviegoers are fortunate, it won't be the last. "I guess I finally, deeply, inside myself do feel," he says, "that in spite of all the chaos around us, there's an awful lot to celebrate in human beings." It's a philosophy that Hollywood, and the rest of the entertainment industry, could profit by.

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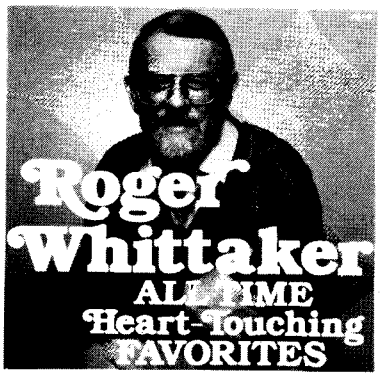
He's Captured America's Heart

Roger Whittaker



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THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING

VAYA CON DIOS

MAKING BELIEVE

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE

TENDERLY

RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

SCARLET RIBBONS

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

RED ROSES FOR A BLUE LADY

ETERNALLY

STRANGER ON THE SHORE

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY THAT I LOVE YOU

RED RIVER VALLEY

I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU

UNCHAINED MELODY

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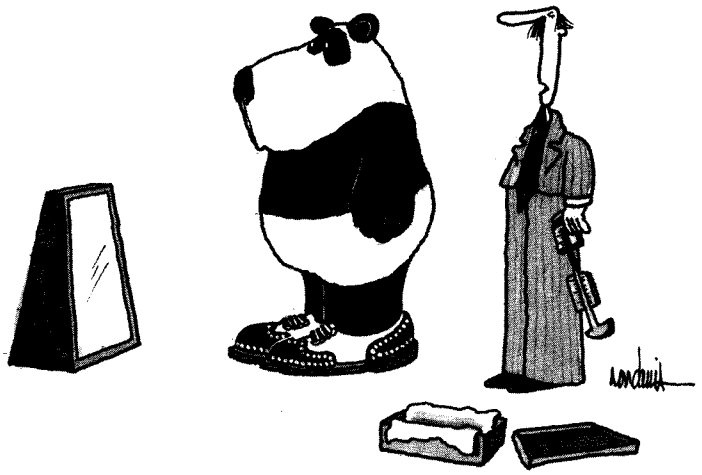
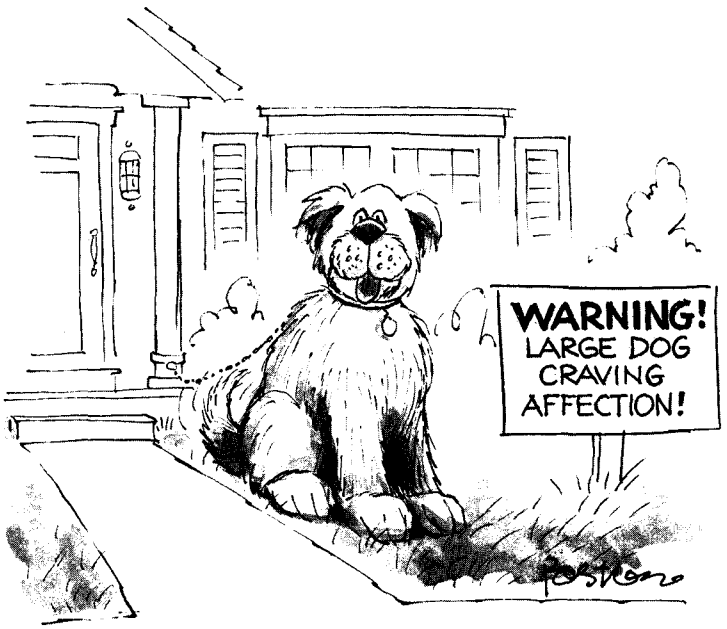
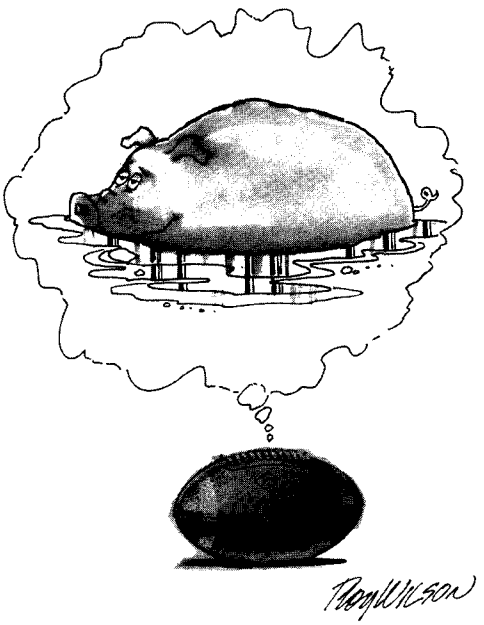
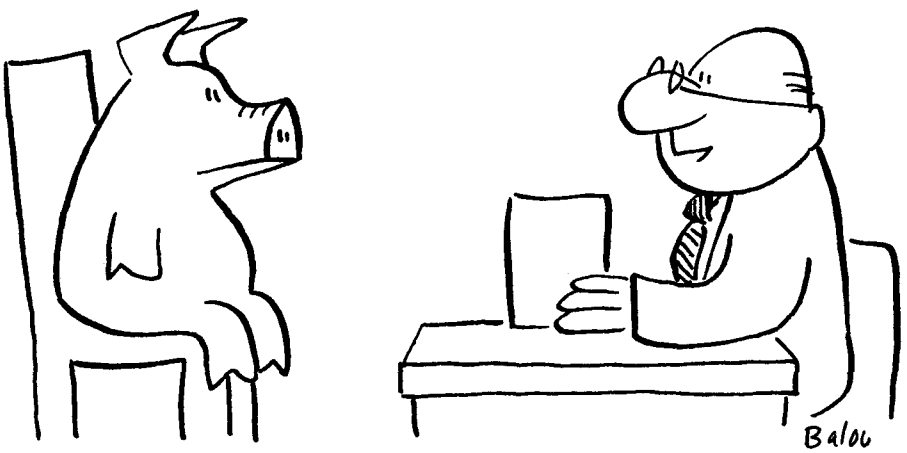


"What can I say? They're YOU!"







"Now, this policy will cover your home for fire, theft, flood and huffing and puffing."

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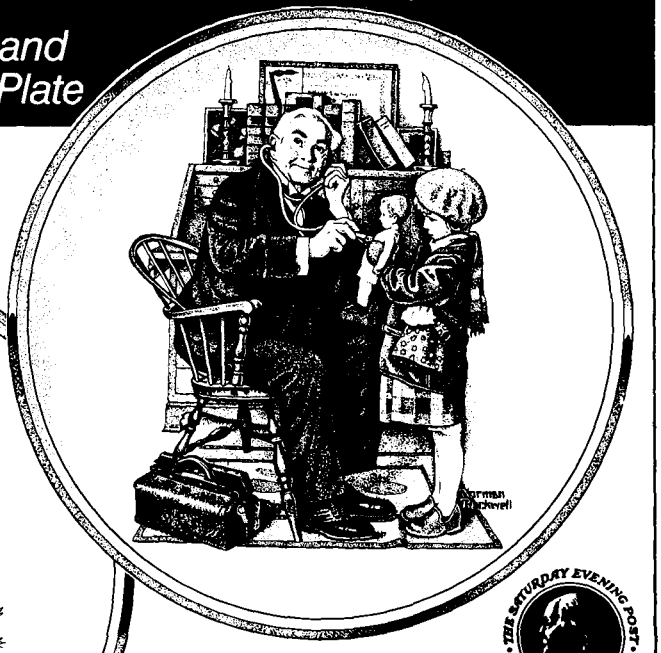
FREE! Norman Rockwell MINIATURE COLLECTOR PLATE

Just for looking at "Doctor and Doll" Miniature Collector's Plate



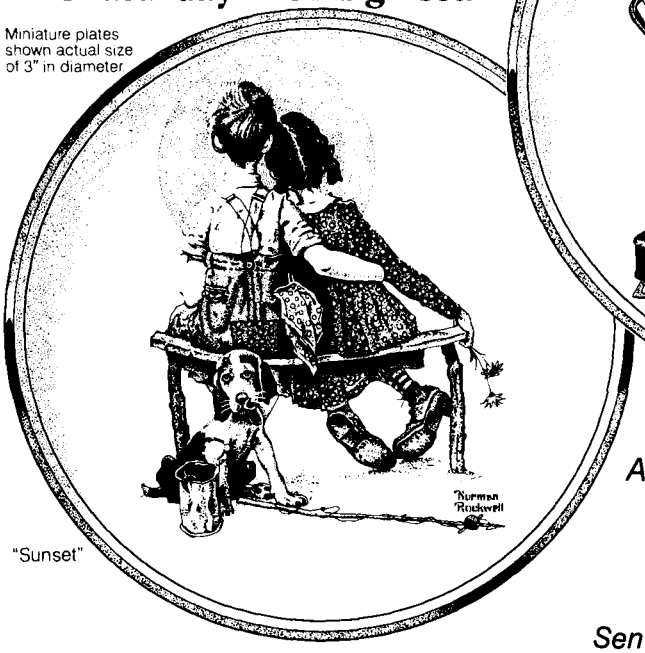
"Doctor and Doll"

A full-color, limited edition

exclusively authorized by

The Saturday Evening Post.

Miniature plates shown actual size of 3" in diameter



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST • AUTHORIZED REPRODUCTIONS •

Available at the low, direct-to-you price of only **$12.50** plus postage and handling

Norman Rockwell The best-loved artist of a golden era. For 47 years, his vision of America brightened the covers of *The Saturday Evening Post* with kindly country doctors, the young, and the young-at-heart.

Now, *The Saturday Evening Post* has authorized *The Best of Norman Rockwell* — a collection of Rockwell's best "Post" covers to be reproduced in full color on a series of miniature porcelain plates.

Available by Direct Reservation Only

These miniature collector plates bearing Rockwell's best-loved "Post" art are *available by direct reservation only at this time from Calhoun's Collectors Society*. Displayed in the two custom hardwood racks that will accompany your collection, *The Best of Norman Rockwell* is an impressive exhibit. Yet because of its miniature size, it can be displayed on any wall . . . *your own Rockwell art gallery* to be enjoyed now and for years to come as a favorite family heirloom.

A Special Introductory Offer

When you purchase "Doctor and Doll," we'll send you — *absolutely free* — a second plate featuring the famous Rockwell work entitled "Sunset." It is *yours to keep* even if you decide to return "Doctor and Doll."

A Remarkable Value

You can acquire the delightful "Doctor and Doll" and each of the remaining plates in the series for the low direct-to-you price of $12.50 each (plus postage and handling) . . . and at the convenient rate of one per month. A remarkable value for the best-loved art of America's favorite artist.

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You will be billed when your miniature plates are ready to be shipped. Then, examine the charming work of Norman Rockwell in your home for 15 days, *without risk*. If you're not completely satisfied, you can return "Doctor and Doll" for a complete refund. *"Sunset" is yours to keep FREE!*

Guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked within 21 days.

Calhoun's – *since 1928, a family tradition of service and integrity*

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SEND NO MONEY NOW

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☐ Mrs. ☐ Mr. _____
(please print clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

*Minnesota residents add 6% (75¢) sales tax per plate.

Please allow 8-12 weeks for delivery

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HELLO AMERICANS... STAND BY FOR PAUL HARVEY

The champion of the patriotic cause and master of the inflated pause, Paul Harvey's skillful blend of news and views has made him America's most-listened-to broadcaster.

by Holly G. Miller

Paul Harvey rarely *says* anything. He cajoles, he consoles, he chastises and champions; he enunciates, he articulates, he titillates and even pontificates. But merely *to say* something? Too bland. And Paul Harvey is anything but bland.

With a face that belongs on Mount Rushmore and a delivery Patrick Henry would love, Harvey has become the undisputed Voice of America to 20 million listeners. This 40-year fascination between audience and broadcaster works both ways. He's in awe of rank-and-file Americans—"They are the real heroes of today," he says—and he savors their mother tongue. He speaks impeccable English, full of "whences" and "heretofores," and when he finds himself at a loss for the *perfect* word, he merely coins his own. "Reaganomics" and "bumpersnickers" are popular Harveyisms, and two others—"skyjacker" and "guesstimate"—are now included in the dictionary.

Paul Harvey is a mixed bag of surprises. He can be sage one minute, silly the next, prophetic, then playful. A master at conversation, he knows something about everything—it goes with his territory—and he's energetic to the point of restlessness. Especially before a broadcast.

"Wolf! One. Two. Three. Four," he barks at the bank of microphones in his tiny soundproof booth on the fourth floor of the Stone Container Building in Chicago. Ten minutes before his 12:06 p.m. newscast he limbers his facial muscles by opening his mouth wide in mock shock and then sucking his cheeks together in an exaggerated pucker.

"Every broadcast is like an audition," he says, standing up, sitting down, pacing the floor and making a last trip to check the Associated Press wire machine. "It's not a nervousness, but an awareness. It's a frightening responsibility to lead others when we are so often uncertain ourselves."

Harvey, who claims he married an education, credits Angel with superb judgment. He recalls their difference of opinion on a '50s rock singer: "I said he wouldn't last six months; Angel knew better." The singer's name? Elvis Presley.

He reads and rereads the stories he wrote and typed on pulpy yellow copy paper hours earlier. Today, his four million noon listeners will hear about meteors, a herpes breakthrough, President Reagan's swing into Tennessee, Chicago mayor Washington's spat with the city council, misprinted college diplomas, declining McRib sandwich sales and a house that was built in six hours and 55 minutes.

News items will periodically give way to commercials, also delivered in Harvey's patented rapid-fire, start-and-stop style. He'll tout Delco Bose® radios and endorse a brand of garden gloves that he personally depends on "to tame prickly weed at the family ranch in Missouri." He has a waiting list of advertisers. No wonder. He only promotes products he uses, and his listeners know it.

Seconds before air time, he scrutinizes each story once more, adding a word here, deleting a phrase there, with an ever present soft-lead pencil. Only when the red lights flash on and his sound technician drops his hand does he address the microphone squarely through rimless glasses.

"*Hello, Americans! This is Paul Harvey. Stand by. . . for news!*"

Paul Harvey doesn't remember exactly when he launched his radio career—it's been *that* long—but a family member claims he built cigar-box crystal sets as a boy back in

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Tulsa, Oklahoma. His personal recollections pick up later, at age 14, when he persuaded the station manager at Radio KVOO to hire him to do spot announcements, play the guitar, read the news off the wire and sweep out the office before going home.

"I was around KVOO for two years before I was paid for being on the air," he says, doffing his jacket after his usual "Good day!" sign-off to his noon newscast. "I hung around the studio every minute I wasn't in school, so I think they actually put me on the payroll to limit my hours. I had a dear teacher who was determined this should be my profession. But she started me off with a handicap. Her specialty was Shakespeare, and she had me rrrrr-rolling my R's and saying 'eye-ther' and 'nye-ther.' That sounded pretty funny in Oklahoma."

So he forsook the Shakespeare but retained just enough loftiness to achieve an unusual blend—a sort of grass-roots eloquence. It worked. Middle America loved him, and Middle America seemed to be a state of mind that stretched from one coast to the other. He had the unique gift of bringing out the Oklahoma in listeners, no matter where they lived.

Broadcast-studio visitors, such as *Post* interviewer Holly Miller, are rare, although Harvey savors live audiences and calls applause "a narcotic."

"We're all imitators when we begin," he says. "I was some years, really, finding out what Paul Harvey sounds like."

He nurtures his down-home, uptown style not only in his newscasts but in his personal life, too. A signed lithograph of the President of the United States hangs by his office typewriter ("To Paul Harvey: With appreciation and warmest regards. Ronald Reagan"); so does a plaque from the Order of the Eagles. Shiny chrome artifacts and replicas of the Treasures of Tut fill his bookcases, hundreds of keys from cities such as Sidney, Nebraska; Anniston, Alabama; Covington, Virginia; and Altoona, Pennsylvania, fill his shadow-box coffee table.

"I remember when I used to listen to Arthur Godfrey every night," he says. "Whenever he talked about his farm and things like that, he was like one of the family. But gradually he was absent from the air more and more, and then he'd come back and tell about traveling around the world and going bear hunting with famous people. Suddenly he wasn't the ex-cabdriver from Chicago anymore. He wasn't one of us, so I stopped listening. I don't want people to get that impression of Paul Harvey unless and until it's a valid impression."

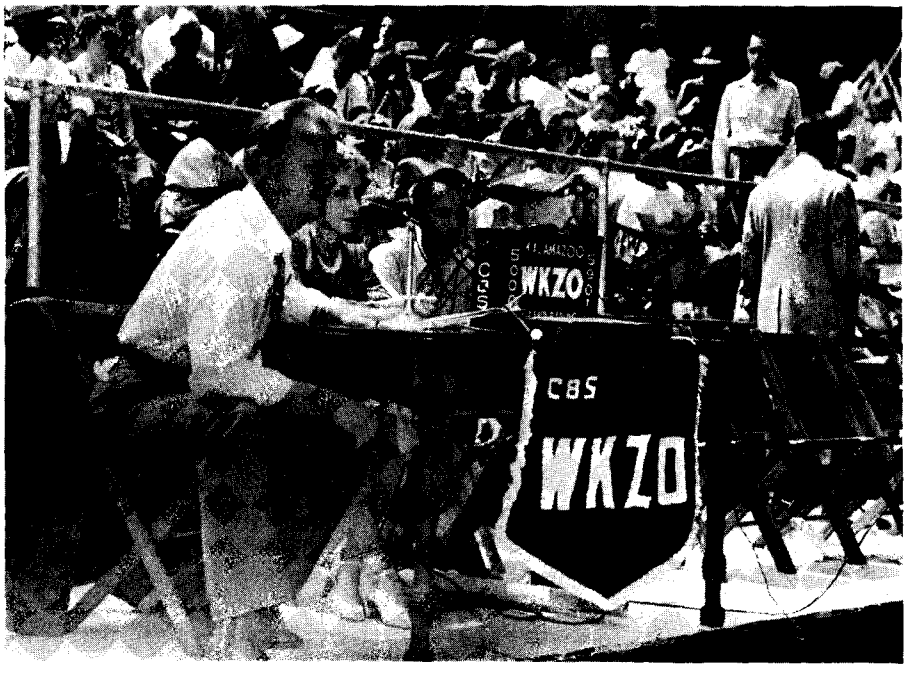
His talent for rhetoric is inherited from the five generations of preachers in his family. "I suppose there's no denying some of those things get buried in our genes," he says. His guidance comes from a much closer source. He credits his wife, Lynne—nicknamed "Angel" the day he met her—with keeping his career on an upward track.

"She seems dainty and ultimately feminine, but she has a will of iron," he says. "She really gives direction to our joint career because she's always known what she wanted us to do and be. When an opportunity comes along, for instance, to emcee the Miss America pageant, all she has to do is ask, Is this on target? Or is it a detour? A digression? When your guidelines are that simple, it's not difficult to stay on course."

They met in St. Louis when he was the big man at station KXOK, making $29 a week, and she was handling school announcements. He needed a ride to the local airport one afternoon, and he knew she owned a natty white Nash Lafayette. Would she mind. . . ? Sure, why not.

"I'm not prophetic," she recalls, years later. "But I was that day. I decided that this man was going places, so why not see what makes him tick?"

They had dinner together and he proposed that same night in the parked Lafayette. Always the romantic, he never sold the car, but keeps it at the family's Reveille Ranch in Missouri and enjoys tin-



After a stint in the Army and several tours of duty at radio stations around the Midwest, Harvey settled in Chicago and refused to budge. He's vetoed numerous opportunities to relocate and says, "New York City seems so foreign to grass-roots America."

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"Young Paul": The Rest of the Story

When Paul Aurandt and his bride went house-hunting a few years ago, they looked no farther than the two-story Tudor just over the hedge from the sprawling stone Colonial where Paul grew up. Today a path is worn through the hedge—subtle evidence of the close relationship enjoyed by Paul Harvey, Sr., and "Young Paul," his 35-year-old son.

"Maestro?" muses Paul Sr., using his favorite nickname for Paul II, a former concert pianist. "I could talk endlessly about him. In every dimension, he's an improvement on me."

Pauls I and II not only share shady lawns in suburban River Forest and identical names (Paul Sr. dropped the "Aurandt" in favor of his trendier middle name when he launched his career), but they also collaborate on one of the most popular shows on radio—"The Rest of the Story." Paul Jr. is the writer; Paul Sr. provides the voice. The Monday-through-Friday broadcast recently jumped from a respectable 17th place in the ratings to an enviable 9th.

"I came into this business by accident," explains Paul Jr., a strapping 6'5" man who shares his dad's penchant for work, golf and good conversation. "And I mean that literally. In 1976, I was struck by a speeding car at an intersection. Initially, the doctors said I wouldn't live; then they said I'd never walk; then they said I wouldn't walk anytime soon."

He proved them all wrong, of course, but not in time to salvage that year's concert tour. Instead, he passed the weeks of recuperation researching and writing segments of "The Rest of the Story." The special Bicentennial radio series featured Paul Harvey delivering interesting tidbits of history that culminated in surprise "Aha!" endings. A typical yarn, suitable for "Rest of the Story" consideration, might recount the pauper's death of a Bowery alcoholic. Not until the last line is the listener told the man's name: Stephen Foster.

"You can see how difficult it is to Agatha Christie-ize history," says Paul Jr. "It's an enormously complex process. I wrote hundreds of the stories before I felt really comfortable with it."

Although he had always fought to maintain his own identity by pursuing a music, not a broadcasting, career and by answering to Paul Aurandt, not Paul Harvey, Jr., he suddenly felt drawn to his father's profession. An intense and scholarly man, he liked the exhaustive research required by "The Rest of the Story." The 20-hour days he once spent at the piano were now spent at the typewriter. By the time he was physically able to resume his concert career, his interest had switched from one kind of keyboard to another. ABC News was delighted with his decision to continue the series beyond the Bicentennial and gave the show a permanent afternoon slot.

"In terms of our five-stories-a-week deadline, I equate 'The Rest of the Story' with getting one's doctorate in a different subject five times a week," says Paul Jr., who generally writes at home, often with one family cat draped around his shoulders and another curled on his lap. "Of course, the more you learn about a topic, the more inclined you are to regurgitate *all* the information you have. It would be the easiest thing in the world to write 'The Rest of the Story' in a very scholarly fashion, but I have to get past that stage and make it sound offhand and storylike."

Two Paul Aurandt books have been published under the series' name, and a third, *Destiny*, will be on the shelves this month. "The Rest of the Story" also appears once a week on 120 television stations and as a newspaper feature syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times*.

And that's a lot of writing, admits Paul Jr., conceding that concertizing is now limited to late-night "performances" and audiences usually consisting of his wife Tanya and the folks across the hedge. Although he never set out to follow in Paul I's footsteps, Paul II seems to be sprinting to catch up. Even Tanya has taken her lead from Angel and is overseeing a home office and serving as her husband's No. 1 as-

continued on page 108

kering with it on rare getaway vacations. Among the few topics the couple disagree on is the length of their marriage. He says 38 years, she insists on 15. In reality, it's 43.

"Forty-three years? That means Angel will be 50 soon," he deadpans. "Actually, she kept subtracting years off our marriage until our son became illegitimate. Then she had to turn around and go the other way."

Together they run a mom-and-pop operation of the slickest kind. He's the 6'2" commanding presence out front, on camera, behind the microphone, and she's the tiny, soft-spoken Angel who calls the shots from the wings. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Washington University, she's president of Paulynne Productions Ltd., executive producer of the "Paul Harvey Comments" TV series, general manager of "Paul Harvey News" and editor of *The Rest of the Story* books.

He trusts her judgment completely, and for good reason. She was the one who persuaded him to move to Chicago and try his hand at network radio back in the early '40s. Today, his three newscasts occupy first, second and third spots in the ratings. Although she acquiesces in his thoughtful decisions on sticky issues of national and international importance, occasionally she lobbies for favorite causes over the dinner table. ERA was one. He became a believer. Opposition to the Vietnam War was another. He became a dove. She also oversees their diverse bookkeeping chores, a responsibility that often keeps her working long after her husband's 8 p.m. bedtime.

"Angel has always handled the money," says Harvey. "When we were first married I got a quarter-a-week allowance. Sometimes I saved it up and bought her presents."

Although the Harveys work side by side—"In our case, 1 plus 1 equals 11, because she multiplies my effectiveness," says Harvey—they operate on different schedules. He rises at 3:30 a.m. daily, swallows his 16 vitamins, an alfalfa capsule, oatmeal and brewer's yeast, and is waiting at the curb for his limousine by 4. Since he is among the few broadcasters who write their own material, he arrives at the office early enough to strip the wires of their folds of paper and to search out stories that lend themselves to exclamation points, pregnant pauses

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and his "For-What-It's-Worth" department.

"If all I can do on the air is enlighten, I'm afraid nobody will listen," he says. "If all I can do is entertain, then I might have a larger audience, but I'll miss this wonderful opportunity to enlighten. So I try to do both."

Whenever he frets that a script might be too esoteric, or worse yet, boring, he administers the "Aunt Betty" test. He rereads the story with his sister-in-law in mind. Betty, whom he describes as a "wonderful person, an old-fashioned housewife," likes her news sometimes sweet, sometimes spicy, but always the kind that slides down easily. Hold the 50-cent words for Betty.

"If Betty can't understand it, or if it wouldn't catch her interest, or if it dwells too much on technicalities, I throw it away and start over."

Angel's workday begins later—she sleeps until 6:30 a.m.—and is often spent in her third-floor office in the Harvey's home in nearby River Forest. They moved there 20 years ago so Paul might have a lawn to mow. Although he's a fitness advocate and alternates a three-mile jog one day with a stationary bicycle trek the next, he has yet to cut the grass. Often the Harveys regroup for lunch, and at least once a week they have dinner together at a downtown Chicago restaurant. Her favorite is the elegant International Club, while he prefers someplace intimate, with candlelight.

They claim that such midweek interludes are really all the respite they need from jobs they don't consider to be work in the first place. Harvey says his other favorite diversions include shopping—"I'm probably the only man in America who loves to window shop"; catalogues—"They're my favorite reading material when I go to bed"; and TV's "Hart to Hart"—"Unusual, isn't it? A show about two decent people who keep their clothes on and still do well in the ratings." When the Harveys need to totally escape the city, they retreat to Reveille Ranch, named for a favorite pet cocker spaniel and located on the banks of the Mississippi River in Missouri.

Recent studies indicate Harvey's audiences are getting younger. But try to convince this fan, a Vicksburg, Mississippi, centenarian.

"It's a pitiful little farm," he insists. "Scenic, but pitiful. I can spend 14 hours a day there going barefoot, digging post holes, cutting hay or planting shrubs. I never look at a *Wall Street Journal* or listen to the news. I deal with problems I can solve and tackle jobs I can get done. Oh, that's a rewarding experience. Back in Chicago, I have to deal with problems *nobody* can solve."

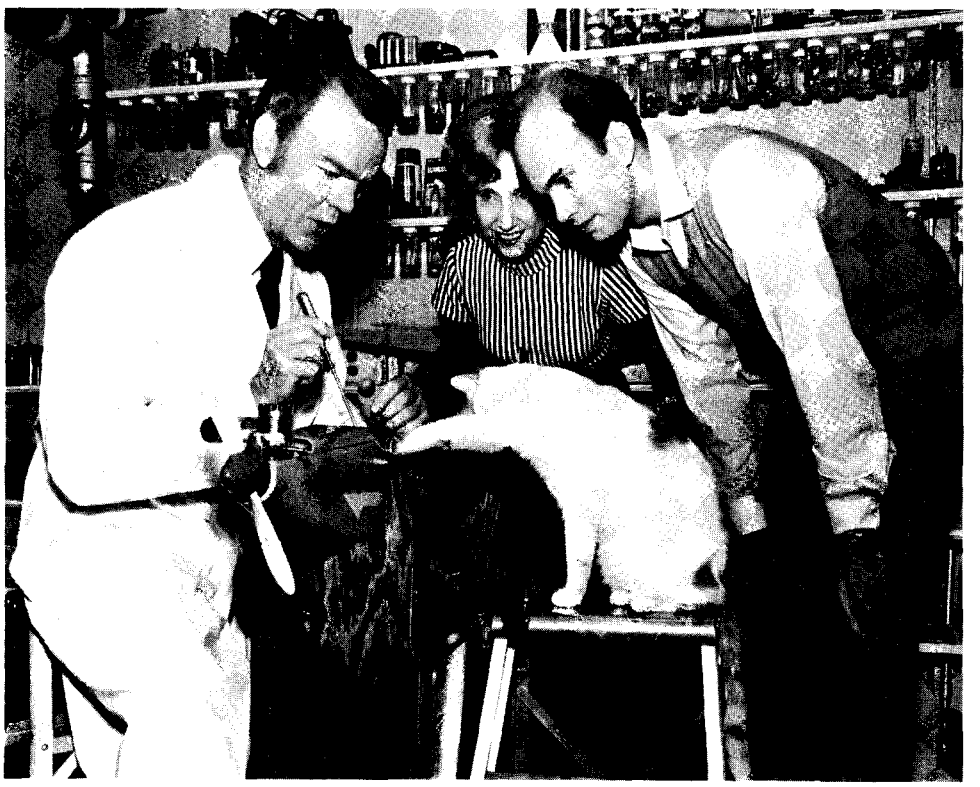
He can tolerate a week of such solitude two or three times a year. Then he's ready to jump back into the mainstream.

"You can look at it this way: Poor Paul Harvey torturing himself every morning to get up at 3:30, sometimes giving a speech until 11 o'clock at night, getting in bed just in time to catnap, shave, shower and start over," says The Voice of America. "Sounds masochistic, doesn't it?

"But the truth is, I'd rather be sitting at my typewriter painting pictures than any avocation I can imagine. I get out of bed every morning with genuine enthusiasm. I can't wait to race down to the curbside and watch the passing parade and call out to anyone who's interested in those things that interest me."

And when he calls out, it's always with the familiar words: "*Hello, Americans! This is Paul Harvey. Stand by. . . for news!*"

And they do.



Paul Sr. and Paul Jr. now share vocations as well as avocations. An accomplished pianist, Young Paul claims his music training helped him pick up and duplicate his father's writing style. Both Harveys scoff at the idea of anyone else writing their material.

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SPACE PROBLEMS

If you've ever moved from the old family house into a little family apartment, and your beautiful heirlooms didn't sell at the garage sale, and your married kids wouldn't take the junk, then you know some of the problem—but not all.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

The problem began with our move from an eight-room house with full basement, full attic and overly full garage into an overly modest four-room apartment with no basement, no attic and no garage.

Instead of trying to talk Goodwill Industries or the Salvation Army into accepting the overflow, we decided to go the charity-begins-at-home route by unloading the junk at a garage sale. When this didn't work out, due to four other garage sales competing in our block at the same time, we tried to convince our married kids that it was their filial duty to take the stuff off our hands. Besides, they deserved to be punished for finding excuses for not helping us move. (The generation gap is never wider than when the old folks are moving; vice versa, the gap closes considerably.) "Why don't you pay the people you sold the house to and leave the stuff there?" was among their suggestions.

Except for a single wire cage per tenant, located above the most remote laundry room and with a capacity for little more than snow tires in summer and golf clubs in winter, storage space in our apartment complex is restricted to the foreboding area beneath the kitchen sink. Once shoved out of sight there, an object seldom sees daylight again. Thus you can imagine our unbridled joy when Lois, on one of her twice daily shopping sprees, came upon a mahogany-grained cardboard storage box designed to be stored beneath the bed.

In spite of the fact that our bed suffers from a chronic swaybacked condition (and I'd let you in on whose back has done the swaying, but it might be dangerous to my health), the box still cleared the springs by a full inch. So I went out the next day and bought one for my own possessions. This inspired her to retaliate by adding another one for her junk. Surveying the remaining space carefully, I staggered home from work the following afternoon with two more. As I occasionally stagger home anyway, Lois paid no particular attention.

Not until early the next morning did the snake enter our little four-room Garden of Eden. Bounding joyously out of bed at the first thrilling blast of the alarm clock, I raked my ankle down to the third layer on a corner of one of the boxes sticking out from under the bed.

Following a mild expletive and a short respite of clinging to the dresser, I gave the box a shove out of the raking zone and limped painfully into the kitchen to prepare the dog's breakfast. (Our dog fakes misery you wouldn't believe if her Cream of Wheat® is late. I much prefer a cereal with bran fiber, but she doesn't care for bran fiber. So we eat Cream of Wheat®.)

Heading back toward the bathroom, I met Lois hobbling as best she could toward the same objective. And she was muttering language most unladylike.

"What happened to you?" I inquired pleasantly.

"I stubbed my (bleep) toe on one of those (bleep bleep) boxes sticking out from under my side of the bed!" she replied.

I tried to console her with the suggestion that maybe next time she should watch where she was going. If she answered at all, it was obliterated by the slamming of the bathroom door.

Now, on Monday nights, come heck, high water or an antiquated Errol Flynn movie (Errol was Lois' Beatles, Frank Sinatra and Tom Jones all rolled into one), I watch the pro-football game on the tube. A rabid believer in man-and-wife togetherness, Lois will stay with it some nights through the entire opening kickoff. Then she tears herself away to read in bed. Five minutes later even Howard Cosell can't be heard over her snoring.

On this particular Monday night, the game over, I woke up and went into the kitchen to heat the dog's milk. (If she doesn't get her warm milk laced with Karo® syrup before retiring, *no one* gets any sleep.) Tucking her in, I turned out the light, located the bedroom door with the right side of my head and fumbled my way bedward. En route, my left foot caught the end of a box extending into my right of way, causing me to plunge forward and to end up with my face buried in a wicker basket of candied fruit on the nightstand. While I tried to pry myself loose, my elbow hit the switch on the clock-radio, activating the thing full blast. This in turn activated Lois into turning on the night light, focusing one half-open eye on me and inquiring, "Just what in heaven's name are you doing?" A reasonable question, I suppose, under the circumstances.

"At the moment," I replied, "I'm trying to peel some of this candied fruit off my face."

"There's a fig on your forehead," she mumbled, turning off the light and resuming her "reading."

Giving the offensive box a substantial kick back where it belonged, I climbed into bed barely in time to stick my head under the covers before my big toe awakened to the fact that it had met the box one on one.

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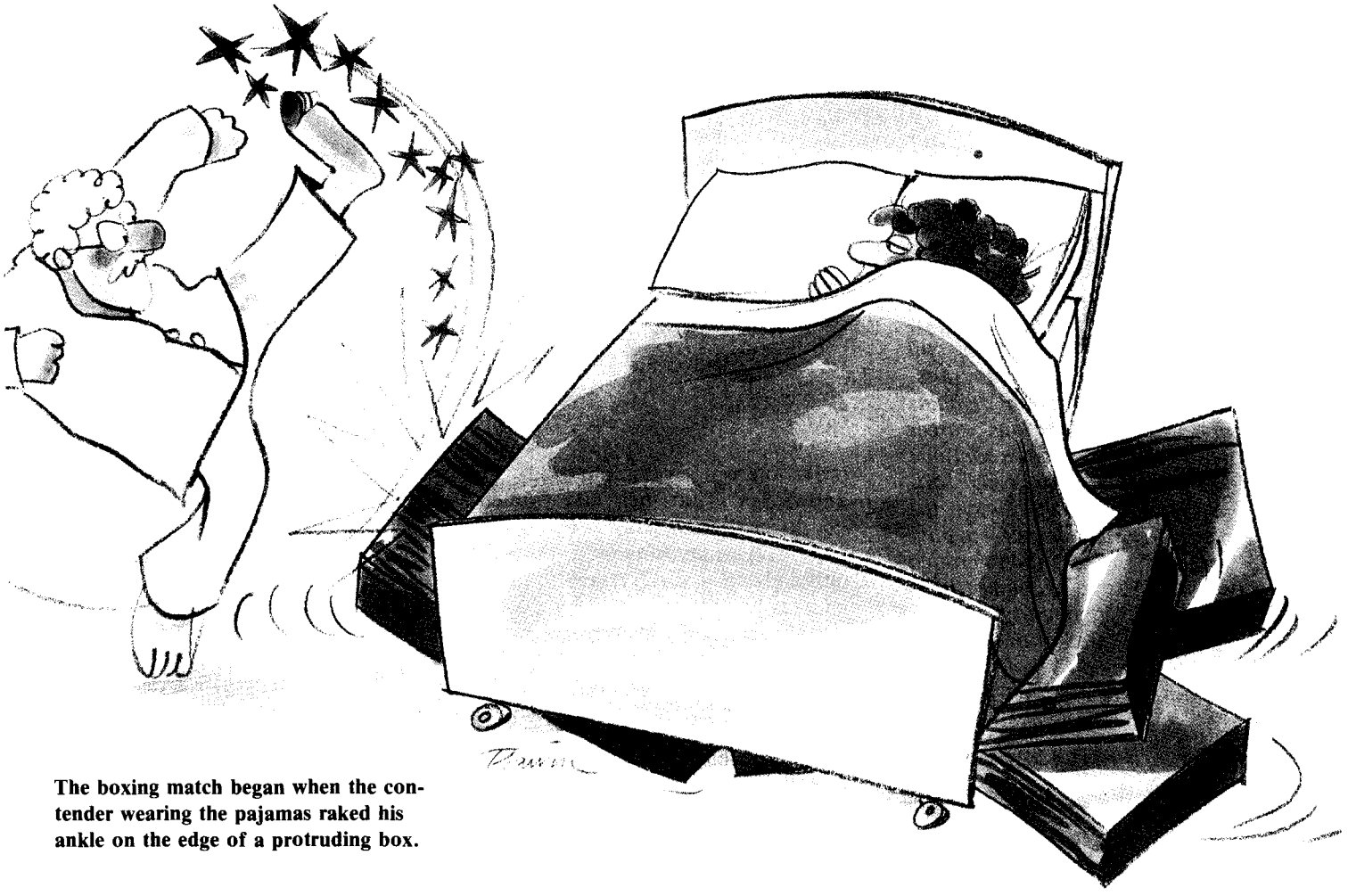

The boxing match began when the contender wearing the pajamas raked his ankle on the edge of a protruding box.

(The dog always goes into a frenzy when she hears me scream in pain.)

The next thing I knew, Lois was shaking my shoulder yelling that we had overslept. "With all that fooling around last night you must have turned off the alarm!" she yelled. No, I hadn't turned it off, I wanted to say, but since the only light I had to see by was the glow from my injured toe, conceivably I could have messed up the setting.

"You take the dog for a walk," she barked, "while I get her breakfast. You can eat downtown. And for heaven's sake," she cried, leaping out of bed, "get that fig off your forehead!"

Now the way I have reconstructed it, both of her feet must have landed on one of the boxes, which she mistook for the floor. Consequently, her first step from the box to the floor level accelerated her forward motion to a speed that her fat little legs couldn't maintain. As a result, by the time I reached her she was crawling out from under the vanity. And her language hadn't improved a whole lot, if at all.

Helping her to an upright position after quieting the dog, I said, "It is time we sat down and talked this box impasse over, man to woman, husband to wife, male to female, homo to sapien." But when sapien isn't speaking to homo for the next three days, and the dog has to do the interpreting, discussion is rather difficult.

"Don't you think four boxes would fit under the bed without complications?" I would say to the dog.

And she would put the dog on the spot by replying, "I suppose that would be three of yours and one of mine."

And I would assure the dog that it would be on a 50-50 basis.

That, finally, is what we did—thus proving once and for all that two mature people, though married, can, with a little rationalizing and a dog, iron out these minor irritations of life without racing promptly into a court of law and pleading irreconcilable differences.

What she did with her surplus was her secret, but I found that by sawing my extra boxes in two horizontally, I could slide them under the dresser, the cedar chest, the living-room sofa and even under the refrigerator.

Had it not been for my overly generous nature, we'd likely be on somewhat better terms today. But I'm a pushover for anniversaries. And this one being in round figures—either the 30th or 40th, I can't quite pinpoint it—I went all-out: a fake fur jacket, a quilted robe, an electric blanket with her very own control, wading boots for when the toilet overflowed, besides the usual assortment of undies and sundries that every pampered woman comes to expect. I *had* thought of adding a treadmill to the loot (the dog could certainly make good use of it, too), but I didn't see where Lois was going to find a place for all the stuff as it was.

Not until this morning. Bounding joyously out of bed at the first thrilling blast of the alarm clock, I raked the very dickens out of my ankle on the corner of a box. . . .

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MEN AND WOMEN: HOW DIFFERENT ARE THEY?

That man and woman differ, no one disputes—yet questions of "Why?" and "Does it matter?" remain unanswered.

by Cullen Murphy

The most perfectly organized societies in nature are sexless ones, or those where sex differences have been minimized or somehow suppressed. In America, during the turbulent late 1960s and '70s, feminists began to suggest, in effect, that our own complicated society ought to move in that direction. The role of housewife and mother was disparaged as "unfulfilling"; women entered the labor force by the millions; discriminatory laws were struck down; divorce rates soared. Yet, as scholars note, boys and girls still behave differently as youngsters. The call to motherhood remains strong even to ambitious career women. Males and females continue to look at the world through different eyes. In an odd way, the feminist drive for sexual equality has spurred rather than eroded scholarly efforts to examine "masculinity" and "femininity." Here, Cullen Murphy surveys the growing mass of research on sex differences in behavior.

God fashioned Eve from Adam's rib, the Bible says, but scholars these days would turn the metaphor on its head. As psychologist June Machover Reinisch has put it, nature "imposes masculinity against the basic feminine trend of the body." That may be part of the reason that there is a 500-percent-greater incidence of dyslexia in boys than in girls and that girls have more stamina. Then again, it may not. The scholars keep at it.

Stacked on a library table, the literature on sex differences in behavior and physiology, published in scholarly journals during the 1970s by chemists, sociologists, physicians and other researchers, would stand about 6 feet high. That does not include a dozen or so reputable books, such as Eleanor Maccoby and Carol Nagy Jacklin's *Psychology of Sex Differences* and John Money's *Love and Love Sickness*.

As they peel the onion of sex, scholars have scrutinized males and females in the workplace, in the army, in the schools and in the uterus. They have contemplated "deviance" as a clue to "normality" and drawn lessons from the experience of wallabies and coral-reef fish. Where the specialists have been less successful is in imposing theoretical order on our expanding body of knowledge. That men and women *do* differ, biologically, cognitively and behaviorally, no one disputes—although such differences, it must be stressed, are not usually absolute but apparent only as averages when groups of men and women are compared. Yet, as psychologist Jeanette McGlone writes, "Questions such as 'Why?' and 'Does it matter?' remain unanswered."

Those two questions, of course, are what the fuss is all about. The staunchest believer in equal opportunities for both sexes will, if he or she is honest, concede that the real world is not Plato's cave. Rightly or wrongly, men and women have long assumed—and still assume—that differences in expectations and behavior exist between the sexes; over time, through countless adjustments and accommodations, they have learned to live with what they thought those differences were, constructed their societies accordingly, come to depend on one another in different ways, to behave in one way when with one's own sex and another in mixed company.

During the past decade, scientists have probably quadrupled what is "known" about *biological* differences between the sexes. Men's and women's brains seem to be dissimilar in certain respects, but the human brain remains a mystery, and drawing inferences is like writing on sand. In some ways, social scientists are more helpful, at least in explaining the broader implications of the way men and women behave. One fact that does emerge clearly—and here the research merely ratifies common sense—is that, regardless of their origin, gender-linked traits appear, and acquire significance, at varying ages for men and women.

Males, the Vulnerable Sex

It begins at fertilization. Men and women will never again be so much alike as they are during the first seven or eight weeks after conception. Until then, although the male possesses a "Y" chromosome in addition to an "X" (the female has a pair of X's), male and female embryos appear identical. Scientists debated for years whether it was the distinctive Y or the extra X that prompted sexual divergence. It turns out to be primarily the Y.

The mechanics of this process are still not entirely clear. In essence, though, midway through the first trimester, the male embryo secretes a hormone that incites his previously undifferentiated gonads to develop into testes. These produce another hormone, testosterone, which in turn programs further development of male sex organs. If an XY embryo cannot produce testosterone, or cannot metabolize it, it is in for trouble and will develop, however quirkily, along a preprogrammed female line. In a sense, then, all human beings are female until something acts to make some of them male.

The likelihood of error in male development is extraordinary. About 140 boys are conceived for every 100 girls, but various defects cause most of those extra boys to succumb before birth. A differential remains even then (about 106 boys are born for every 100 girls), but males are more susceptible to childhood diseases. Boys are also more

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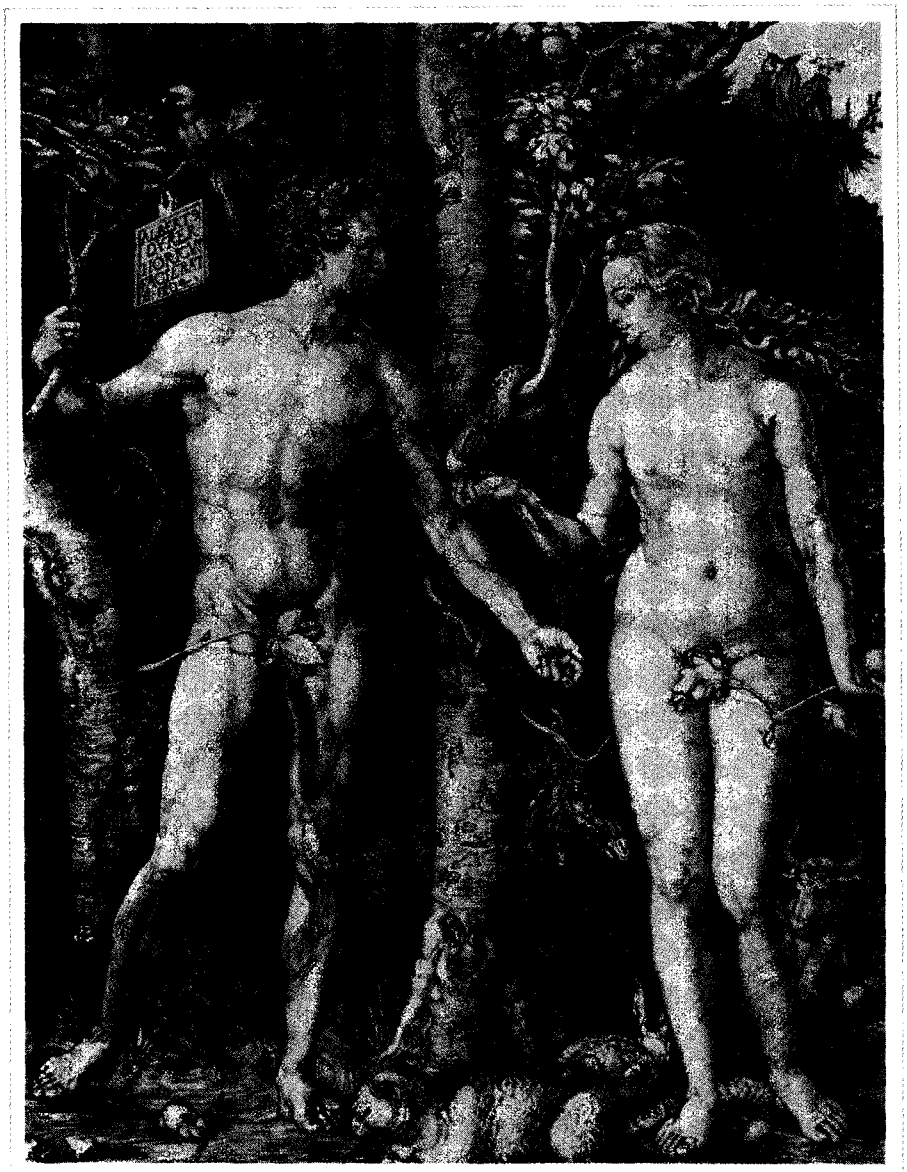

likely to stutter and to be colorblind. Males may be, as Henry Higgins put it, a "marvelous sex," but they are also exceedingly vulnerable.

The first connection between hormones and behavior was made long ago, in 1849, by the German scientist Arnold Berthold. Berthold discovered that castrated roosters stopped fighting and lost their interest in hens. Research into hormones and their effects intensified during the 1970s. In some nonmammals, researchers discovered, the injection of male hormones (androgens) before birth can change a female into a male. Certain mature fish can change their sex when confronted with new environmental conditions. Nothing so extreme has been demonstrated in mammals, but female offspring of rhesus monkeys that have been heavily dosed with androgens do exhibit "male" behavior—"rough and tumble" play, for example, and the mounting of other females.

For ethical reasons, scientists do not conduct experiments on humans. Here, they have had to glean information from "experiments of nature"—e.g., children with brain damage, hermaphrodites—or by pondering the unexpected side effects of hormones administered to avoid toxemia in pregnancy. John Money of Johns Hopkins and Anke Ehrhardt at Columbia have studied girls with adrenal hyperplasia, an enzyme defect resulting in production of massive amounts of androgens. These girls, they found, became extreme "tomboys," were very athletic and rarely played with dolls. Most studies confirm that boys, on the average, are more aggressive than girls, and most studies indicate that testosterone probably has something to do with it. Hormones may not make certain types of behavior inevitable but merely, as John Money puts it, "lower the threshold so that it takes less of a push to switch you on to some behavior."

The male and female timetables continue to vary after birth. As neurologist Richard Restak has noted, girls at the age of four months are far more attentive than boys to "social contexts": faces, speech patterns and tones of voices. Girls begin to talk sooner. Boys, on average, are the first on their feet; they have better total body coordination throughout their lives but somewhat less stamina. They are more curious, more active and more mechanically inclined.

No one knows how much (if any) of this to attribute to chemistry and how much to child rearing. Parents treat boys and girls differently, and that difference rubs off. For example, if girls learn to talk earlier, it may be primarily because most mothers spend more time chatting to their infant girls than to their baby boys. Hormones do leave an imprint on men's and women's livers, kidneys and the nerve endings in their brains. They differentiate the hypothalamus into a male and female type. What scientists cannot establish is whether hormones account for the many observed differences in the way male and female brains work.

The most striking difference is in brain "lateralization." In right-handed people, the left hemisphere of the brain is primarily responsible for verbal skills, the right hemisphere for spatial-perceptual skills. But this lateralization is less pronounced in girls than boys—so much so that in girls, one side of the brain seems to be able to make up for deficiencies in the other. Thus, girls have a lower incidence of dyslexia, aphasia and infantile autism. Thanks to her neural "insurance," an adult woman will recover faster, and more completely, from a cardiovascular accident.

Different Creatures?

Women are far more sensitive than men to odors, tastes and touch, as well as to extremes of light and sound. For example, they can detect Exaltolide (a musklike odorant) when it is dispersed in quantities as

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low as one part per billion; the male threshold is 1,000 times higher. "It may be," conclude June Reinisch, Ronald Gandelman and Frances Spiegel, "that males and females are essentially quite different creatures, whose perceptions of the world differ markedly even when confronted with similar physical environments."

It is not necessary to understand the origins of these differences in order to glimpse some of their down-to-earth implications, particularly for boys and girls starting elementary school. As some scientists and educators are beginning to point out, throwing both sexes together in a classroom and teaching them in the same way may be doing each sex an injustice.

Because of boys' greater spatial-perceptual skills and girls' superior verbal ability, it may be better to use the "look-say" method of teaching reading with the former and the "phonics" method with the latter. Schoolboys tend to be far more "hyperactive" than girls (95 percent of all clinically hyperactive children are male). One reason could be that the classroom environment is oriented more aurally and verbally than visually. Opportunities for rambunctious young males to work off steam are few. In the early grades, at least, school is geared to skills that come naturally to girls. Ninety percent of the time, the teacher is also a woman. In later grades, when certain subjects with a heavy spatial-perceptual content are introduced—math and the sciences, for example—girls tend to lose their advantage. In these courses, too, the teacher is most often a man.

A radical overhaul of the educational system would cause more problems than it would solve. But some tinkering may be in order. "The nerves that feed the brain," Virginia Woolf speculated in 1928, "would seem to differ in men and women, and if you are going to make them work their best and hardest, you must find out what treatment suits them."

The onset of puberty generally coincides with the three years of junior high school, but again the male-female timetable differs. In most girls, estrogen begins to build up in the body between the ages of 10 and 12; boys get their hormonal burst on average two years later. In both sexes, one result is a period of rapid physical growth, lasting for two to four years in girls and for six years or longer in boys—on into the late teens.

Puberty is the second time in male and female lives that hormones exert a sudden, decisive and unquestionable impact. In women, they control the onset of menstruation and regulate it thereafter until menopause. They determine the shape of the female pelvis and the level of body fat. (About 25 percent of the body weight of mature women is fat, compared to 14 percent for men.) Hormones spur sexual maturity in men and promote the growth of body and facial hair. The males' bones grow longer, their shoulders broader; they acquire 10 percent more heart and lung capacity than do females.

Mirroring Society

During adolescence, the difference in verbal skills between men and women begins to narrow, but the gap in spatial-perceptual skills does not. Boys start getting better grades than girls do. Certain patterns in behavior and expectations continue to firm up. A window on these years is provided by the U.S. Department of Education's compre-

U.S. Men and Women: Some Comparisons

Health: Women have a marked advantage in longevity over men—77.1 versus 69.3 years in the United States. In any given year, twice as many men as women die of heart disease, 50 percent more die of cancer. However, the average American woman pays two more visits to the doctor than a man does every year, and as a group, females undergo 5 million more operations annually than do males. Throughout the industrial world, women evidence a far higher recorded incidence of depressive psychoses and psychoneuroses. But more alcoholics are men, and males have a 290 percent higher suicide rate than females.

Education: There are currently more women than men in college (5.9 versus 5.7 million), but somewhat more men than women in graduate or professional school (862,000 versus 709,000). While women stay numerically abreast of men through the master's degree level, males earn about 70 percent of all Ph.D.'s. Less than 13 percent of doctoral degrees awarded in 1980 in the fields of mathematics or the physical sciences were granted to women.

Crime: For all races, ages and income levels, men are far more likely to commit a criminal act than are women (except for prostitution); only one out of five serious crimes—murder, robbery, arson—is committed by women. In 1979, some 8 million arrests were made for various offenses; women accounted for 1.3 million of them. But women's arrest rates are growing in virtually all nonviolent categories and, overall, are rising faster than men's. Some of women's gains reflect increased employment opportunities—for instance, the 24 percent increase in embezzlement by females in 1979.

Employment: Of 98.8 million working Americans, 38.9 million are women. Men and women are represented in *every* occupational category, but the percentages vary. Only 1 percent of the nation's 48,000 kindergarten teachers are men; only 0.01 percent of the 554,000 auto mechanics are women. Contrary to popular belief, the earnings gap between men and women is greatest in the traditionally male jobs such as law and medicine, and smallest in the traditionally female jobs such as teaching and nursing.

Politics: Men were more likely to go to the polls than women until the 1980 election, when women cast slightly more than their share of the 86.5 million votes for President. On balance, women lean more toward the Democratic Party than do men and are more likely to consider themselves liberals. The margin, however, is slight. Whether a political candidate is a woman does not seem to affect the way men or women cast their ballots. This was not always so. Through the 1950s and '60s, women tended, disproportionately, to shun candidates of their own sex, for reasons that remain unclear.

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hensive *High School and Beyond* (1980), a survey of 58,000 secondary-school students.

Not surprisingly, boys and girls in high school mirror the larger society. Already, the males have taken after-school jobs and entered the labor force in greater numbers than have the females; they are working longer at their part-time jobs (22.5 hours a week versus 18.6) and making more money ($3.38 per hour versus $2.99). By a margin of 64 to 41 percent, the boys are more likely to participate in school athletics; they have far more disciplinary problems. Girls are the mainstay of extracurricular activities other than sports. They spend more time reading (unless the reading matter is a newspaper) and talking on the phone. (According to Ma Bell, the girls will, as adults, initiate 60 percent of all nonbusiness telephone conversations.)

What about the future? Both sexes see themselves taking "traditional" jobs—the girls lean toward teaching and clerical work, for example; the boys indicate a taste for managerial and blue-collar jobs. High-school girls are more concerned than boys about "finding the right person to marry," high-school boys are more apt to envision "having lots of money." More boys than girls look forward to having no children at all; more girls than boys hope to have "four or more."

The Coeducation Paradox

Adults are a more diverse lot, their lives more complex. We have plenty of general statistics about men's and women's jobs and education. But in-depth research necessarily focuses on smaller, more cohesive groups of individuals. Here, the availability of funding and the "relevance" of the subject tend to favor some groups over others: men and women at "elite" universities rather than those at community colleges; women executives "climbing the corporate ladder" rather than women on the assembly line (and most people on assembly lines are women). Especially since the rise of the women's movement, researchers have been more interested in females than in males—a propensity that is less pronounced when boys and girls are the object of study.

That said, the existing studies do raise some intriguing questions.

One example involves higher education. By 1970, the historic education gap between men and women had virtually been eliminated. On average, both sexes finished high school and about half a year of college. At the same time, however, many of the nation's elite schools—ranging from small colleges such as Haverford to universities such as Princeton—remained "male bastions." Angry voices were raised, and, during the 1970s, despite alumni grumbling, nearly all of the elite all-male institutions that had not already done so opened their doors to women.

A decade later, scholars have begun to assess the impact. So far, at any rate, it appears that equality of opportunity is not necessarily the surest path to similarity of outcome.

"It may be that males and females are quite different creatures, whose perceptions differ markedly. . . ."

The most comprehensive study of the effects of coeducation was sponsored by Brown University and published in 1980. It was based on a survey of 3,300 men and women at Barnard, Brown, Dartmouth, Princeton, the State University of New York at Stony Brook and Wellesley. One major finding was that women at coed schools tended, in effect, to lose much of their worldly ambition. They majored in fields where women had always done well—the humanities, the arts, the social sciences. While men and women aspired to graduate school in equal numbers, in practice the women aspirants experienced significant attrition. They seemed, in sum, "to be adjusting their plans downward" to a greater extent than men students.

Shortly after the release of the Brown study, the Women's College Coalition, a Washington-based association, reported that America's 118 women's colleges had recovered from a brief slump and recorded a net enrollment increase of 15 percent since 1970. Up to 30 percent of the women at many of these schools were majoring in math and science. The report's message, though never bluntly stated, was that women's colleges were still uniquely equipped to motivate women to excel in the courtroom, the operating room and the board room.

Dropping Out

The entry of large numbers of women into the labor force beginning in the late 1960s—whether in search of a "career" or just a "job"—is among the most significant phenomena of the postwar era. As Peter Drucker has written: "We are busily unmaking one of the proudest social achievements of the 19th century, which was to take married women *out* of the work force so they could devote themselves to family and children."

About 39 million adult women, including 55 percent of all mothers, now hold full- or part-time jobs. While half of them are still employed in "traditionally female" jobs—those like stenography or teaching elementary school, where more than 80 percent of all workers are female—women have made extraordinary gains in virtually every occupation. One-third of all accountants today are female (versus one-sixth in 1960); one-half of all tailors and bus drivers are women, as are 33.5 percent of law-school students (compared to 3.6 percent in 1963). While women physicians (10 percent of all M.D.'s) still tend to shun careers in aerospace medicine or orthopedics, they are coming to dominate other medical specialties, such as obstetrics and gynecology.

The impact of all this on American society has been immense. One reason that the unemployment rate is so high—10.2 percent in April 1983—is not because women are taking jobs that would otherwise go to men, but because nearly 4 million women are out "looking for work," which is the U.S. Labor Department's threshold for inclusion in the labor force. For a full-time working mother, raising a family can become a severe challenge. No survey shows that menfolk do their full share of

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SUMMER IN THE AIR

This is the time of adventure. A boy can do almost anything—once he shakes winter off his feet.

by Ray Bradbury

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

Late at night, going home from the show with his mother and father, Tom saw the tennis shoes in the bright store window. He glanced quickly away, but his ankles were seized and his feet were suspended. The earth spun, the shop awnings slammed their canvas wings overhead with the thrust of his body running. His mother and father walked quietly on either side of him. Tom walked backward, watching the tennis shoes in the midnight window left behind.

"It was a nice movie," said his mother.

Tom murmured, "It was."

It was June and long past time for buying the special shoes that were quiet as a summer rain falling on the walks. June and the earth full of lightning, and everything everywhere in motion. Grass poured in from the country, surrounded the sidewalks, stranded the houses; the green flood was endless. Any moment the town would capsize and go down and leave not so much as a stir in the clover and weeds. And here Tom stood, trapped on the dead concrete and the red brick streets, unable to move.

"Dad!" He blurted it out. "Back there in that window, those Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Shoes."

His father didn't even turn. "Suppose you tell me why you need a new pair of sneakers; can you do that?"

"Well——"

It was because they felt the way it feels every summer when you take off your shoes for the first time and run in the grass. They felt as it feels sticking your feet out of the hot covers in wintertime to let the cold wind from the open window blow on them suddenly and you let them stay out a long time until you pull them back in under the covers again to feel them, like packed snow. The tennis shoes felt as it always feels the first time every year wading in the slow waters of the creek and seeing your feet below, half an inch further downstream, with refraction, than the real part of you above water.

"Dad," said Tom, "it's hard to explain."

Somehow the people who made tennis shoes knew what boys needed and wanted. They put marshmallows and coiled springs in the soles and they wove the rest out of bleached grasses from other summers that had fire in them from the wilderness. Somewhere deep in the soft loam of the shoes the thin, hard sinews of the buck deer were hidden. The people that made the shoes must have watched a lot of winds blow the trees and a lot of rivers going down to the lakes. Whatever it was, it was in the shoes, and it was summer.

Tom tried to get all this in words.

"Yes," said father, "but what's wrong with last year's sneakers? Why can't you dig them out of the closet?"

Well, he felt sorry for boys who lived in California where they wore tennis shoes all year and never knew what it was to get winter off your feet, peel off the iron leather shoes all full of snow and rain, and run barefoot for a day and then lace on the first new tennis shoes of the season, which was better than barefoot. The magic was always in the new pair of shoes. The magic might die by the first of September, but now in late June there was still plenty of magic, and shoes like these could jump you over trees and rivers and houses. And if you wanted, they could jump you over fences and sidewalks and dogs.

"Don't you see?" said Tom. "I just can't use last year's pair."

For last year's pair were dead inside. They had been fine when he started them out, last year. But by the end of summer, every year, you always found out, you always knew, you couldn't really jump over rivers and trees and houses in them, and they were dead. But this was a new year, a new season. And you always felt that this year, with this new pair of shoes, you could do anything, anything at all.

They walked up the steps to their house silently. Inside, dad shut the door. "Save your money," he said. "In four or five weeks——"

"Summer'll be over!"

Upstairs, lights out, Tom lay in his bed looking at his feet with the heavy iron shoes off, with the big chunks of winter fallen away from them. The feet were far away down there at the end of the bed, expressionless in the moonlight.

"Reasons," said Tom, half aloud, "we got to think of reasons for the shoes!"

Well, the hills around town were full of friends putting cows to riot, playing barometer to the season's changes, taking on sun, peeling like calendars each day to take more sun. To catch those friends, you must run much faster than foxes or squirrels. As for the town, it steamed with enemies, grown so irritable with heat they had fallen to remembering all of winter's minor insults and rages. *Catch friends, ditch enemies!* was the Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot motto. He meant to live by it!

He shook his coin bank in his hand, feeling how little it weighed shifting its bulk inside.

Whatever you want, Tom thought, *you got to make your own way*. During the night now, let's find that path through the forest.

Downtown, the store lights went out, one by one. A wind blew in the window. It was like a river going downstream and his feet wanting to go with it. In his dreams he heard a rabbit running, running, running in the deep warm grass.

Old Mr. Sanderson moved through his shoe store as the proprietor of a pet shop must move each morning among the kenneled animals from everywhere in the world, touching each one briefly along the way. Mr. Sanderson brushed his hands over the shoes in the

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window and some of them were like cats to him and some were like dogs; he touched each pair with concern, adjusting laces and fixing tongues.

There was a sound of growing thunder.

One moment, the door to Sanderson's Shoe Emporium was empty. The next, Tom Williams stood clumsily there, staring down at his leather shoes as if these heavy things could not be pulled up out of the pavement. The thunder had stopped when his shoes stopped. Now, with painful slowness, daring to look only at the money in his cupped hand, Tom moved out of the bright sunlight of Saturday noon. He made careful stacks of nickels, dimes and quarters on the counter.

"Don't say a word!" said Mr. Sanderson.

Tom froze.

"First, I know just what you want to buy," said Mr. Sanderson. "Second, I see you every afternoon at my window; you think I don't see, you're wrong. Third, to give it its full name, you want the Royal Crown Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Tennis Shoes: 'Like Menthol on Your Feet!' Fourth, you want credit."

"No!" cried Tom, breathing hard, as if he'd run all night in his dreams. "I got something better than credit to offer!" He gasped. "Before I tell, Mr. Sanderson, you got to do me one small favor. Can you remember when was the last time you yourself wore a pair of Litefoot sneakers, sir?"

Mr. Sanderson's face darkened. "Oh, 10, 20, say, 30 years ago. Why?"

"Mr. Sanderson, don't you think you owe it to your customers, sir, to at least try the tennis shoes you sell, for just one minute, so you know how they feel? People forget if they don't keep testing things. A cigar-store man smokes cigars, don't he? A liquor-store man samples his own wine, I should think. So——"

"You may have noticed," said the old man, "I'm wearing shoes."

"But not sneakers, sir! How you going to sell sneakers unless you can rave about them, and how you going to rave about them unless you know them?"

Mr. Sanderson backed off a little distance from the boy's fever, one hand to his chin. "Well——"

"Mr. Sanderson," said Tom, "you sell me something and I'll sell you something just as valuable."

"Is it absolutely imperative to the sale that I put on a pair of the sneakers, boy?"

"I sure wish you could, sir!"

The old man sighed. A minute later, seated, panting quietly, he laced the tennis shoes to his long, narrow feet. They looked detached and alien down there next to the dark cuffs of his business suit. Mr. Sanderson stood up.

"How do they feel?" asked the boy.

"How do they feel, he asks; they feel fine." The old man started to sit down.

"Please!" Tom held out his hand. "Mr. Sanderson, now. Could you kind of rock back and forth a little, sponge around, bounce kind of, while I tell you the rest? It's this: I give you my money, you give me the shoes, I owe you a dollar. But, Mr.

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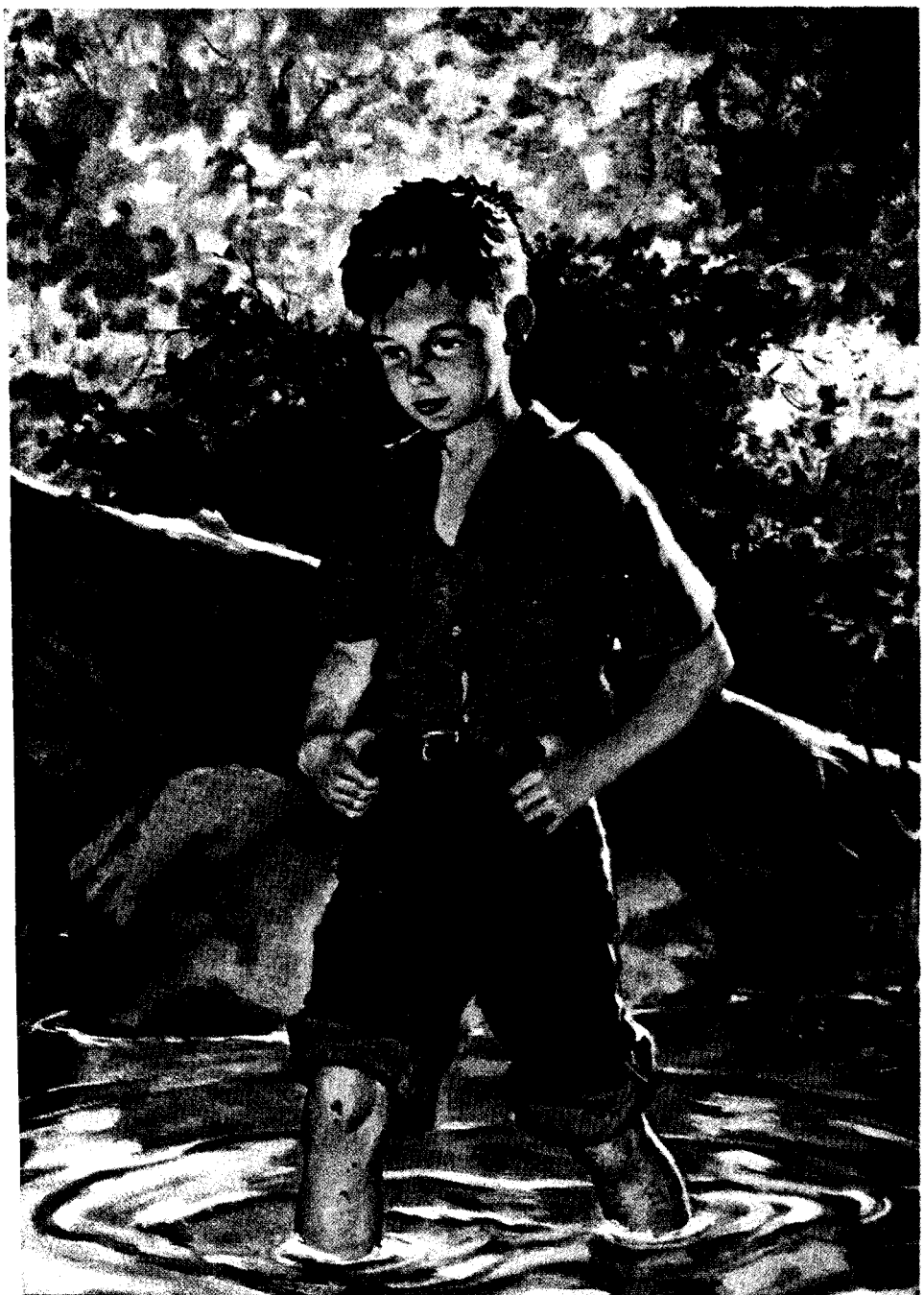

How could he tell his father the new sneakers would feel like wading in the slow waters of the creek?

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Treasures of the Vatican

"The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection," said Michelangelo. Not since Michelangelo's own *Pieta* made an appearance at the 1964 New York World's Fair has the American public been treated to such spectacular Vatican works as those now touring the United States in The Vatican Collections.

Just for starters, there's the *Torso Belvedere,* the mid-first century

Even as a fragment, one of two music-making angels from Melozzo da Forli's **The Ascension,** *c. 1480, remains a masterpiece of early Renaissance fresco painting.*

Roman sculptors had a holiday copying ancient Greek statues. 2nd-century A.D. **Apollo Musagetes** *is a fine example.*

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B.C. marble fragment signed by Apollonius of Athens, that Michelangelo is said to have studied for hours; *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, perhaps one of the greatest art works of all time, done in tapestry; Caravaggio's moving painting, *The Deposition*; the *Apollo Belvedere*, called "the highest ideal of art from antiquity to have survived destruction"; and the gray-granite, fourth century B.C. *Lions of Nectanebo I* that Augustus brought from Egypt to adorn the Pantheon in Rome. In fact, here are 17 centuries of what Metropolitan Museum of Art director Phillippe de Montebello has described as "not just representative pieces, but the very best of each period" from the treasures accumulated or commissioned by the popes over a millenium.

The 237 works on exhibit repre-

Pope Leo X commissioned **The Miraculous Draught of Fishes** *to hang near the high altar in the Sistine Chapel. The design in wool, silk and silver-gilt thread is copied from a fresco by Raphael.*

Augustus Caesar never looked better than in this marble copy of a bronze original made from his second wife, Livia, and discovered in the ruins of her villa near Prima Port in 1863.

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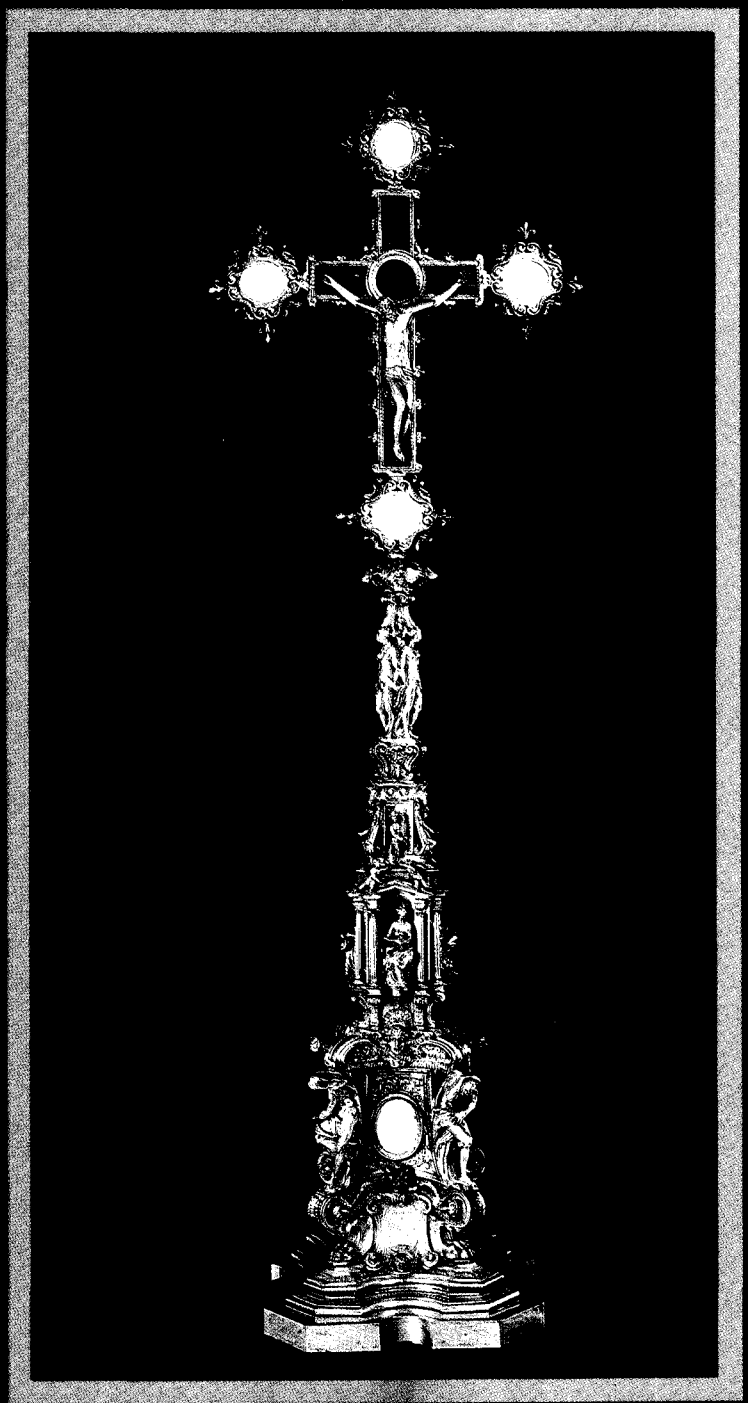
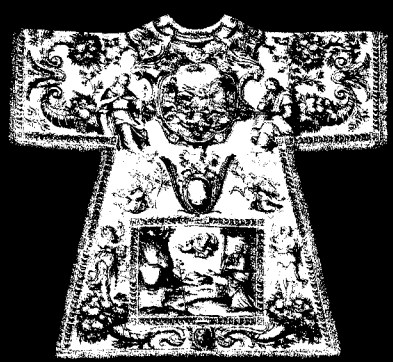


A crowning touch of resplendence made for the high altar of St. Peter's is the cross of lapis lazuli and silver gilt, fashioned in 1582 by master goldsmith of the Renaissance Antonio Gentili.

sent more than just a hodgepodge of great artistic masterpieces. All have been meticulously arranged in a five-section exhibit designed to explain the history of the church and trace the growth of the Vatican collection from the early decorations of Old St. Peter's Church, built by Emperor Constantine, to the Renaissance-commissioned works of Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Raphael and Michelangelo, to the antiquities excavated in the 18th century in and around Rome and the 20th-century collections of modern religious art by Derain, Rouault and Matisse.

Lovers of art, mankind and civilization, take note: The Vatican Collection is now on display at The Art Institute of Chicago until October 16. It will then move to The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco to be displayed from November 19 until February 19, 1984.



Silver threads among gold adorn the dalmatic of Pope Clement VIII, made in Florence, c. 1593-97.

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MOVING RIGHT ALONG

A GUIDE TO BETTER COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ADULTS AND ADOLESCENTS. A COMPANION TO THE NEW PUBLIC TELEVISION SERIES.

Are you...

- the parent of a teenager? Are you mystified at your inability to have a civilized conversation with that child who used to be your biggest fan and your pride and joy?
- the parent of a ten, eleven, or twelve year old? Do you see your child "practicing" those erratic, moody behaviors which signal the onset of that dreaded stage called adolescence?
- a neighbor, relative, employer, or other adult who's been watching a favorite teen go through some rough times?
- the person to whom some adolescent turns for advice, friendship, information?

Then this booklet and MOVING RIGHT ALONG are for you.

MOVING RIGHT ALONG, A 10-PART TELEVISION SERIES WITH HOWARD ROLLINS, JR.

MR. JUAN-DERFUL—self concept, peer group relationships
BRO—sibling rivalry, family relationships
JENNIFER'S CHOICE—dealing with drug abuse
STOP THE WORLD, MAGGIE WANTS TO GET OFF—parental divorce
IT'S A FAMILY MATTER—family crisis
DIANA'S BIG BREAK—peer pressure, parental limits
TRUST BRENDA—achievement, aspirations, parental values
EVERYBODY'S DOING IT...?—teenage sexuality
SMOTHERLY LOVE—letting go
A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH—dealing with death

Premieres October 15 on PBS.
Check your local TV listings for the dates, times, and station for broadcast in your area.

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This booklet is designed to accompany MOVING RIGHT ALONG, a new television series from WQED/Pittsburgh exploring the adolescent experience, which will be broadcast beginning October 15 on PBS stations. Whether or not you are able to view the TV series, you will find the information on the following pages helpful in understanding and improving communication between you and the adolescent or pre-adolescent in your life.

Each of the ten shows in MOVING RIGHT ALONG dramatizes a specific teen-parent interaction. Even though the series concentrates on the primary relationship between adolescents and their parents, it also talks to the other adults teens seek out for advice and friendship, "Significant Others" (S.O.'s) and to those parents whose children will soon be adolescents.

On the occasion of the broadcast of this new series, this special booklet has been prepared for those of you in these different and sometimes overlapping categories. Like the TV series, this booklet explores the following underlying concepts:

► Adolescence, the transition from childhood to adulthood, includes a physical, intellectual and social transition period, and often involves unhappy and unanticipated conflicts between teens and their parents and teens and other adults.

► Understanding what is happening during this transition period can help you reduce or more effectively deal with the potential conflicts.

► Adolescence should not be viewed as an "illness" or "crisis," but as a normal, though often turbulent, necessary stage in human development.

► While teenagers are coming to terms with their changing identity, you and other adults in their world are often likewise experiencing the new challenge of middle age—being parents of teenagers, shifting marital roles, and dealing

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with pressures involving the present and future. Consequently, some of the teen-adult conflicts can be traced to the adult's issues as much as to the adolescent's issues.

► Open communication between teens and adults is one of the most important ingredients in helping the teen towards adulthood. There are specific techniques you can use to help keep communication open.

ADOLESCENTS: WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THEM ANYWAY?

ISSUES IN ADOLESCENT DEVELOPMENT

"THEY WERE A HAPPY FAMILY ONCE, SHE THINKS. JEFFREY AND MATILDA WERE BEAUTIFUL, HEALTHY BABIES; CHARMING TODDLERS; INTELLIGENT, LIVELY CHILDREN...THEN LAST YEAR, WHEN JEFFREY TURNED FOURTEEN AND MATILDA TWELVE, THEY HAD BEGUN TO CHANGE; TO GROW RUDE, COARSE, SELFISH, INSOLENT, NASTY, BRUTISH, AND TALL. IT WAS AS IF SHE WERE KEEPING A BOARDING HOUSE IN A BAD DREAM, AND THE CHILDREN SHE HAD LOVED WERE TURNING INTO AWFUL LODGERS—LODGERS WHO PAID NO RENT, WHOSE LEASES COULD NOT BE TERMINATED."

Sound familiar? These are the observations of Erica Tate, main character in Alison Lurie's popular 1974 novel of "middlescence" and adolescence, The War Between the Tates. The traditional wisdom among adults says teenagers are trouble. As a parent, you may feel abused, unloved and resentful. Frequent skirmishes may wear you down and ultimately convince you that you're a rotten parent. Actually, just the opposite may be true. Friction between adolescents and their middle-aged parents, difficult and painful though it may be, is completely normal. In fact, it's essential, if each generation is to mature in a healthy way and move on to the next stage in the life cycle.

When a family is young, parents' and children's needs complement each other perfectly. The child is dependent and charmingly vulnerable; the parent delights in giving care. With unquestionable authority, the parent teaches the child about the world, while the child admires and copies the parent, absorbing his/her opinions, ideas and values. But when the child reaches the age of twelve or thirteen, seismic tremors begin to occur in the family.

LIVING WITH TEENAGERS

Everyone who lives with teenagers knows that they can be rebellious, moody, inconsistent, sometimes willfully silent, at other times doggedly argumentative. The rebelliousness stems from the teen's need to separate from the parents while developing his/her own individual identity. The moodiness stems from the internal forces at work as well as from the shifting and re-forming personality. The inconsistency comes from the still incomplete intellectual transition from childhood to adulthood. Silence and argumentativeness stem from all of these forces.

Indeed, silence is one of the teenager's more potent weapons. Not only does the adolescent have more freedom, but he/she talks about it less, and the parents can become wild with anxiety.

When teenagers do speak up, however, parents may find they prefer the silence. In trying to assert their individuality, teenagers will barrage their parents with critical remarks—questioning family values or defying them outright. Helen Gum Westlake, author of Relationships—A Study In Human Behavior, advises, "Parents must resist taking literally the adolescent's defiance and belittling of them. These statements spring less from a sweeping rejection of parents than from the adolescent's need to assert him/herself as somebody different and independent. In the language of adolescent ambivalence, 'I hate you' sometimes means 'I'm afraid I love you too much.'"

AND THEN THERE IS "MIDDLESCENCE"

It is also important to be aware of the change usually taking place in the parent's life at this time. Just as teenagers are beginning to get their first thrilling look at what life has to offer, many parents are experiencing a new and depressing sense of time running out. Commonly known as the midlife crisis, and sometimes referred to as "middlescence," it's a period in an adult's life when he/she begins to ask: "Have I obtained my dream?" "Have I measured up?" Even those who have succeeded in the eyes of the world must still wonder, "If this is it, why do I still feel dissatisfied?" This is the classic midlife crisis—a clear sense that life may have been wasted and there's little of it left.

Parents struggling with these sober thoughts may find the youthful exuberance of their teenager particularly grating, and few can resist the opportunity to deflate their youngster's high-flying mood now and then.

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS (S.O.'s)

When teenagers feel ambivalent towards their parents, they sometimes turn to another adult and accept that person as a confidante, mentor, friend, etc. In fact, they may invest in this "significant other" some of the near-magical qualities they had once invested in their parents. While it is sometimes difficult, even painful for parents to see their teens accepting comradeship from another adult but not from them, it helps to realize that his or her behavior is a legitimate part of the separation process.

On the other hand, it is important for S.O.'s to understand their role in a young person's life. S.O.'s can contribute to a teenager's development, affecting the teen's self-concept, academic performance, career choices, and life aspirations, but there are also limitations. In tough situations it's best for an S.O. to enlist parental aid and support.

THE PROCESS OF LETTING GO

Life with teenagers isn't all unmitigated stress because teens also have a positive side, often displaying a spontaneous, irresistible sense of humor and an idealistic and energetic outlook. And when they are willing to talk, they can show amazing insight into human nature. There are many loving and peaceful times with teenagers. So when the rocky times come, it's good to remember that conflict and strife are normal parts of a very important process—a process that comes to an end when the old relationship of all-powerful adult to dependent child gives way to a new form of comradeship so that both generations can move on to the next phase in the life cycle.

Perhaps letting go is the hardest part of this process. Gradually parents must learn that their roles as caregivers and custodians are over. Their sons/daughters are growing up and they must eventually let them go. It's just as hard for a teenager to accept, but with the proper adult guidance, sympathy, encouragement and enthusiasm for what's ahead, both sides will find the transition a lot easier.

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WHAT CAN YOU SAY? WHAT CAN YOU DO?

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ADULTS AND ADOLESCENTS

John Diekman, a communications specialist, calls communication the "human connection...the tie that binds us together." Diekman points out that "as long as people are talking with one another there is a chance that they will resolve whatever it is that has come between them. But once they stop talking there's no chance at all."

Communication is especially important when you are dealing with an adolescent because the potential for misunderstanding is so great.

And communication is cathartic. Talking about something painful can help a person to get rid of a lot of strong feelings. It is better to help a teenager "talk it out" so he/she will be less likely to "act it out."

BARRIERS TO GOOD COMMUNICATION

True communication means being a little more honest with teens than we often times are. As adults we may be afraid that if teens see our fears or imperfections, they will no longer respect us. Teens, on the other hand, may feel that if they tell adults the truth, the adults will use that knowledge to dominate or manipulate them. In essence, real communication means taking a risk.

Many people also have trouble dealing with strong feelings within their families. If someone close to us is sad, afraid, or even extra happy, we often feel embarrassed and uncomfortable. This is why family members often try to talk each other out of feelings instead of encouraging open expression about those feelings.

Think of the number of times you have heard or made statements such as, "You're making a fuss about nothing." Or, "Stop crying this instant." Or, "Go to your room until you settle down." It can be painful to see a loved one upset, especially if he/she is upset with us. It makes us feel guilty, and it violates our illusion that our family is the perfect "happy family" that we'd all like to be a part of.

But families who have the courage to allow self-expression and good communication in their midst find that the risk is worth taking. With self-confidence and good communication skills, each family member can feel free to be an individual without sacrificing the love and support of those around him or her.

So make a commitment to better communication. If you're stuck in a destructive pattern with a teen, or you have problems that aren't getting handled, resolve to try some different approaches. Decide to make change a top priority. Get yourself off "automatic pilot" even if it involves a risk.

The following guidelines can help all adults who deal with teenagers and pre-adolescents to keep the lines of communication open:

GUIDELINES FOR BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

■ Learn to listen. Because human beings tend to be basically self-involved, listening is a most difficult skill to learn and the most important. You must become an "active listener." You probably won't do it well all the time, but you can improve your track record if you keep working at it. For starters, you need to know:

LISTENING IS NOT...

- looking interested, but tuning out.
- reacting defensively.
- thinking of a quick comeback to the comments.
- interrupting to lecture, judge or crack jokes.

LISTENING IS...

- focusing on the person speaking and on what they are saying.
- taking in the meaning of the words being said.
- absorbing the emotional content of these words.

To test your listening skills and to practice them at the same time, try feeding back both the factual and emotional content of what the person is saying. Then invite him/her to tell you more. Such feedback might sound something like this: "Boy, it sounds as if you were really steamed when that teacher gave you such a low grade. It seemed unfair to you. Then what happened?"

■ Try not to belittle, attack, or destructively criticize teenagers, even if you are angry. Putdowns do not encourage cooperation. Instead, use "I" messages that reveal your feelings. NOT HELPFUL: "You have said this same thing to me at least twenty times, and each time you say it, it drives me nuts!" BETTER: "I feel so upset and frustrated every time you say that to me. I would appreciate your considering how I feel before you say that again."

■ Become aware of non-verbal communication. How do you know when people in your family are upset, happy, angry, or fearful, even before they speak? Check your own body language when you experience these feelings. When someone says, "I'd like to have a talk with you," what does your body do? Do you invite communication or stiffen against it? Notice the messages you send with your gestures and mannerisms and be sensitive also to the non-verbal messages which youngsters give out.

■ Always respect a family member's feelings, even if you disapprove of his/her actions. People can't always help what they feel, but they can help how they act upon their feelings. Besides, negative feelings tend to dissolve more quickly when people are allowed to express them. NOT HELPFUL: "How dare you mouth off at me! You have no right to be angry about this!" BETTER: "I understand that you're angry, but I've asked you before not to use that kind of language with me. Tell me how you feel, but control your language."

■ Don't deliver a standard lecture when a teen has a problem. Youngsters will most certainly tune you out. Instead, question the youngster in detail about his/her problem, to help clarify the issues. Often when a young person becomes clear about the factors involved, various solutions will come to mind, and he/she can choose from among them. That way you've helped the teen find a solution him/herself.

■ Use praise as often as you can. Everyone loves to feel appreciated, and it's almost as much fun to pay a compliment as it is to receive one. Don't use praise manipulatively, though. If you "butter up" people, they will learn to distrust you.

■ Never let angry words be the last words on an issue. If you and your teenager fight about something, allow for a cooling-down period, then bring the problem up for discussion again, and see if you can resolve it. Ignoring the person or pretending the fight never happened just submerges a problem, which is sure to surface again—probably in another fight.

■ Use the family as a forum for new ideas. If you seem locked into a family problem with no solution, invite all family members to brainstorm possible solutions. Listen to and consider all suggestions without criticism. Think of ways to combine suggestions into more new forms. Once you have aired and considered all sides to the issue and decided on the best solution, encourage family members to support each other in living up to the agreement.

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■ Remember, when you and your teenager disagree, you want to find a solution—not win a war. Towards this goal, remember to explain yourself clearly. Don't assume that the teenager automatically knows what you mean. Check back, ask him or her "What did you hear me say?" "How would you explain what I said?" Negotiation, compromise, and living up to the agreements you make are the highest sort of communication. And in diplomacy, each side must give in a little. Never hesitate to say "I was wrong" or "I'm sorry."

Remember, even though the young person in your life resembles an adult, he or she is not. You must continue your parenting role and expect to make some hard decisions along the way. But, if you make a commitment to actively pursue communication through the above guidelines, you will find that you'll talk more, share more and learn more with your teenager. Both of you will come through the period as friends instead of adversaries.

SO WHAT ARE THE RIGHT QUESTIONS? APPLYING COMMUNICATIONS SKILLS

One of the most important aspects of good communication is knowing how to ask questions. When you ask helpful questions you keep an interaction going. When you ask helpful questions you assist the other person in clarifying thoughts so that both of you better understand what is being said.

Here are some examples of the kinds of questions that keep communication flowing:

► Open-Ended Questions: questions which allow for more than a yes or no answer. Consider these: "Did you get the job?" versus "How was the job interview?" "Did you have a good day at school?" versus "What happened in English class today?"

► Mirror Questions or Paraphrasing: restating what the other person has said in a slightly different way. This technique shows the other person that you are attending but not trying to re-direct his/her thought or get the floor for yourself. Consider these exchanges: Your teenager says, "I'll never get into college." You say, "You're thinking that you may not get accepted into college?"

► Probing Questions: questions which seek more detail, more clarification. For example: Teen says, "I'll never get into college." You say, "Tell me why you feel that you won't get into college?"

The important point regarding any of these questioning techniques is that they invite some talk, whereas less careful responses, such as, "Oh, don't worry about that" or "Don't be so silly" or "I guess not, with the kind of grades you've been getting," will most surely lead to an argument or the end of the discussion.

There are many examples of fairly typical communication exchanges between adults and teenagers in the MOVING RIGHT ALONG dramas. In some cases the adults responded in a way that kept communication open and in some cases they did not. If you have a chance to watch the MOVING RIGHT ALONG television series, think over what you've read about adolescent development and about communication skills. You may have some new insights into what is happening and why.

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...

CONSIDER PROFESSIONAL COUNSELING

Sometimes families are facing more serious problems—problems that require more than simple communication techniques can resolve. A teen's abuse of drugs or alcohol, deep depression, total lack of discipline, violence, sexuality concerns, truancy and failure in school are some examples. Certain extreme negative behavior is not just a normal part of growing up. It's a cry for help and can not be ignored.

To whom can a family turn for help in such situations? Some families feel more comfortable beginning with a pastor, guidance counselor, or a family counseling center offering discussion and counseling for teenage problems. These can be good choices for supportive counseling. But these professionals should not be expected to deal with the type of deep-seated problems that are the province of psychiatrists, psychologists, and certified (C.S.W.) psychiatric social workers specializing in work with children, adolescents, and families. This second group of professionals go beyond the present crisis, and deal with the cause of a destructive pattern or on-going, serious problem.

Professional counselors or therapists have training and first-hand experience in the emotional development of individuals and families; they have an objective point of view, and are familiar with other resources that may be needed by your family. A good counselor is a facilitator—one who does not supply easy answers, but who works as a part of a team along with your family. This person helps each family member better understand him/herself as an individual and as a family member. He/she helps to set goals for improving family life and to find ways to reach those goals.

How much does family counseling cost? Fees vary widely depending on the type of counseling and the family's income. Generally, services provided by community or religious service organizations or those affiliated with a clinic or health plan will cost less than independent professionals. Be sure to ask about and compare costs before beginning a program. Also, many of the mental health services are covered by health insurance or by Medicaid. Be sure to find out what your plan will cover.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

The following resources provide additional information on the themes and concepts explored in this booklet and in the MOVING RIGHT ALONG television series. Most are available at local book stores or libraries:

Buntman, Peter H., MSW, ACSW, and Saris, Eleanor M., M.Ed., How to Live With Your Teenager, A Survivor's Handbook for Parents: Pasadena, California: Wood & Jones, Typographers and Printers, 1979.

Claro, Fran, Teens Talk About Parents: New York: Scholastic Book Services, 1981.

Diekman, John R., Human Connections-- How to Make Communications Work: New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1982.

Gardner, James E., Dr.: The Turbulent Teens: San Diego: Oak Tree Publications, Inc., 1982.

Harris, Myron, PhD. and Norman, Jane, The Private Life of the American Teenager, New York: Rawson, Wade Publishers, Inc., 1981.

Wahlroos, Sven, Ph.D., Family Communication: New York: New American Library Signet Book, 1974.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR HELP

The Mental Health Center nearest your home can probably offer the most complete range of services for your problem. (The term "mental health" does not mean that the center provides only for those with mental illness.) Check your phone book under "Mental Health Services," "Clinics," or "Human Services Organizations" or contact the State Department of Mental Health for more information about services in your area.

Family service agencies in your area, your church or synagogue, a local accredited hospital, the guidance department of your child's school or school district, private child guidance or counseling centers all may provide services or referrals to counselors or to mental health professionals. Many local phone directories have a separate community information section in which health-related agencies are listed. You may also want to ask friends who have had family counseling or therapy to recommend someone.

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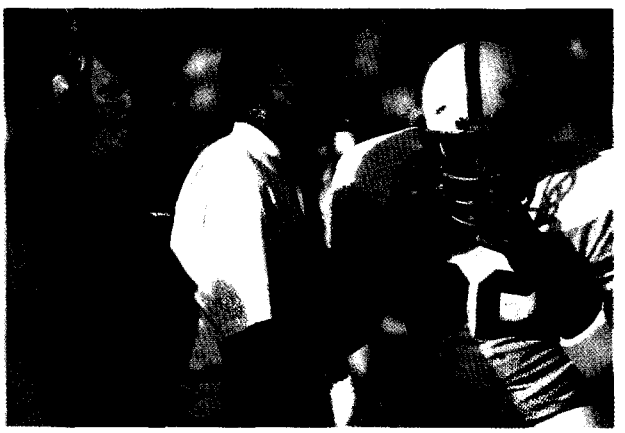
JOE PATERNO: THE LION IN AUTUMN

Penn State's "win-prone" football coach does a lot of growling at his lair in the Nittany Mountains, and he's got the bite to back it up.

by Thomas Granger

Joe Paterno, coach of Penn State's Nittany Lions, tells his players to eat, drink and be merry *tomorrow*—for today, on the practice field, they surely must die. Using tactics that would have made him a success in any field, the 56-year-old goads, drives and pushes his gridiron stars until they either share his love of perfection or quit. As a result, after 33 years with the Lions—the last 18 as head coach—Paterno has become the unofficial patriarch of college football.



His Nittany Lions ranked No. 1 in the 1982 polls, coach Joe Paterno is still backing demands for more stringent national rules for athletic eligibility.

Paterno's cumulative record is the envy of his peers: 161 victories against only 34 defeats and one tie. His winning percentage of 82.4 is tops among college football coaches with at least a decade's experience. And last January, Paterno's hungry Lions achieved the ultimate goal in college football—earning the nation's No. 1 ranking in the polls after edging the Bulldogs of Georgia 27-23 in the Sugar Bowl.

But more important to Paterno, his football squad continued to distinguish itself in the classroom as well. Quarterback Todd Blackledge, for example, who recently inked a $1.5 million contract with the Kansas City Chiefs of the National Football League, finished his college career with a 3.8 average (out of 4.0) and Phi Beta Kappa status. In an era when athletic muscle far outweighs gray matter, even at the most prestigious universities, Paterno staunchly advocates the strong-mind-in-strong-body philosophy of Greek times. More than 90 percent of his athletes eventually graduate—undoubtedly another record if other coaches weren't too embarrassed to release their graduation figures.

"I've never wanted to be *just* a football coach," says Paterno. "I've always enjoyed the academic environment: I've tried to stay involved with the faculty. I think it's important that the faculty understand that, though football certainly has a place in the university, it is not the kind of thing where the tail is wagging the dog."

Paterno makes himself available to his peers at Penn State. He attends faculty meetings, lectures and cultural events with regularity. Himself a graduate of Brown University, where he quarterbacked two winning seasons (7-2 in '48 and 8-1 in '49), Paterno won the support of faculty members everywhere when he backed a recent National Collegiate Athletic Association decision mandating stringent national rules for athletic eligibility. By the autumn of 1986, all freshman athletes will have passed a high-school core curriculum that includes English, math, social science and physical science, along with 700 SAT or 15 ACT composite scores. The rule is certain to aid Paterno-coached teams, which have complied with tough standards all along, something the Nittany Lions like to refer to as "the Penn State way."

In fact, Paterno would prefer talking about student accomplishments off the field. He gives the impression that it would thrill him more to produce a Nobel Prize achiever than a Heisman Trophy winner from his Penn State offensive backfield.

"I had a great kid by the name of Bruce Bannon who was an All-American defensive end here back in '72," says Paterno. "He was a geologist, and I excused him from spring practice because he had to do this research to get a project together—a drawing of the strata of the earth. Afterwards, he gave me his research work; he had framed it for me. Students are here to get an education. You can't talk about priorities and then say, 'Hey! You can't do that project because you have to come to spring practice.' "

Paterno himself has collected numerous academic honors, among them an honorary doctor of laws degree from Brown University and an honorary doctor of humane letters from Gettysburg College. An educated man who, late at night, is as likely to be found reading Greek and Roman historians as he is his own playbook, Paterno comes by his love for education honestly. "My father's people are very educated people," stresses the coach, admonishing those writers who have equated his Brooklyn origins with the stereotyped streetwise Flatbusher of movie lore. "One aunt was the

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head of a Romance language department; another aunt was an artist. One of my uncles was a lawyer, and another uncle was a sportswriter for the old *Brooklyn Eagle*. My dad became a lawyer when I was 12 years old. He went to night school, finishing high school, college and law school at night. He was in his early 40s when he passed the bar."

Interviewed after practice, Paterno, wearing his preferred dress, a conservative business suit, is easygoing and charming. His conversation is splashed with humorous asides and self-depreciating jokes. He delights in making small talk about his wife Susan and his five children, ages 5 to 20, although he generally tries to keep his private life from becoming too public. He is accessible to a fault; his home phone and address, for example, are published in the directory. However, Paterno's close friends and even his assistant coaches will tell you that they don't know any more about the *man* after 20 years than they learned their first few days with him—although they do know more about his outlook.

"Joe is a people-oriented person," says Dave Baker, Penn State's 33-year-old public-relations director. "He looks for solutions that involve people, not a solution that involves technology or money. He deals in trust, compassion and understanding."

By the same token, Paterno is a man who can be easy to double-cross—once. "Cheat me once and it's shame upon you; cheat me twice and it's shame upon *me*" is a favorite motto of his. At the present time, for example, Paterno is waging a quiet war with the pros, angered by the way some teams have regarded American universities as little more than breeding farms for talent.

"We've got a running battle trying to get the pros not to overwork [senior] players before graduation," says Paterno, the coach who once spurned a $1.3 million offer from the New England Patriots. "Last year I had three kids that didn't graduate with their class, and they were all outstanding high-school students. There was no reason for them not to graduate, except that they were running all over the country trying out [before the NFL draft]. It really upsets me."

Paterno also grinds his ax against the fraternity of sportswriters "that dwell on the negative side" of competition. "Chief Justice Warren said one time he used to like to read the sports pages first, because it was positive news about people doing things," says Paterno, confiding that he rarely reads the sports pages unless he is looking for something specific that day. "I don't want to read about salary disputes, labor lawyers and those kinds of problems," he stresses. "I don't want to read where some kid is saying, 'Play me or trade me!' or 'Coach isn't treating me right.' "

What the coach does want to read are descriptions about great plays in great games—the raison d'etre for sports pages to exist in the first place, and the reason fans supposedly attend games, for that matter. "I want to read that so-and-so had a homer with two on in the last of the ninth, and that sort of thing," says Paterno.

Paterno is waging a quiet war with the pros, angered by having schools regarded as breeding farms for talent.

The negative comments he reads about himself in the paper come from athletes who either object to his drill-sergeant attitude at practices or who have been unable to crack the talent-rich Penn State first team. In particular, Paterno came under fire in 1979, when his players were involved in scandals that would shock even a coach whose standards were below those set by someone famed for integrity and honorable conduct. Penn State lost All-America safety Pete Harris (brother of the NFL Pittsburgh Steelers' Franco Harris, a '72 Penn State graduate) and two other starters because of academic ineligibility, along with three additional players arrested on charges ranging from drunken driving to first-degree burglary. In short, despite limping out of the Liberty Bowl with a 9-6 squeaker over Tulane, the season proved a major embarrassment for Paterno. Characteristically, however, he accepts full blame for the lost season.

"The '79 season was a depressing one and probably my fault, because I spent a lot of time away lecturing since I didn't think anything like that could happen," he shrugs. "I got careless. At that time I debated whether I ought to get out of coaching, not because I felt burnt out physically, mentally or emotionally, but because I thought I was getting too old or should be getting into something else."

As a result of that season, Paterno cut down slightly on the grueling practices he formerly conducted, limiting the time spent later in the season, in particular. He also eased up on the demands he was making on his coaches, men such as Bob Phillips, the quarterback coach, who has been with Paterno for 18 years. Instead he began concentrating on getting "quality work" out of his staff, dismissing them for the day when they began to tire and assembling again the next day. "We'd be sitting around in a staff meeting at one or two o'clock in the morning with everybody just looking at each other," he laughs. "We could never come up with a good idea at that stage."

Paterno has shown signs of altering his old ways come game time, as well. Until the 1982 season the coach relied heavily on the "grunt 'n grind" brand of football, steamrolling into the end zone with one running play after another, eschewing the pass even in passing situations. Such inflexibility supposedly hurt him in 1978: A 12-0 Penn State team was defeated in the Orange Bowl by Alabama when consecutive Lions' drives were halted at the one-yard line, following unsuccessful plunges into the Alabama line. Paterno rebutted the criticism, but he did admit the second-guessers made him doubt himself.

Last year, however, Paterno gave Todd Blackledge, perhaps the most talented quarterback ever to play for the Lions, carte blanche to throw the ball. The 6'3", 225-pound quarterback responded by throwing for

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SHE TUNES UP VOCAL CORDS

If your voice is your stock in trade and your stock has hit an all-time low; voice-trainer Nanci Collyer's program is the commodity for you.

by Ernest S. Young

Twice a week for the past 11 months, the venerable New York Futures Exchange has been the scene of a curious and unusual activity. An hour before the opening bell signals the beginning of the day's trading in stock-index futures, Nanci Collyer and her pioneer band of trader-students begin a morning vocal workout.

Some are there because their voices have been ravaged by the constant shouting of bids and offers; others, because they have recognized a new vocal strength and authority in their own colleagues—one that lasts from opening to closing bells. ("It is critical to be heard above 200 screaming traders to get my share in the pit," says one student.) Still others attend because their firm, one of New York's major brokerage houses, finds Collyer's students to be among the exchange's most successful traders. All find it worthwhile to arrive at work an hour early to attend her workshop. Ms. Collyer herself rises before dawn to drive to Wall Street from her suburban New Jersey home.

"Vocal production is vocal production, whether it is for an operatic aria or a futures bid," says Ms. Collyer, a 20-year-veteran vocal student and teacher. "We surround the voice, especially the singing voice, with an aura of mystery, but when you get right down to it, it is a matter of muscles. Vocal muscles, like any other muscles in the body, can be trained, exercised and strengthened."

The brokerage firm that employs Ms. Collyer prefers to remain anonymous (does Macy's share its secrets with Gimble's?), but the firm's president did comment: "The voice is an important tool, and without proper knowledge of its use, some of our traders were beginning to develop serious problems," he said. Working with groups of five, Ms. Collyer quickly diagnoses the individual problems and provides exercises to correct them. The result, the president says, has been a reduction of strain and vocal fatigue, and an improvement in voice clarity, dynamics and volume: in other words, a more confident sound.

By exercising the voice-production muscles—abdomen, thoracic cavity, throat and tongue—trader-students soon develop a more confident sound.

No singing is required in Ms. Collyer's exercises. The system is purely calisthenics—a series of syllabic pronunciations, each designed to exercise different parts of the voice-production muscles—the abdomen, the thoracic cavity, the throat and the tongue. The result is a technique comfortable even for those who would be reluctant to do "singing exercises."

Collyer's Wall Street program began when a pit trader developed serious vocal problems that could easily have ended his career. Fortunately, his friend, a singing student of Ms. Collyer's, suggested he consult her. She first referred him to a physician for a full medical diagnosis (as she does now with all her students). Then she taught the hoarse pit trader correct vocal production and developed a course of study that reversed the damage. Today, with a newly strengthened voice, that man is more successful than ever.

Almost immediately, another trader, impressed with the results in his friend and colleague, began to study with her. Soon the word spread. With so many new students applying, practice sessions were moved to the exchange floor itself.

News of her Wall Street venture has raised interest in diverse quarters and is leading Ms. Collyer to other fields even further removed from singing. One of Ms. Collyer's students happened to mention her work at the futures exchange in a casual dinner-party conversation with Dr. Thomas Clemens, a Pennsylvania cardiologist. The doctor thought he might apply her techniques on some of his patients.

"In my practice with cardiac patients, I have noticed that, even after successful recoveries and physical therapy to restore body muscle tone, very often the voice remains weak sounding," he said. "Occasionally, this is remarked upon—usually by the wife of a male patient, who says something like, 'Oh doctor, I know he's better, but he sounds so weak and frail!' It has got to be affecting their relationships and, beyond that, affecting the patient's business or professional life as well."

Dr. Clemens contacted Ms. Collyer, and the two explored the possibility of vocal rehabilitation therapy for cardiac patients. At present, a pilot program is being planned. Neither Dr. Clemens nor Ms. Collyer can predict the outcome, but both feel that her vocal techniques, with some clinical medical modifications, are worth a try.

Ms. Collyer continues to maintain a full schedule of vocal training for singers and even manages to

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work in an occasional concert to exercise her own soprano voice. She admits to mixed feelings about these new turns her career has taken.

"I'm surprised at the particular areas that have presented themselves, but I'm not surprised that my vocal training is applicable beyond the musical theater and concert hall," she said. "So many of my students report all kinds of secondary benefits to their study that I know it can be of value to anyone who uses his or her voice."

New York television personality Donna Drews is one such student who has found advantages beyond mere musical training. "I use my speaking voice constantly in my work," she says. "I'm a TV announcer and do a lot of free-lance voice work for commercials. Studying with Nanci has made me a more confident performer. I don't worry about my voice now. I know I'm in control of it."

Jacquelyn Reinach, a director of Euphrosyne Inc., cocreator of the children's series "Sweet Pickles" and president of her own ASCAP music publishing company, is also a writer, a composer and a voice student of Ms. Collyer's. Her goal was to improve her ability to demonstrate her own songs to others. Very quickly, however, she began to discover bonus benefits in other areas of her business and her professional life.

"I got more than I bargained for," she says. "Learning the problems that singers face has informed my composing and has also improved my directing of singers in recording sessions. But the best part is the effect on me, personally. The lesson time itself is a great stress reducer. I feel as though I've had a good night's sleep when I come out of a lesson."

Never aware before of how tense her face and jaw muscles were just from talking, Reinach used Collyer's exercises before and even sometimes during a business meeting to reduce that tension. The results, she said, were "amazing. My voice sounds lighter and projects an attractive image. In business, people unconsciously feel what is going on in another, and it is the voice that conveys so much of this. Plus, I can even sing an octave more than when I began. What joy!"

Anne Phillips, a New York cabaret singer who studies voice with Ms. Collyer, reports yet another fringe benefit. "In addition to singing, I also write music and have my own company, Anne Phillips Productions, which produces radio and television commercials. I spend a great deal of time on the telephone, where your voice is the only means you have to communicate. I find that when I do my warm-up exercises before I tackle the phone, people respond more positively to the confidence, enthusiasm and energy I communicate. And even after a full day on the phone, I'm still ready for an evening of singing at 'Broadway Joe.' "

Collyer has now formed her own company, Voice of the Winner, to serve those whose vocal interests lie outside the realm of singing. "We've only scratched the surface," she says. "Think of all the people out there who rely on their voices every day—teachers, people making business presentations, sports coaches, salesmen, actors, clergy, newscasters, telephone interviewers—why, the list is practically endless."

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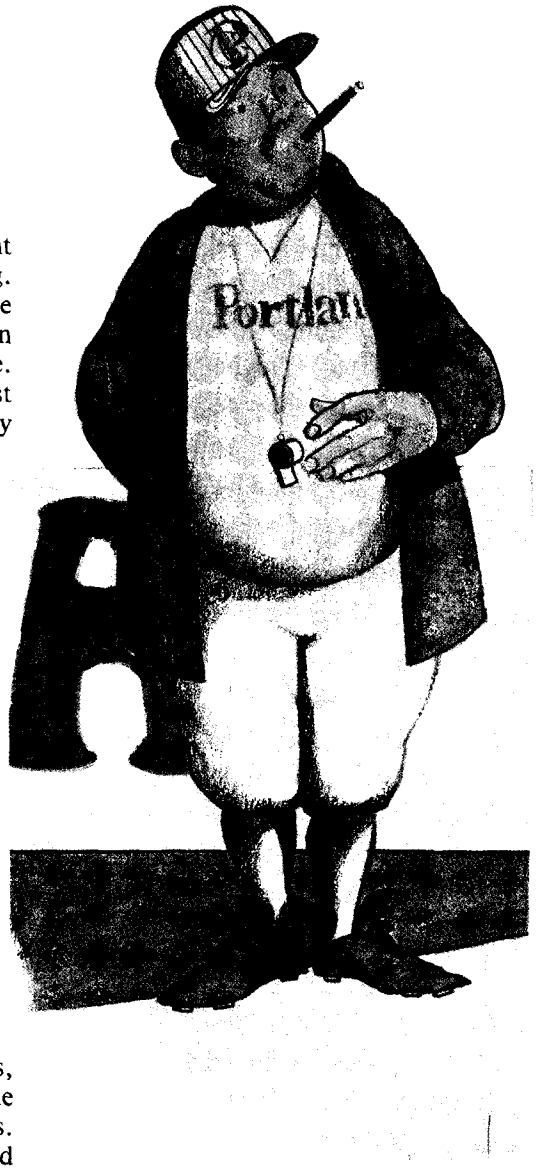
THE ROOKIE SOUTHPAW AND THE PORTLAND CLAMS

He was a character straight out of Ring Lardner—a living foul ball. But talent must be respected, and this kid had it coming out of his knuckles.

by Thomas Tolnay

Illustrated by Phil Smith



"I asked him where he was from, then became concerned that I might spook him with questions that were too intellectual."

In the first half of this century your classic minor-league baseball manager was a miserable soul who used up most of his years in dire county capitals, eating statistics for breakfast, diamond dust for lunch and raw crow for dinner, straining his aorta to win ball games for a pack of fans who'd sooner lynch him than call him a bum. You know the type of field skipper I mean—foulmouthed, opinionated, cigar smoking, feisty, hard drinking.

But as America matured, another type evolved. He had a college education, with a major in engineering or economics. Not physical education. He didn't curse, or not as much, and gave up smoking. He was strong enough to load trucks, and smart enough to know better.

When you add up their respective scores, though, the new ruling class in the minors is not all that different from the old. I ought to know. Here I am in Portland, feeding off the same black birds as those unschooled (if more colorful) managers of yore, and sharing their eternal dream. It goes something like this: One fresh morning some kid materializes at the ball park, from nowhere, looking for a tryout. . . more a pelican than a person, toting a pasteboard suitcase in his left hand, with a tattered fielder's glove jammed up his armpit and reeking with talent.

From spring training on down the home stretch—even in these days of lost innocence—we get a couple of young fellows hanging around the dugout, shy but strong, itching to show their stuff. Some managers give them the heave-ho because they figure they will recognize true talent like true love when it comes along. Me, I give all of them a shot because last place is a permanent condition with us, so we can't get any worse. Besides, you never know. You just never know. And the screwier they look, the better, because that's the kind that still thrive in this game, the kind that made us realize baseball is the purest form of democracy. The only trouble is, the great ones are about as common as a pearl at the center of a hardball.

Well, steering clear of liquor and women, and keeping my nose in books instead of other people's business, finally paid off. After my 25 years of managing on the farm, my dream boy showed up at Parker Field, home of the Portland Clams. And this kid certainly scored big when it came to looking weird—all 6′6″ of him weighing less than a hundred pounds, held to the ground by new yellow suction sneakers, with blue knees poking through the splits in his striped railroad pants. His head was topped by cold, blond spaghetti. His ears belonged in the Hall of Fame. A character straight out of Ring Lardner; a walking proof of matter over mind; a neoclassic of American mythology. A living foul ball.

"Sure, kid," I said, "go on out there and chuck a few."

Now I've got as much pride as your old-time boondocks field boss, and even with a degree in economics (minoring in accounting), no one has ever accused me of being a softy. But I'm secure enough to admit—I'd even confess it to those hot dogs from the *Portland Express,* off the record—that when I saw this aluminum-boned southpaw kick that stilt up over his ears, and wheel his whole body into the pitch—blazing it right down the pipe—so help me God, tears came to my eyes.

In all my days I've never read a novel or looked at a painting that

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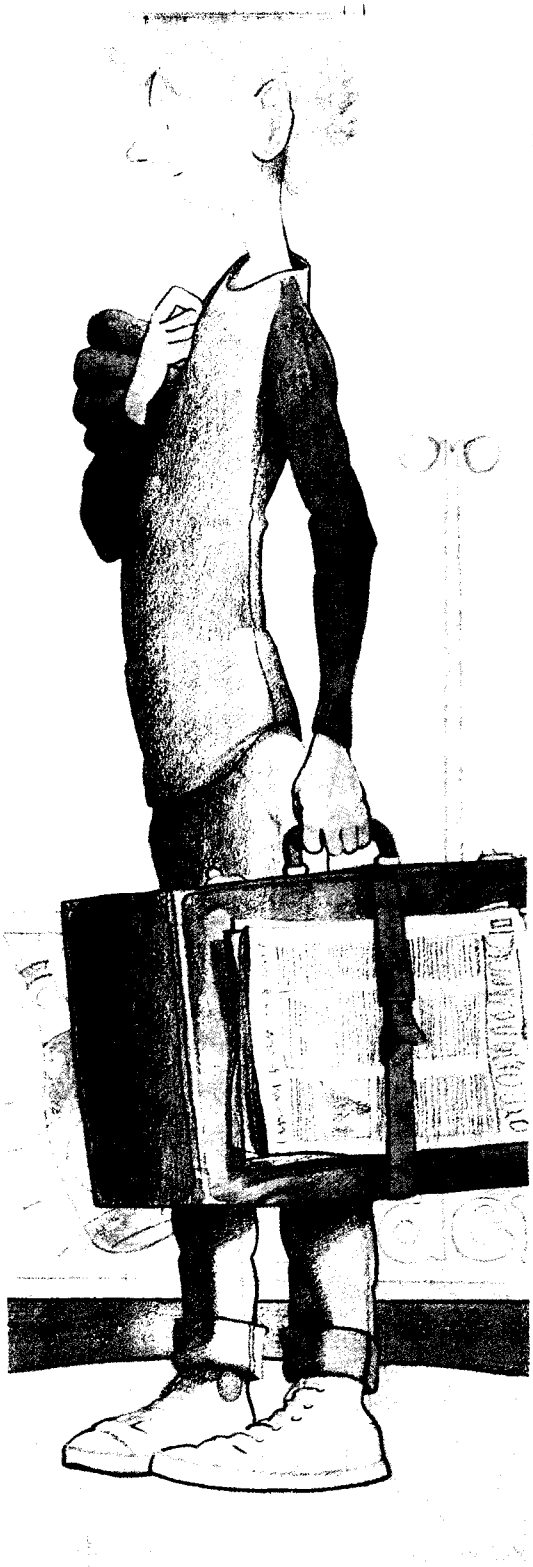

could match the sheer esthetics of that single pitch. And the most beautiful thing was that the kid kept rearing back and firing one masterpiece after another. Every time I heard the ball—it was too fast to see—smack into Red McGinty's mitt, my heart jumped a full foot in my chest. Which is exactly what's supposed to happen when you're face-to-face with great art.

In this game it doesn't take long to recognize Triple-A talent, and even those shell-heads on the Clams climbed up off their tails and stood staring bug-eyed at this baby-cheeked phenomenon—throwing darts. My ace chucker Rod Beastley (3 wins, 10 losses) had turned either very studious or a bit jealous of that flamethrower, staring with his mouth open as round as a goose egg on the scoreboard. Suddenly I became nervous that a spy from the Troy Dragons might be sniffing around, so I bounced out to the mound and grabbed the kid by the hand (not his pitching fingers!), towing him very gently (so he wouldn't break an ankle and have to be shot) into the dugout, through the damp tunnel to the moldy locker room, into that filing cabinet they call my office.

Slamming the door behind me, and shoving the army supply locker against it, I said as sweet as a bride on the first morning: "What do they call you, son?"

"Butch."

"Do you have a last name, son?"

"Byrd."

It had to be something like that. "How old are you, son?"

The boy hesitated. "Eighteen?"

Eighteen! I'd forgotten anyone could be 18 any more. "Where are you from, son?"

The kid looked confused, and I became concerned I might spook him with questions that were too intellectual. "Skip that one," I said, pitching right at him: "How would you like to have one of these fine baseball outfits for your very own?"

"How much do they cost?"

"Why, son, I'd be proud to give you one free, and without any charge—except you're responsible to keep it washed." I decided I'd better let him know right off that this wasn't one of those hotsy-totsy ball clubs with valet service. The owner, old Pop Parker, would've been better off in the dry-cleaning business, for there hasn't been a pennant in Portland in 30 years, and fans don't buy tickets to see losers. Except the real addicts, of course, the ones with horsehide for skin.

Then the pelican asked, "Would the uniform have a number on the back of it?"

I placed my hand on my heart. "You have my word."

"What number?"

"Why, son, you could have just about any number that fits."

"Three's my lucky number," he confessed.

"Just like three strikes—you're out," I chuckled, stalling. He would have to pick Moose Brodsky's number, but I was determined to lock this kid up tighter than Koufax' grip on a fastball: "That could be arranged."

"Okay," said the kid, "when do I pitch?"

Just like that! Here I was sweating because I thought for sure he'd hold me up for 200 a week, and then the owner would nix the deal; here I was scheming how to cut him down on his price tag, and this stupid son of a batboy didn't even bring up money. I could've taken him for the biggest ride this side of Disneyland. But talent must be respected, because that's the one thing that separates one body from another in this life. Not education. Not environment. Not brains. Not lineage. . . Talent is class. Talent is power. Talent is beauty. Talent is money . . . .Talent is *eternal*. And this kid had it coming out of his knuckles.

"Seventy-five bucks a week," I spouted, "and not a nickel more."

I could tell from the way he sighed "Wow!" that I could've had him for half that. His jelly-bean eyes seemed surprised to be getting paid anything at all. He was so innocent he believed it was a sin to take money for doing something that came so easy; for something he loved doing. But it was a moot point. There wasn't any money for bats and balls, much less players. (Soon I might have to start doing other people's income tax again to pay my rent and to keep the Mrs. from having to take in laundry —instead of doing what I know and love. . .running rotten teams into the cellar, where they belong.)

That course in business law finally paid a dividend: I devised a contract on the back of a Genesee Beer® calendar and got Butch Byrd's John Hancock on the crooked line. Good thing he could write his name, because there was no way he was going to get out of my cubbyhole in good health without putting ink on the back of July. It turned out the kid

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wasn't 100-percent jackass: He held out until I added in the wording that No. 3 would be stitched on the back of his uniform.

The next afternoon I had two No. 3s prancing around my outfield, loosening up those last-place muscles. It wasn't until the Byrd hitched up on the mound to pitch batting practice that Moose woke up and came stomping over to me with a "What's-the-big-idea-of-the-kid-wearing-my-number?" jut to his square jaw.

"Listen, Moose," I massaged, "this boy is superstitious. He can't throw strikes unless there's a No. 3 on his shirt."

"Aah don't give a hoot if he cain't throw the ball," grunted Moose. "Three's maah number—always been maah number. That was Lou Gehrig's number, too," he said, like there was some connection between the Iron Horse and this iron head, who didn't even know Gehrig was No. 4.

"Feel that fond of Lou's old number, do you?"

"Damn right," said the Moose.

"Tell you what, you're twice as good as any ballplayer on this club, so I'm going to put *two* No. 3s on your back."

Moose's hard mug froze a moment, as his mind drifted into a reasonable approximation of thought. Then his thick lips loosened into a grin that looked like a slice of watermelon from his home state. At last he waddled off to the batting cage, puffed up like he'd just scored the winning run. That's how I keep going around these losers—by making monkeys out of them, grabbing a laugh or two in between the ulcer attacks. But Moose wasn't smiling for long, because the Byrd was throwing smoke and the best my big pinch-hitter could do was dribble a couple foul. Moose walked out of the cage dragging his bat after him. "Dat kid is quicker'n greased lahtnin'!"

The same went for Prestone Filch, the fastest eating, slowest moving first sacker in the league; Gimp Turney, shortstop with the short left leg; right fielder Jack-in-the-Box Rigby, who was red hot with the women and ice cold at the plate; Ping Pong Figaro, third baseman with a paddle for a chest; Leroy Coogan, the fleet, but flaky, center fielder; Frank Plaster, the no-hit, no-field, know-nothing utility infielder; Jim "Slap-Happy" Slipper, who led all second basemen in the league in brawling; and Stu (short for "Stupid") Stuckney, left fielder famed for his ability with a beer bottle—he can down a quart in one gulp.

The same went for the whole mob. Even Red McGinty (the one athlete on this club who's a threat to pole one out of the park every so often) couldn't touch him, and he got so hot over being fooled by a green lefty that he chucked his bat into the empty stands—and almost crowned Pop, who was sweeping up peanut shells in the aisles.

The Byrd really showed me something, and since I had nothing to lose—except another ball game—I decided to start the raw rookie against the Manchester Lumberjacks, who were due in the next day. When I broke the news to him, all the kid said was, "Gee!" But I felt like I weighed 190 again—solid all over, and was getting ready to play *my* first pro game. That night I don't think I slept two hours, the Mrs. elbowing me to "stop bouncing around." By game time I was so nervous I thought I was going to chuck up that gritty American cheese on white.

Awfully bad I wanted the Byrd to come through. Just four or five respectable innings is all I asked. But I had my doubts about him. Maybe he'd used up everything in practice, and in a real game would blow up higher than a Ted Williams home run. So I sat there chewing the skin off my thumbs as the southpaw got Bugs Aker to bounce out to Prestone, unassisted. Bryan Fillmore fouled back of third to Plaster, who finally held onto one. Then Charley "Brick Wall" Jones spanked a "seeing-eye" single between second and first. But the kid closed strong by whiffing Sniffy Johnson on a swinging strike.

Feeling his Wheaties® after getting through the first with all his spaghetti still on his scalp—and none yet on his chest—the southpaw struck out Barnaby, Krock and Narum in the second: one swinging, two on called strikes. I was *amazed*. It's those called third strikes that tell a manager plenty: They weren't able to dig in on the kid; he had them off stride. They needed radar to pick up his hummer!

The third and fourth innings disappeared like a six-pack on an August afternoon. And the kid logged three more strike-outs. But in the fifth he gave up his first walk of the game—to the lead-off batter. No manager in any league can sit still when his pitcher—particularly some bone-brained hotshot—dishes out a free pass to the lead-off batter. A nasty situation it was, and it got nastier: The offender on first swiped second, sliding in half a mile ahead of Red's peg.

I started gouging up the hard dirt in the bottom of the dugout with my cleats, stomping back and forth, sitting down, getting up like when I was waiting for my first kid—a girl—to break into the line-up of life at Oklahoma City General. But the Byrd boy loosened those old, stretched-out muscles of mine by striking out two more Manchesters and getting a tough Lumberjack to ground back to the box. The kid snapped it up and flipped him out.

By the sixth inning my uniform was soaked with nerve waste, but the kid was as dry as slate and really putting on a one-boy show—he mowed them down again: one, two, three. "I knew it," I piped out loud, mostly to myself. "As soon as I saw those long knobby fingers, I knew this kid had stuff. Some other journeyman could work 10 hours a day for 20 years and still never nip corners that way." My coach Skeeter nodded, squirted tobacco juice on my shoe and I didn't even chew him out: It needed polish anyway.

In the seventh the Byrd racked up two more strike-outs before the Lumberjacks finally hit one over the infield—a sleepy fly ball that couldn't make up its mind whether to come down or just hang up there awhile. Finally it floated into Stuckney's paws like a big white balloon. Even "Stupe" couldn't boot *that* one. . . .Watching the kid work made me feel as if my hair were turning black again, as if me and the Mrs. were just getting started on our lives together.

The three or four dozen locals in the rickety splinter bleachers suddenly stopped scorching our hides, and started to cheer the rookie at the end of each inning. Even Pop, peddling hot dogs and soda pop, stopped to see what all the fuss was about—to observe the creature he had refused to pay 75 a week. (Me and the Mrs. decided to pay him out

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of our retirement savings, at least until he proved himself.) Well, I was glad, because the kid deserved the attention. But it also worried me. Fans can go to a ballplayer's head quicker than Four Roses, so I made up my mind to look after the kid—personally. One thing that I'd learned over the years—no matter how much talent you're blessed with, lots of things have to be right to put it all together. Timing. Health. Hard work. Confidence. Good coaching. Love. God knows what else. And I wanted to do my part to help give this talent a chance to go all the way. Who knows? Maybe one day he'd pitch in the World Series! Maybe he'd send me and the Mrs. a pair of tickets!

To get him started in the right direction, I was convinced he needed a win in his first outing, but the lazy dumbbells on my club had only scratched up three hits—and no runs—off Rex Crimson: We were no better off than when we'd started. Wait, I take that back. At least we weren't behind. Now Crimson is no water boy—we just couldn't sit around expecting him to hand us the ball game. We had to go out and take it. At the bottom of the seventh, with us coming to bat, I charged into that pack of lead-foots like a one-man gang of umpires, trying to fire them up.

"Come on, you lazy snakes," I yelped, "get the lead out and crack that pill! Swing that lumber like you mean it! Beat the brains out of the ball! Hit it where you live! Start a rally! Get something going! For the love of Jehovah, do *something*."

Do you think it did any good? They stared at me like I was batty, as Coogan and Rigby tapped sissy grounders to the infield. My hopes fluttered when Filch walked and "Slap-Happy" slapped one on the nose—but skied straight to Bridges in center.

Even though Plaster booted a routine bouncer, the boy southpaw kept right on wheeling through the top of the eighth. We entered the bottom of the inning in a flat-footed, scoreless duel. Zeke Borkenstock, Manchester's bark-faced manager, sat stunned on his bench, like it was all a bad dream. The kid was leading off for us, and when he marched up to the plate I went for my crew's throats again. I guess I *was* batty by then—crazy with desire to win one for the kid, for the team, for the fans, for Pop. . .for me. "That kid's pitching a whale of a ball game for you bush leaguers!" I roared. "The least you could do is chip in with a couple of runs. This is his first pro game. So help me, if you bums lose it for him, I'll send the whole damn bunch of you back to the Little League."

Wiseguy McGinty piped up, "Hey, Boss, when you say 'pro,' do you mean he's getting *paid* for this ball game?" and the other half-wits giggled at McGinty. The jerks didn't realize they were laughing at themselves, all of them playing without pay for the past month. But I knew why they played. I put up with them for the same reason—for the game.

Just then I looked up and there was an angel dashing toward second sack—the kid himself had poked one to left, and it hugged the foul line like teenagers in love. And when the dust simmered down, Blotto the ump was holding his palms flat—"Safe!" I jumped so high I hit my head on the sagging roof of the dugout. But what did I care if I had a broken skull? I had a man—a boy—in scoring position in the eighth inning. And the score was tied, nothing-nothing. And the top of the batting order was coming up. And, in total defiance of this team's history, there were no outs!

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Having nothing to lose but another ball game and a night's sleep, the manager decided to start the raw rookie.

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Speaking Out

DARE MIGHTY THINGS

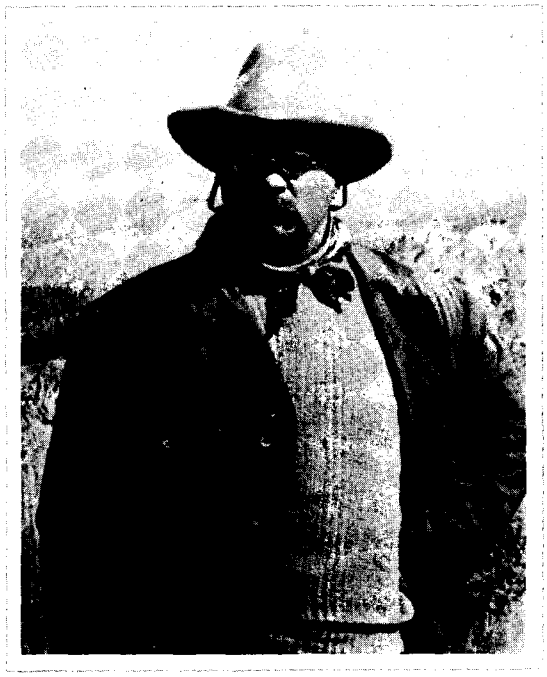
"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."
—Theodore Roosevelt

by Art Williams

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life," said Theodore Roosevelt in an 1899 speech before the Hamilton Club in Chicago. I would like to add to Roosevelt's doctrine of the strenuous life the equally important doctrine of the winning attitude.

You're not born with it. It's not for sale. You can't go to college and get a degree in it. But a winning attitude may be the single most important ingredient in your personal and career success.

Over the years, I've come to believe that attitude is often the determining factor in success or failure. It's an intangible thing—you can't see it or touch it. But you can see the effects of attitude, both positive or negative, in the results it creates in people's lives.



A compulsive activist, Rough Rider Teddy Roosevelt reflected the dominant temper of his times—confidence, energy and experimental-mindedness.

Everyone has the opportunity to win in life, but most people won't win. Most people will get tired and give up, because they're not willing to pay the price. They have the ability, but they lack the most important determining factor in success—the will to win. The will to win is simply a part of attitude. If you have that one quality, you can do almost everything else wrong, and still come out a winner.

When I first started as a salesman, I made a lot of mistakes. I would come home every night and say, "Art, how could you do something that stupid? How could you mess things up like that?" Then I'd go out the next day and make another mistake, and I'd come home the next night saying the same thing. I made a million dumb mistakes, but something kept me going.

And looking back, I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me from giving up, and kept me holding on until I started to do things right, was the will to win. I learned the importance of a winning attitude from my father, a head coach in Cairo, Georgia. That thin thread of determination turned out to be a lifeline that has helped me across all the tough spots in my life.

The sports arena is one of the best places in the world to learn about attitude. We've all seen the underdog football or baseball team that lacked seasoned talent, was racked by injuries and bad luck and branded as losers rise above all the odds and beat teams three times as talented.

Once in my coaching career, I inherited a weak little football team of underweight, inexperienced kids, who had such a history of losing that they didn't even want to dress out at practice. I knew that I couldn't make them physically perfect and professional in one season. No coach could have. The only thing I could do was to make them see themselves as winners.

We practiced as if there were no tomorrow, and we worked harder than any other team. But, most important, every day I told these kids they were winners. I let them know from day one that I expected them to have a winning season. I stressed not only physical toughness, but mental toughness.

At first, they must have thought I was crazy. But, you know, slowly they began to believe it. Little by little, they began to look at themselves as contenders. When they won their first game, they were sold on themselves, and after that there was no stopping them. They had developed a winning attitude. They hadn't become different people overnight. They still weren't in a class with other teams in the area. But they saw themselves as winners, and that perception changed everything.

That perception is the key to achievement. Writers and researchers who have spent years studying

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successful people conclude that success is made of three parts: one part talent, one part "breaks" (or being at the right place at the right time) and one part "will to win." A common denominator among successful people is their ability to perceive themselves as winners, even at their lowest moments. Why is this so important? Because it's a fact of life that everyone lives up to his own expectations of himself. Winners have in common a "burning desire" to succeed, and that quality provided the motivation that was needed to make that team's goals a reality.

I firmly believe that life will give you whatever you will accept. If you accept being average and ordinary, life will make you average and ordinary. If you accept being poor (either financially or in spirit), life will make you poor; and if you accept being unhappy, life will deliver that, too.

You must expect to win. "Will to win" in action means an attitude of perseverance, even in the face of every adversity, and a determination to succeed, even when the odds are stacked against you. The greatest definition of a winner I've ever seen goes like this: "Most people can stay motivated for two or three months. A few people can stay motivated for two or three years. But a winner will stay motivated for as long as it takes to win."

In business, I encounter people almost every day who have dozens of good reasons that they don't succeed. They usually go something like this: "People like me don't get a chance in today's world." "The odds are stacked against me." "Someone from my background can't compete with people who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths." "I don't have a college education." "I'm held back by my responsibilities."

Excuses don't count. Everyone has the ability to begin where he is right now to turn his life around, to start becoming somebody special. The decision to do it is the starting point. The feeling that you can do it—a winning attitude—will make it work for you.

"It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly."

— Theodore Roosevelt

Someone once said, "Tough times don't last—tough people do." Life gets tough for all of us at one time or another. The many devastating things that can happen—business failure, personal unhappiness, family tragedy—all have the potential to destroy the heart of a person. But tough people can turn these times into determination to move ahead. They can make the most miserable circumstances a challenge to survive and defeat adversity. Nobody ever said it was easy. It's not. But the results of becoming that kind of person will have an effect on every aspect of your life.

Sounds good, you say, but how do I develop this winning attitude?

My theory is this: If you want to be "a winner," you've got to become a dreamer again. Most people in America have stopped dreaming. They grow up with everyone telling them how special they are. They are really "turned on" about life and about becoming somebody that they'll be proud of. Then they're thrown out into the big, real world, and these once motivated, enthusiastic people go into a shell. They begin to develop an attitude that "Life has passed me by. Life has dealt me a bad hand."

To develop a winning attitude you must relearn how to dream. You must become excited, confident and enthusiastic about your life just one more time.

I can think of a particular instance of someone who succeeded in turning a battered outlook on life into a winning attitude. Cindy joined our company as a part-time employee and made good progress; eventually her husband began to work with her in the business. Then, misfortune hit. Her daughter contracted a serious disease. Their house caught fire. Several of her associates quit suddenly, and her business faltered. Both cars were about to be repossessed. The money completely ran out, and things got progressively worse.

The situation came to a head when, suddenly, her husband's mother became ill. On the day she will always view as the worst of her life, she took her husband to his mother's, returned to her house (which was also in the process of being repossessed) and realized there was nothing in the home to eat and no money.

For Cindy, that day was the turning point of her life. It was the day she decided to take control of her life—and to win.

When her husband returned, they counseled together. He took an outside job and she threw herself back into the business. With no money and thousands of dollars worth of

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GIVING THE BOOT TO BACK PROBLEMS

By reversing the force of gravity, it is possible to eliminate not only back problems, but also all the loose change from your pockets. But seriously, folks. . .

by Maynard Good Stoddard

It is well agreed that back problems are a pain. On any given day they account for 8½ million Americans not going to work in the morning. They cost 93 million lost work days to our labor force and $14 billion annually for their treatment. And doctors have been no more successful in finding a cure for some intractable backaches than they have been in snuffing out the elusive common cold. Artificial supports, braces, corsets, girdles, screws, jacks, bone grafts—you name it, all have been tried. But they often come up short of improving one of God's greatest masterpieces—the human spine.

Robert Manatt Martin, a California M.D. specializing in orthopedics, says he spent many a sleepless night defining the problem.

"Our ability to practice unlimited postures—erect, inverted, flexed, extended, horizontal and brachiated," says this former Iowa high-school gymnastics coach with machine-gun fluency, "gives us the means to control the environmental stress of gravity. Yet we choose to spend 16 hours a day erect or flexed, the other 8 hours horizontal. The only ones who spend time in an upside-down position are babies in the last trimester in the womb and kids that hang from jungle gyms.

"During the 16 hours we are erect or sitting," he points out, "we get an hour or two to do what we want—play golf or tennis, swim, bowl, cycle or jog. But even here we are back to a sitting, standing, flexing or horizontal posture. Jogging alone, if we weigh 150 pounds and jog one mile, puts 47 tons of pressure on our knees and 4,700 tons on our back. In the course of 24 hours, there is this relentless downward gravitational pull on the entire body.

"As we grow older," he continues, "it becomes harder for the body to resist the pull. Eventually, the spine and joints compress, circulation is restricted, the skin is pulled." And if anyone doesn't believe it, he has only to look at his neighbor's stooped posture, pot belly, round shoulders, unsightly posterior, flat chest and wrinkles. Unfortunately, the accompanying backache, hemorrhoids, varicose veins and loss of joint play may not be relegated to his neighbor's side of the fence.

To get the hang of the Gravity Guiding System, the writer, who was just hanging around anyway, boots up for a bit of a go at inversion.

So what's the answer? Astonishing as it is, Dr. Martin's theory is yet so simple that, as he tells us, "one had to ponder why the principle had not been appreciated and pursued before." That simple answer: *reverse the downward pull of gravity.*

This could be done as the kids do it, of course, by hanging by the toes from a tree limb or an upstairs window ledge. Fortunately, however, shortly after determining the cause of back trouble, Dr. Martin also came up with a much safer way to put his solution into practice. Not only did he "get the hang of it," but thousands of patients have gone "head over heels" for his discovery.

We refer to his patented Gravity Guiding System, a system that he says gives grown-ups a chance "for a more beautiful form, a healthier body and relief from back pain." It takes little prodding to get this trim, ebullient advertisement of his own product to tell us how it works. (As he says, "I walk on my hands and hang upside down every day. Most 72-year-olds can't even tie their shoes. If they would walk on their hands, they wouldn't have to tie their shoes, would they?")

"You hang from the ceiling. Anybody can do it, no matter how old or how crippled; anybody."

"From the chandelier?"

"No, no, we have equipment. And it works! We have seen thousands of patients with back problems, and except for those with spinal tumors, not one, to my knowledge, has gone on to surgery."

"In how many years?"

"I've been practicing 51 years and doing this extensively for the last 30. But I got it down to a real science in the last 14 years."

Dr. Martin traces his interest in health to his childhood. His brother had polio. His parents searched for years before finding a doctor who

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The Inversion Boots, made of zinc-plated steel with foam lining, have a sturdy lock that not only assures security but helps deter one from changing his mind.

could help him, through exercise therapy, walk again. The two brothers later trained to become professional gymnasts for a vaudeville act.

Remembering the successful therapy, Dr. Martin soon abandoned traditional spine and joint treatments and began correcting back problems through proper exercise and posture. Although he began marketing his Gravity Guiding System in 1960, not until release of Paramount Pictures' *American Gigolo,* in which Richard Gere used special contraptions called Inversion Boots, did the medical world sit up and take notice.

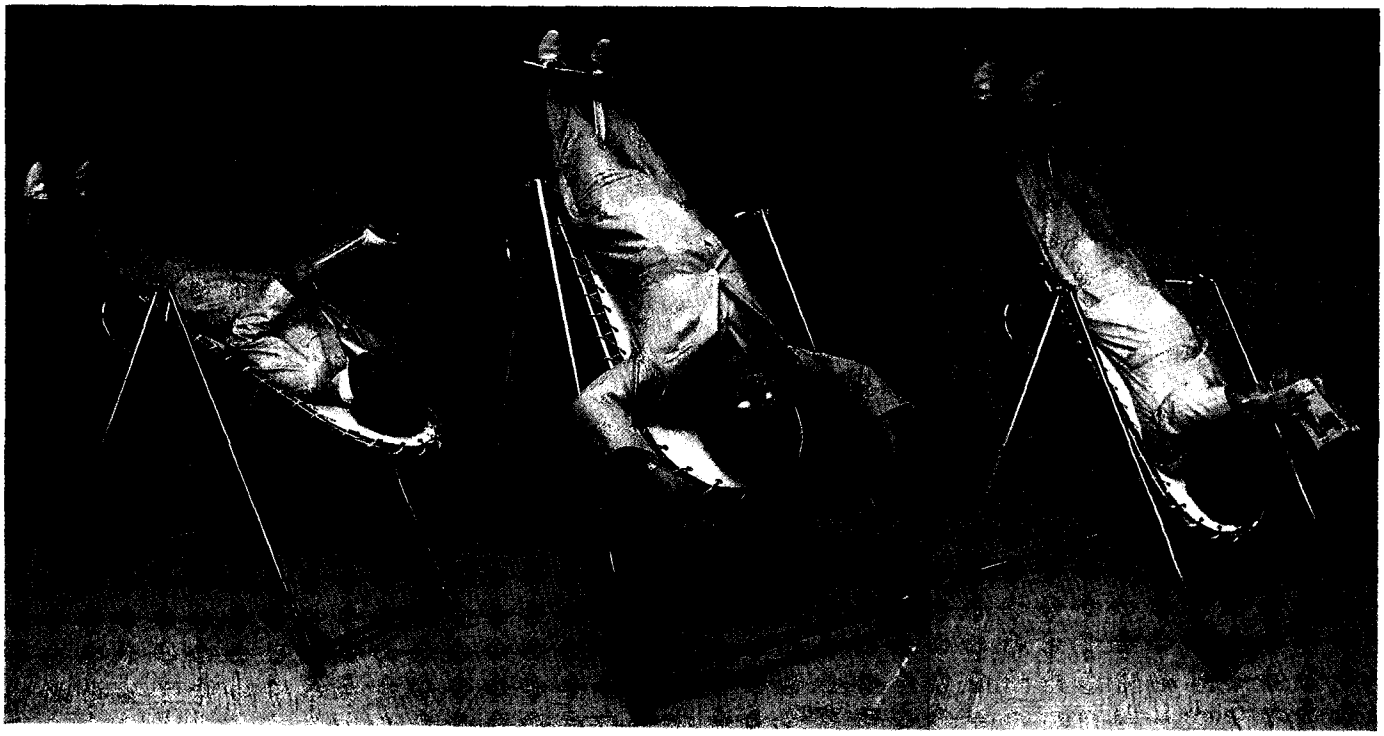
We turn to a book, illustrated with the equipment that Dr. Martin designed to realign the spine and beautify the figure: "inversion therapy," he likes to call it.

The equipment begins with Inversion Boots. Each of these ankle holders weighs three pounds and is constructed of neoprene rubber-lined steel. With these securely locked on your feet, you move beneath the Inversion Bar, which may be installed in a door frame six inches from the top. This you grasp with both hands and draw up your legs until the boots can be hooked onto the bar. Now, freeing your hands, you can hang by your feet, gently swinging back and forth for relaxation and decompression as the gravity and centrifugal force reverse the pressures of the body. You can also do twists, sit-ups, squats, arches, chin-ups and brachiation. Adding Dr. Martin's Toggle Bar to the Inversion Bar challenges you to increase your strength, flexibility and endurance. (People with high blood pressure should continue to keep their head above their shoulders, not below.)

The Gravity Guider, a more elaborate system, includes a steel frame, a bed and a mechanism that enables the user to turn himself over. Adaptable to any home or office, it can be adjusted for use by adults of nearly any height or weight. To pay off your "postural debt," the Gravity Guider allows you to exercise in six postures. By practicing all six daily, your body is put through a complete workout. To offset the normal erect, horizontal and flexed forward positions, you hang by the hands, hang by the ankles and bend backwards.

"While no exercise program can free you from the possibility of injury from sprains, strains, spasms, breaks, etc.," Dr. Martin says, "the Gravity Guiding System lets you build a postural reserve—an attainable safeguard against physical damage."

While Dr. Martin freely admits that skeptics remain, many doctors and hospitals today are using the Gravity Guiding System equipment. About the harshest criticism of his brainstorms of late has been, "It certainly won't do any harm—unless you fall—and it sure is fun!"



For those inclined to go flat out when it comes to shaping up and overcoming back problems, this is only the beginning, folks, only the beginning. . . .

The Gravity Guiding System allows an opportunity for exercises such as twists, sit-ups, squats, arches and, as demonstrated here, flexing the fingers.

The more intellectual (see above), who go head under heels over exercising the mind as well as the body, can check the manual to see what they're missing.

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THIS SON OF MINE...

He built his life around the boy, and his reward was disappointment.

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

The factory made the best centrifugal pumps in the world, and Merle Waggoner owned it. He'd started it. He'd just been offered $2 million for it by the General Forge and Foundry Company. He didn't have any stockholders and he didn't owe a dime. He was 51, a widower, and he had one heir—a son. The boy's name was Franklin. The boy was named after Benjamin Franklin.

One Friday afternoon, father and son came out of Merle's office and into the factory. They went down a factory aisle to Rudy Linberg's lathe.

"Rudy," said Merle, "the boy here's home from college for three days, and I thought maybe you and him and your boy and me might go out to the farm and shoot some clay pigeons tomorrow."

Rudy turned his sky-blue eyes to Merle and young Franklin. He was Merle's age, and he had the deep and narrow dignity of a man who had learned his limitations early—who had never tried to go beyond them. His limitations were those of his tools, his flute and his shotgun.

"Might try crows," he said.

Rudy stood at attention, like the good soldier he was. And, like an old soldier, he did it without humility, managed to convey that he was the big winner in life after all. He had been Merle's first employee. He might have been a partner way back then for $2,000. And Rudy'd had the cash. But the enterprise had looked chancy to him. He didn't seem at all sorry now.

"We could set up my owl," said Rudy. He had a stuffed owl to lure crows. He and his son, Karl, had made it.

"Need a rifle to get at the crows out there," said Merle. "They know all about that owl of yours and Karl's. Don't think we could get any closer to 'em than half a mile."

"Might be sport, trying to get at 'em with a scope," said Franklin softly. He was tall and thin in cashmere and gray flannel. He was almost goofy with shyness and guilt. He had just told his father that he wanted to be an actor, that he didn't want the factory. And shock at his own words had come so fast that he'd heard himself adding, out of control, the hideously empty phrase, "Thanks just the same."

His father hadn't reacted at all—yet. The conversation had gone blandly on to the farm, to shooting, to Rudy and his son, Karl, to Rudy and Karl's new station wagon—and now to crows.

"Let's go ask my boy what he's got on tomorrow," said Rudy. It was a formality. Karl always did what his father wanted him to do—did it with profound love.

Rudy, Merle and Franklin went down the aisle to a lathe 30 feet from Rudy's—the lathe of Rudy's boy, Karl. Merle's chin was up. Rudy looked straight ahead. Franklin looked down at the floor.

Karl was a carbon copy of his father. He was such a good mimic of Rudy that his joints seemed to ache a little with age. He seemed sobered by 51 years of life, though he'd lived only 20. He seemed instinctively wary of safety hazards that had been eliminated from the factory by the time he'd learned to walk. Karl stood at attention without humility, just as his father had done.

"Want to go shooting tomorrow?" said Rudy.

"Shoot what?" said Karl.

"Crows. Clay pigeons," said Rudy. "Maybe a woodchuck."

"Don't mind," said Karl. He nodded briefly to Merle and Franklin. "Glad to."

"We could take some steaks and have supper out there," said Merle. "You make the steak sauce, Rudy?"

"Don't mind," said Rudy. He was famous for his steak sauce, and had taught the secret to his son. "Be glad to."

"Got a bottle of 20-year-old bourbon I've been saving for something special," said Merle. "I guess tomorrow'll be special enough." He lit a cigar, and Franklin saw that his father's hand was shaking. "We'll have a ball," he said.

Clumsily, Merle punched Franklin in the kidneys, man to man, trying to make him bubble. He regretted it immediately. He laughed out loud to show it didn't matter—laughed through cigar smoke that stung his eyes. The laugh drove smoke into lung walls. Pleasure fled. On and on the laugh went.

"Look at him, Rudy!" said Merle, lashing the merriment onward. "Foot taller'n his old man, and president of what at Cornell?"

"Interfraternity Council," murmured Franklin, embarrassed. He and Karl avoided looking at each other. Their fathers had taken them hunting together maybe a hundred times. But the boys had hardly spoken to each other, had exchanged little more than humorless nods and head shakes for hits and misses.

"And how many fraternities at Cornell?" said Merle.

"Sixty-two," said Franklin, more softly than before.

"And how many men in a fraternity?" said Merle.

"Forty, maybe," said Franklin. He picked up a sharp, bright, spiral shaving of steel from the floor. "There's a pretty thing," he said. He knew his father's reaction was coming now. He could hear the first warning tremors in his father's voice.

"Say 60 fraternities," said Merle. "Say 40 men in each. . . . Makes twenty-four hundred boys my boy's over, Rudy! When I was his age, I didn't have but six men under me."

"They aren't under me, father," said Franklin. "I just run the meetings of the council and——"

The explosion came. "You run the show!" roared Merle. "You can be as polite about it as you want to, but you still run the show!"

Nobody said anything.

Merle tried to smile, but the smile curdled. He looked as though he were going to burst into tears. In a strange gesture, he took the strap of Rudy's overalls between his thumb and forefinger and he rubbed the faded denim. He looked up into Rudy's sky-blue eyes wonderingly.

"Boy wants to be an actor,

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He was being asked to match his father's passion for the factory with an equal passion for something else.

Rudy," he said. And then he roared again. "That's what he said!" He turned away and ran back into his office.

In the moment before Franklin could make himself move, Rudy spoke to him as though nothing were wrong.

"You got enough shells?" said Rudy.

"What?" said Franklin.

"You got enough shells? You want us to pick up some?" said Rudy.

"No," said Franklin numbly. "We've got plenty of shells. Half a case, last time I checked."

Rudy nodded. He examined the work in Karl's lathe and tapped his own temple. The tapping was a signal that Franklin had seen many time on hunts. It meant that Karl was doing fine.

Rudy touched Karl's elbow lightly. It was the signal for Karl to get back to work. Rudy and Karl each held up a crooked finger and saluted with it. Franklin knew what that meant too. It meant, "Good-by, I love you."

Putting one foot in front of the other, Franklin went looking for his own father. . . .

Merle was sitting at his desk, his head down, when Franklin came in. He held a steel plate about 6 inches square in his left hand. In the middle of the plate was a hole 2 inches square. In his right hand he held a steel cube that fitted the hole exactly.

On the desk top were two black bags of jeweler's velvet—one for the plate and one for the cube. About every ten seconds, Merle put the cube through the hole.

Franklin sat down gingerly on a hard chair by the wall. The office hadn't changed much in all the years he'd known it. It was one more factory room, with naked pipes overhead—the cold ones sweaty, the hot ones dry. Wires snaked from steel box to steel box. The green walls and cream trim were as rough as elephant hide in some places, with coats of alternating paint and grime, paint and grime.

There had never been time to scrape away the layers, and barely enough time, overnight, to slap on new paint. And there had never been time in which to finish the rough shelves that lined the room.

Franklin still saw the room through child's eyes. To him it had been a playroom. He remembered his father's rummaging through the shelves for toys to amuse his boy. The toys were still there: cutaway pumps, salesmen's samples, magnets, a pair of cracked safety glasses that had once saved Rudy Linberg's blue eyes.

And the playthings Franklin remembered best—remembered best because his father would show them to him, but never let him touch—they were what Merle was playing with now.

Merle slipped the cube through

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the square hole once more. "Know what these are?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Franklin. "They're what Rudy Linberg had to make when he was an apprentice in Sweden."

The cube could be slipped through the hole in 24 different ways, without letting the tiniest ray of light pass through with it.

"Unbelievable skill," said Franklin respectfully. "There aren't craftsmen like that coming along any more." He didn't really feel much respect. He was simply saying what he knew his father wanted to hear. The cube and the hole struck him as criminal wastes of time and great bores. "Unbelievable," he said again.

"It's utterly unbelievable, when you realize that Rudy didn't make them," said Merle gravely. "When you realize what generation the man who made them belongs to."

"Oh?" said Franklin. "Who did make them?"

"Rudy's boy, Karl," said Merle. "A member of your generation." He ground out his cigar sadly. "He gave them to me on my last birthday. They were on my desk, boy, waiting for me when I came in—right beside the ones Rudy gave me 31 years before."

Franklin had sent a telegram on that birthday. Presumably, the telegram had been waiting on the desk, too. The telegram had said, "Happy birthday, father."

"I could have cried, boy, when I saw those two plates and those two cubes side by side," said Merle. "Can you understand that?" he asked beseechingly. "Can you understand why I'd feel like crying?"

"Yes, sir," said Franklin.

Merle's eyes widened. "And then I guess I did cry—one tear, maybe two," he said. "Because—you know what I found out, boy?"

"No, sir," said Franklin.

"The cube of Karl's fitted through the hole of Rudy's!" said Merle. "They were interchangeable!"

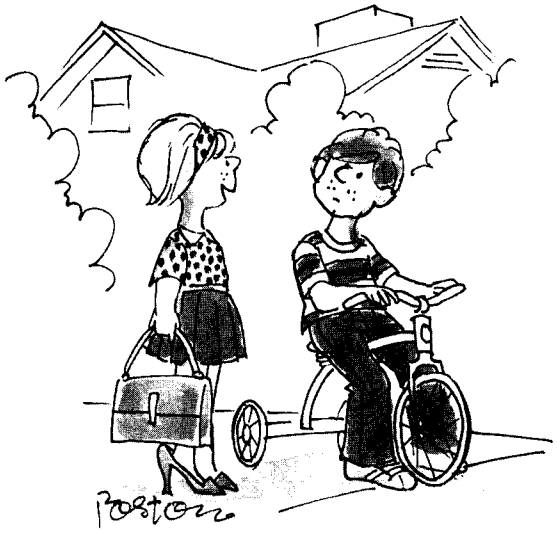
"Gosh!" said Franklin. "I'll be darned. Really?"

And now he felt like crying, because he didn't care, couldn't care—and would have given his right arm to care. The factory whanged and banged and screeched in monstrous irrelevance—Franklin's, all Franklin's if he just said the word.

"What'll you do with it—buy a theater in New York?" said Merle abruptly.

"What'll I do with what, sir?" said Franklin.

"The money I'll get for the factory when I sell it—the money I'll leave to you when I'm dead," said Merle. He hit the word "dead" hard. "What's Waggoner Pump going to be converted into? Waggoner Theaters? Waggoner School of Acting? The Waggoner Home for Broken-down Actors?"



"Let's play house! You be the home buyer and I'll be the sharp realtor with a socko method of alternate financing!"

"I—I hadn't thought about it," said Franklin. The idea of converting Waggoner Pump into something equally complicated hadn't occurred yet to him, and appalled him now. He was being asked to match his father's passion for the factory with an equal passion for something else. And Franklin had no such passion—for the theater or for anything else.

He had nothing but the bittersweet, almost formless longings of youth. Saying he wanted to be an actor gave the longings a semblance of more form than they really had. Saying it was poetry more than anything else.

"I can't help being a little interested," said Merle acidly. "Do you mind?"

"No, sir," said Franklin bleakly.

"When Waggoner Pump becomes just one more division of General Forge and Foundry, and they send out a batch of bright young men to take over and straighten the place out," said Merle, "I'll want something else to think about—whatever it is you're going to do."

Franklin itched all over. "Yes, sir," he said. He looked at his watch and stood. "If we're going shooting tomorrow," he said, "I guess I'd better go see Aunt Margaret this afternoon." Aunt Margaret was Merle's sister.

"You do that," said Merle. "And I'll call up General Forge and Foundry, and tell them we accept their offer." He ran his finger down his calendar pad until he found a name and telephone number. "If we want to sell, I'm to call somebody named Guy Ferguson at something called Extension Five-oh-nine at something called the General Forge and Foundry Company at someplace called Ilium, New York." He licked his lips. "I'll tell him he and his friends can have Waggoner Pump."

"Don't sell on my account," said Franklin wretchedly.

"On whose account would I keep it?" said Merle.

"Do you have to sell it today?" said Franklin, horrified.

"Strike while the iron's hot, I always say," said Merle. "Today's the day you decided to be an actor, and, as luck would have it, we have an excellent offer for what I did with my life."

"Couldn't we wait?"

"For what?" said Merle. He was having a good time now.

"Father!" cried Franklin. "For the love of heaven, father, please!" He hung his head and shook it. "I don't know what I'm doing," he said brokenly. "I don't know for sure what I want to do yet. I'm just playing with ideas, trying to find myself.

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

KUD

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Thailand ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land ☐ Dominican Republic

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

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Registered: U.S.A.I.D. Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Charter Member: Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability. Our annual financial report is readily available upon request. Please make your check payable to Mission International. Your sponsorship gifts are tax deductible.

Holy Land Christian
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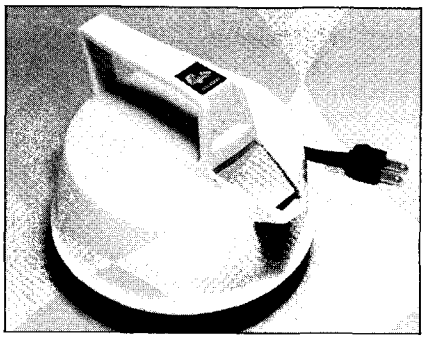
HOLST, Inc. Dept. SPE-1083 1118 W. Lake Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

Post Sampler

Electric mini kettle

This energy-saving kettle will boil a full quart of water, or just one cup.



Convenient, economical and safe. Has automatic control, shuts off if kettle boils dry. Almond finished, UL approved. $19.97 plus $2.85 pp. Holst, Inc., Dept SPK-1083, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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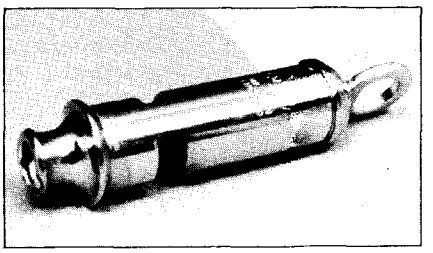
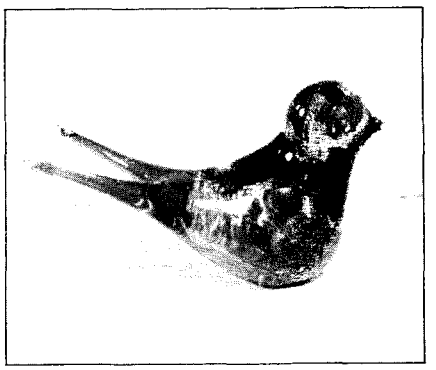


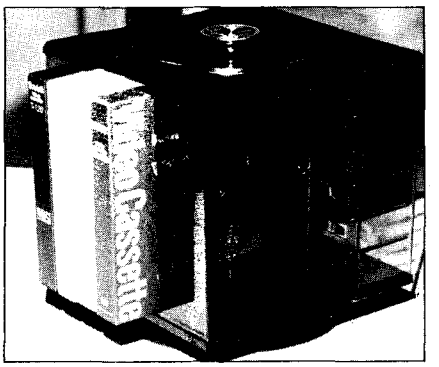
Ward off rapists and muggers. Bobby whistle direct from England! Only $5.98. Measures 3¼" long. Wilkinson Gifts, Bobby Whistle No. 072, 273 A Miller Road, P.O. Box 37, E. Greenbush, NY 12061-0032.

Midnight blue swallow, Sweden



Styled in beautiful cobalt blue glass. A treasured addition to decorating schemes. 4" long. $6.95 or two for $10.90. Add $1.95 p&h for one; $2.95 for two or more. Shopping International, Dept. AFU3A, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713.

New revolving video-cassette rack



Holds 24 Betamax, 20 VHS cassettes or Atari cart. Unit is 9" high 8" square. Was $13. Special introductory offer $8.95 + $2 p&h. Add 5% sales tax in KY. Send check, money order, Visa or Mastercard. R.J. Gifts, 2846 Campus Dr., Crestview Hills, KY 41017.

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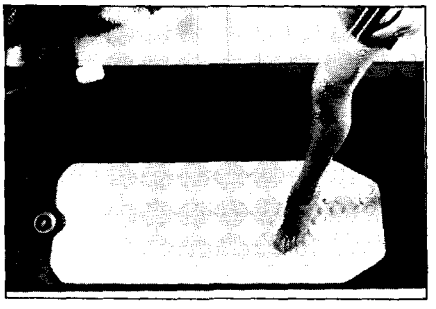
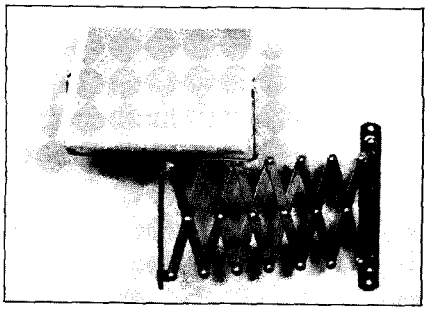
Vinyl nonslip bath mat



Extra large, 15¾″ by 40¾″ safety mat lines bottom of standard tub. Gives total protection whether you sit or stand. Mat rejects dirt, remains clean and hygenic. Machine washable. Available in white, pale, yellow, blue or pink. $12, add 50¢ p&h. Better Sleep Inc., Dept. NT-10, New Providence, NJ 07974.

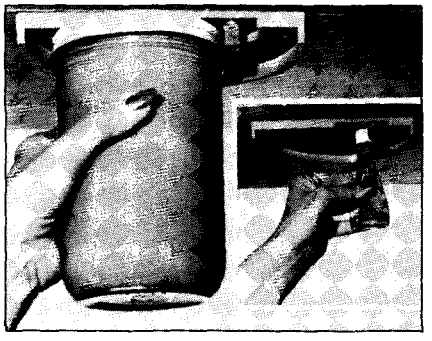
The extension mirror

Comes close to you! Great for make-up, shaving. Gives a back view of your hair with hands free. Two-sided



mirror swivels. Extends 30″ from wall on seven extension arms. 6½″x 8″ mirror. Folds flat, chrome-plated steel. $19.95 plus $2.85 pp. Holst, Inc., Dept SP-1083, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Un-Skru opens lids easily



Slip your jar into the Un-Skru until it wedges; then turn the jar. . .one-hand operation for lids ranging in size from ½″ to 5″ wide. Made of plastic with a steel "gripper." $7.50 plus 85¢ postage; 2/$14.50 plus $1 postage. Order from Holst, Inc., Box 370, Dept. SP-1083, 1118 West Lake, Tawas City, MI 48763.

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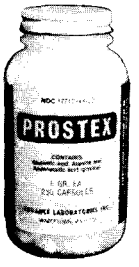

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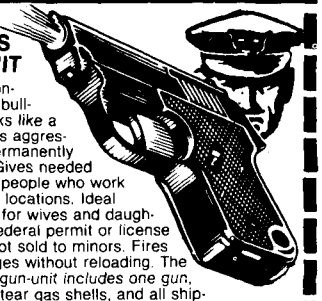

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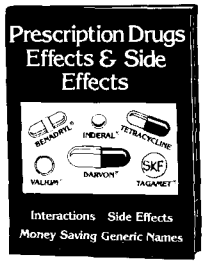

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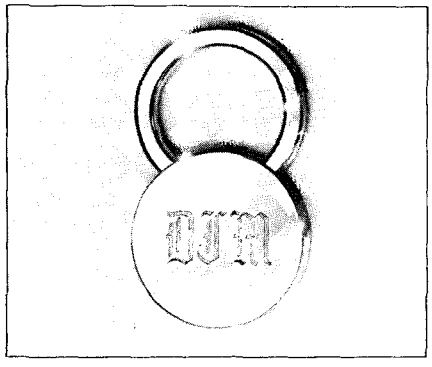

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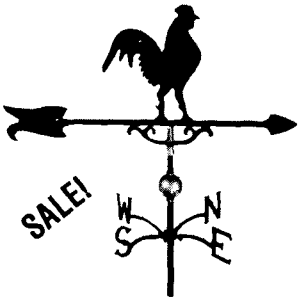

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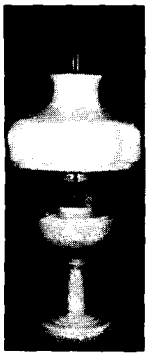

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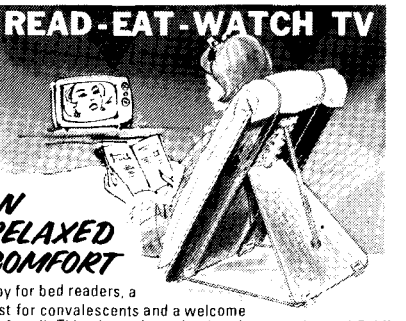

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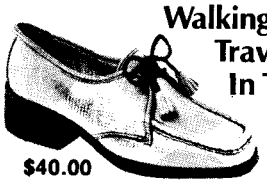

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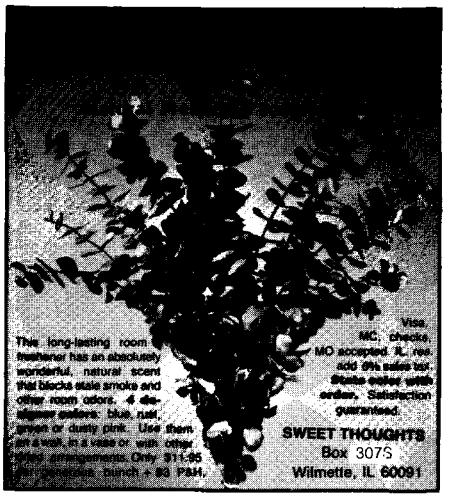

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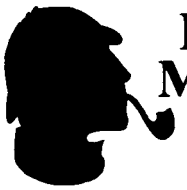

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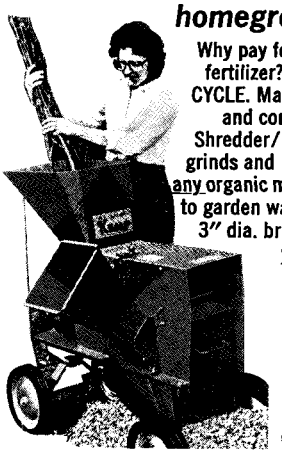

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The problem with most methods of exercise is that they can hurt you if done incorrectly. Also, most exercise is tedious, boring and it takes too much time. Countless thousands of people who feel out of shape start exercise programs but very few ever **stay** with them. Either injury or sheer boredom causes them to quit.

How many times have you resolved to begin running? How many unused and discarded jump ropes, jogging shoes, dumbells and physical fitness books are collecting dust around your house?

How much time and money have you invested in getting in shape? Chances are, if you have spent very little or very much time and money on improving your body the results have been the same. You have shown little or no improvement.

You are tired, flabby, stiff and prone to aches and pains. You don't sleep as well as you used to. You find yourself short of breath just climbing a flight of stairs. You don't like to be seen in a swim suit. You don't like the way your skin looks and you don't feel strong or sexy.

You Don't Need Exercise — You Need Stimulation

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But here's a secret that people with strong healthy bodies have known for a long time. **You have to learn to listen to your body.**

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Vonnegut

continued from page 76

Please father, don't sell what you've done with your life; don't just throw it away because I'm not sure I want to do that with my life too! Please!" Franklin looked up. "I'm not Karl Linberg," he said. "I can't help it. I'm sorry, but I'm not Karl Linberg."

Shame clouded his father's face, then passed away. "I—I wasn't making any odious comparisons there," said Merle. He'd said exactly the same thing many times before then. Franklin had forced him to it, just as he had forced him now, by apologizing for not being Karl Linberg.

"I wouldn't want you to be like Karl," said Merle. "I'm glad you're the way you are. I'm glad you've got big dreams of your own." He smiled gamely. "Give 'em hell, boy—and be yourself! That's all I've ever told you to do with your life, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Franklin. His last shred of faith in any dreams of his own had been twitched away. He could never dream $2 million worth, could never dream anything worth the death of his father's dreams. Actor, newspaperman, social worker, sea captain—he was in no condition to give anyone hell.

"I'd better get out to Aunt Margaret's," said Franklin.

"You do that," said Merle. "And I'll hold off telling Ferguson or whatever-his-name-is anything until Monday." He seemed at peace.

On his way through the factory parking lot to his car, Franklin passed Rudy and Karl's new station wagon. His father had raved about it, and now Franklin took a good look at it—just as he took good looks at all the things his father loved.

The station wagon was German, bright blue, with white-sidewall tires, with its engine in the rear. It looked like a little bus, with no hood in front, with a high, flat roof, with sliding doors and rows of square windows in the sides.

The interior was a masterpiece of Rudy and Karl's orderliness and cabinetwork, of lockers and niches and racks. There was a place for everything, and everything was in its place—guns, fishing tackle, cooking utensils; a stove, and an ice chest, blankets, sleeping bags, lanterns, a first-aid kit. There were even two niches, side by side, in which were strapped the cases of Karl's clarinet and Rudy's flute.

Looking inside, admiring, Franklin had a curious association of thoughts. His thoughts of the station wagon were mixed with thoughts of a great sailing ship that had recently been dug up in Egypt after thousands of years. The ship had been fitted out with every necessity for a trip to Paradise—every necessity save for the means of getting there.

"The sack attached to your son's jacket contains eight marbles and a shredded frog."

"Mistuh Waggonuh, suh!" said a voice, and an engine raced.

Franklin turned to see that the parking-lot guard had seen him coming, had now brought his car to him. Franklin had been spared the necessity of walking the last 50 feet to get to his car.

The guard got out and saluted smartly. "This thing really go 125, like it says on the speedometer, suh?" he said.

"Never tried," said Franklin, getting in. His car was a sport car, windy and skittish, with room for two. Franklin had bought it second hand, against his father's wish. His father had never ridden in it.

It was fitted out for its trip to Paradise with three lipstick-stained cleansing tissues, a beer-can opener, a full ash tray and a road map of Illinois.

Franklin was embarrassed to see that the guard was cleaning the windshield with his handkerchief. "That's all right—that's all right," he said. "Forget it." He thought he remembered the guard's name, but he wasn't sure. He took a chance on it. "Thanks for everything, Harry," he said.

"George, suh!" said the guard. "George Miramar Jackson, suh!"

"Of course," said Franklin. "Sorry, George, Forgot."

George Miramar Jackson smiled brilliantly. "No offense, Mistuh Waggonuh, suh! Just remember next time—George Miramar Jackson, suh!" In George's eyes there blazed the dream of a future time, when Franklin would be boss, when a big new job would open up indoors. In that dream, Franklin would say to his secretary, "Miss So-and-So? Send for——"And out would roll the magical, magnificent, unforgettable name.

Franklin drove out of the parking lot with no dreams to match even those of George Miramar Jackson's.

Feeling no pain after two stiff cocktails and a whirlwind of mothering at Aunt Margaret's, Franklin told his father at supper that he wanted to take over the factory in due time. He would become the Waggoner in Waggoner Pump when his father was ready to bow out.

Painlessly, Franklin moved his father as profoundly as Karl Linberg had with a steel plate, a steel cube and heaven-knows-how-many years of patient "screescraw" with a file.

"You're the only one—do you know that?" said Merle chokingly. "The only one—I swear!"

"The only one what, sir?" said Franklin.

"The only son who's sticking with the company his father or his grandfather or sometimes even his great-

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grandfather built." Merle shook his head mournfully. "No Hudson in Hudson Saw," he said. "I don't think you can even cut cheese with a Hudson saw these days. No Flemming in Flemming Tool and Die. No Warner in Warner Steel. No Hawks, no Hinkley, no Bowman, in Hawks, Hinkley and Bowman."

Merle waved his hand westward. "You wonder who all the people are with the big new houses on the west side? Who can have a house like that, and we never meet them—never even meet anybody who knows them? They're the ones who are taking over instead of the sons. The town's for sale, and they buy. It's their town now—people named Ferguson from places called Ilium.

"What is it about the sons?" said Merle. "They're your friends, boy. You grew up with them. You know them better than their fathers. What is it? All the wars? Drinking?"

"I don't know, father," said Franklin, taking the easiest way out. He folded his napkin with a neat finality. He stood. "There's a dance out at the club tonight," he said. "I thought I'd go."

"You do that," said Merle very warmly.

But Franklin didn't do it. He got as far as the country club's parking lot, but he didn't go in.

Suddenly he didn't want to see his friends—the killers of their fathers' dreams. Their young faces were the faces of old men hanging upside down, their expressions grotesque and unintelligible. Hanging upside down, they swung from bar to ballroom to crap game, and back to bar again. No one pitied them in that great human belfry, because they were all going to be so rich, if they weren't already. They didn't have to dream at all, or even lift a finger.

Franklin went to a movie alone. The movie failed to suggest a way in which he might improve his life. It suggested that he be kind and loving and humble, and Franklin was nothing if he wasn't kind and loving and humble.

The colors of the farm the next day were the colors of straw and frost. The frozen land was Merle's, and it was flat as a billiard table. The jackets and caps of Merle and Franklin, of Rudy and Karl, made a tiny cluster of bright colors in a field.

Franklin knelt in the stubble, cocking the trap that would send a clay pigeon skimming over the field. "Ready," he said.

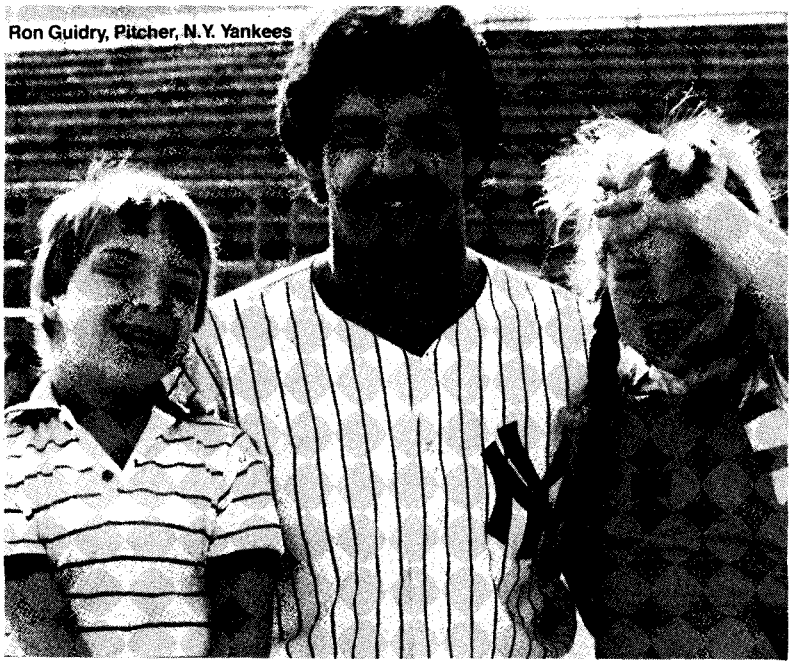
Merle threw his gun to his shoulder, squinted down the barrel, grimaced and lowered the gun once more. "Pull!" he said.

Franklin jerked the lanyard of the trap. Out flew the clay pigeon.

Merle fired one barrel and then, with the pigeon out of range, clownishly, he fired the other. He'd missed. He'd been missing all afternoon. He didn't seem to mind much. He was, after all, still the boss.

"Behind it," said Merle. "I'm trying too hard. I'm not leading." He broke open his gun and the empty shells popped out. "Next?" he said. "Karl?"

Franklin loaded another clay pigeon into the trap. It was a very dead pigeon. So would the next one be. Karl hadn't missed all afternoon, and after Karl came Rudy, who hadn't missed, either.


Ron Guidry, Pitcher, N.Y. Yankees

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Surprisingly, neither had Franklin missed. Not caring, Franklin had come to be at one with the universe. With brainless harmony like that, he'd found that he couldn't miss.

If Merle's shots hadn't been going wild, the only words spoken might have been a steady rhythm of "ready. . .pull. . .ready. . .pull." Nothing had been said about the murder of Franklin's small dream—the dream of being an actor. Merle had made no triumphant announcement about the boy's definitely taking over the factory someday.

In the small world of a man hunched over, Franklin cocked the trap and had a nightmarish feeling that they had been shooting clay pigeons for years, that that was all there was to life, that only death could end it.

His feet were frozen.

"Ready," said Franklin.

"Pull!" said Karl.

Out went the clay pigeon. "Bang" went the gun, and the bird was dust.

Rudy tapped his temple, then saluted Karl with a crooked finger. Karl returned the salute. That had been going on all afternoon too—without a trace of a smile. Karl stepped back and Rudy stepped up, the next cog in the utterly humorless, clay-pigeon-destroying machine.

It was now Karl's turn to work the trap. And, as he and Franklin changed places, Franklin suddenly hit him on the arm and gave him a brilliantly cynical smile. Franklin put everything into that blow and the smile—fathers and sons, young dreams and old dreams, bosses and employees, cold feet, boredom and gunpowder.

It was a crazy thing for Franklin to do. It was the most intimate thing that had ever passed between him and Karl. It was a desperate thing to do. Franklin suddenly had to know if there was a human being inside Karl, and, if so, he had to know what the being was like.

Karl showed a little of himself—not much. He showed he could blush. And, for a split second, he showed that there was something he'd like to explain to Franklin.

But all that vanished fast. He didn't smile back. "Ready," he said.

"Pull!" said Rudy.

Out went the clay pigeon. "Bang" went the gun, and the bird was dust.

"We're going to have to find something harder for you guys and easier for me," said Merle. "I can't complain about the gun, because the stupid thing cost me $600. What I need is a $6 gun I can hold responsible for everything."

"Sun's going down. Light's getting bad," said Rudy.

"Guess we better knock off," said Merle. "There's no question about who the old folks' champion is, Rudy. But the boys are neck and neck. Ought to have some kind of shoot-off. What do you think we should have them do?"

"It's okay, Mommy had to go, too!"

"They could try the rifle," said Rudy. The rifle leaned against the fence, ready for crows. It had a telescope. It was Merle's.

Merle brought an empty cigarette pack from his pocket and stripped off the tinfoil. He handed the foil to Karl. "You two boys hang this up about 200 yards from here."

Franklin and Karl trudged along the fence line, trudged off 200 yards. They were used to being sent on errands one of them could have handled alone—were used to representing, ceremonially, their generation as opposed to their fathers'.

Neither said anything until the tinfoil was tacked to a fence post. And then, as they stepped back from the target, Karl said something so shyly that Franklin missed it.

"Beg your pardon?" said Franklin.

"I'm—I'm glad you're not gonna take over the factory," said Karl. "That's good—that's great. Maybe, when you come through town with a show, I'll come backstage and see you. That all right? You'll remember me?"

"Remember you?" said Franklin. "Good gosh, Karl!" For a moment he felt like the actor he'd dreamed briefly of being.

"Get out from under your old man," said Karl, "that's the thing to do. I just wanted to tell you—in case you thought I was thinking something else."

"Thanks, Karl," said Franklin. He shook his head weakly. "But I'm not going to be an actor. I'm going to take over when father retires. I told him last night."

"Why?" said Karl. "Why?" He was angry.

"It makes the old man happy, and I don't have any better ideas," said Franklin.

"You can do it," Karl said. "You can go away. You can be anything you want!"

Franklin put his hands together; then opened them back up to form a flower of fatalism. "So can anybody."

Karl's eyes grew huge. "I can't," he said. "I can't! Your father doesn't just have you. He's got his big success." He turned away, so Franklin couldn't see his face when he said it. "All my old man's got is me."

"Oh, now, listen," said Franklin. "Hey, now!"

Karl faced him passionately. "I'm what he'd rather have than the half of Waggoner Pump he could have had for $2,000!" he said. "Every day of my life he's told me so. Every day!"

"Well, my gosh, Karl," said Franklin helplessly, "it is a beautiful relationship you've got with your father."

continued on page 98

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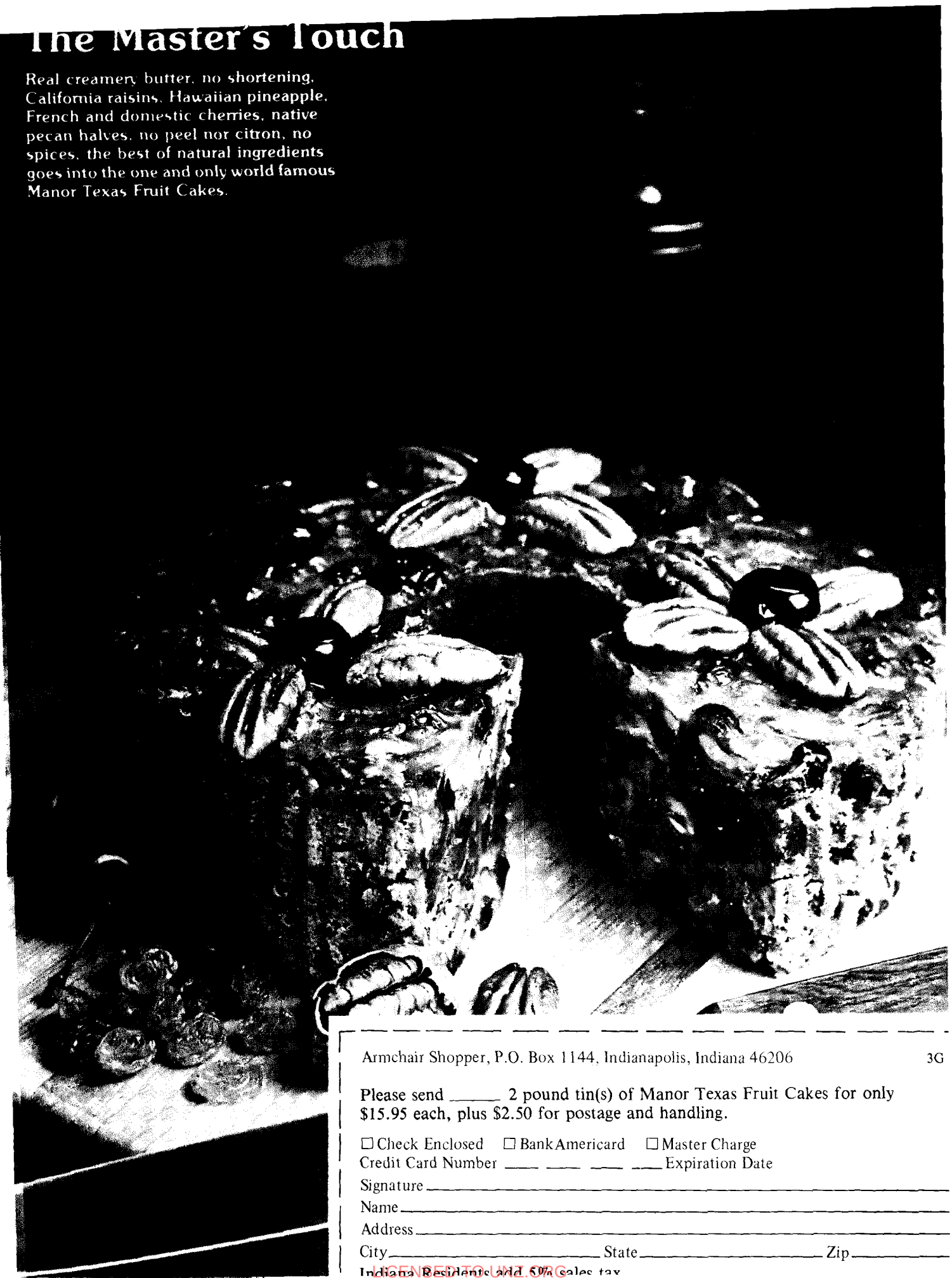

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FOOD

FOODS FOR FIGHTING HERPES

Those afflicted with diseases caused by herpes virus can ward off painful attacks by eating foods known to be high in lysine, low in arginine.

By choosing foods carefully, those who suffer from diseases caused by herpes virus, both the sexually transmitted kind and the nonsexual kind responsible for shingles and cold sores, can fight their affliction using lysine.

There is much evidence supporting the claim that this amino acid can aid in reducing not only the pain, but the rate of occurrence of herpes attacks for some sufferers. Lysine is abundant in a variety of foods such as fish, chicken, lamb and milk, the most common. These foods are also low in arginine, another amino acid which, if ingested in large amounts, can cause a deficiency in the herpes victim's lysine level.

Foods which harbor arginine in abundance include filberts, brazil nuts, peanuts, walnuts, almonds, cocoa and peanut butter. Ideally, the herpes sufferer should avoid these nutty enemies. A more appropriate snack, we have found, is popcorn laced with brewers' yeast, which is high in lysine.

The chart on the last page of this article provides general guidelines for the lysine and arginine content of some foods. Fish, for example, is high in lysine. Even if you aren't a fish enthusiast, you should try the E-Z Health dish (below), which adds the unique flavor and texture of barley and brown rice to a tuna casserole.

Following is a collection of tested recipes which are not only high in lysine content, but high on our list of favorite dishes as well.

Curd Cake

(Makes 8 servings)

1½ rennet tablets, household strength
1½ tablespoons cold water
5 quarts milk
¼ cup whole-wheat flour
5 egg whites, beaten
1½ tablespoons honey
1 cup yogurt
1¼ teaspoons almond extract

Dissolve the rennet tablets in the cold water. Mix a little of the milk into the flour until smooth, then add this to the remaining milk, stirring thoroughly. Heat the milk slowly in a large kettle, stirring from time to time, until its temperature is 98° F. for cows' milk, 85° F. for goats' milk. Add the rennet to the milk and stir a few seconds. Let it set 15 to 20 minutes, or until curd starts to form. Pour into a colander lined with a double layer of damp cheesecloth and allow it to drain several hours. At the end of this time press out as much whey as you can by hand. Turn the curd into a mixing bowl and add the egg whites, honey, yogurt and almond extract and stir until thoroughly blended. Preheat the oven to 250° F. Grease a 3-quart casserole, pour in the cake batter and bake 1¼ hours in the slow oven or until the cake is set firm and has a light brown top. Cool to room temperature before serving.

Salmon Mousse

(Makes 6 servings)

7 ounces salmon
*1 bar Agar Agar**
1 cup boiling chicken broth
1 cup cold chicken broth
1½ tablespoons lemon juice

Add Agar Agar to cold chicken broth and stir until the bar is softened. Add to boiling broth. Boil for 15 minutes. Add lemon juice. Chill mousse in cold, wet mold until almost firm. Add salmon and mix. Chill until firm. Garnish with mayonnaise, parsley and paprika.

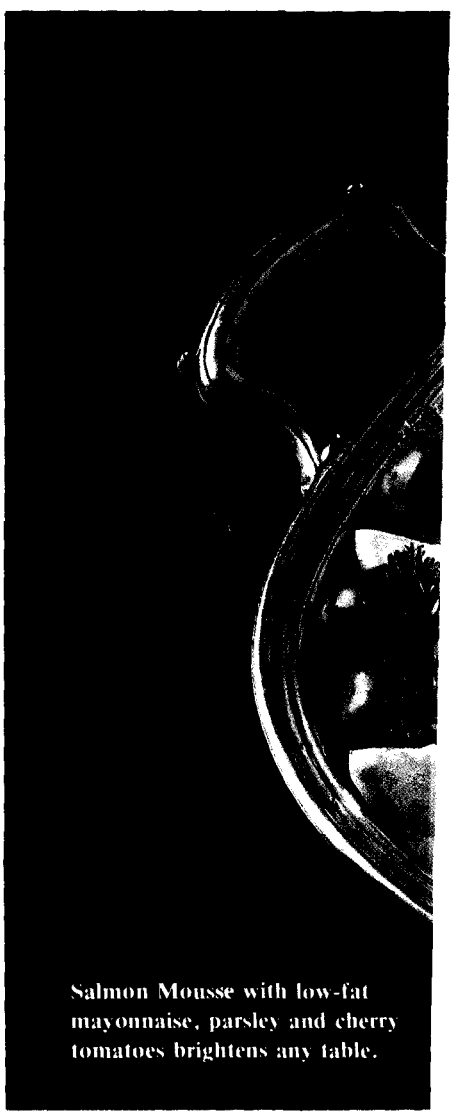
* Since gelatin is high in arginine, Agar Agar, a sea food, is substituted. If your grocer doesn't stock it, order from Eden Foods, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

E-Z Health Tuna

(Makes 4 servings)

1 or 2 6.5 ounce cans tuna
1 cup brown rice, cooked
½ cup barley, cooked
½ cup celery stalks, finely cut
1 tablespoon Brewer's yeast
1¾ cups chicken soup
½ cup milk
Wheat germ, to top

Mix all ingredients except milk.



Salmon Mousse with low-fat mayonnaise, parsley and cherry tomatoes brightens any table.

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Pour the mixture into a casserole dish and add the milk. Top with the wheat germ and bake at 300° F. for 30 minutes.

Marine Medley
(Makes 6 servings)

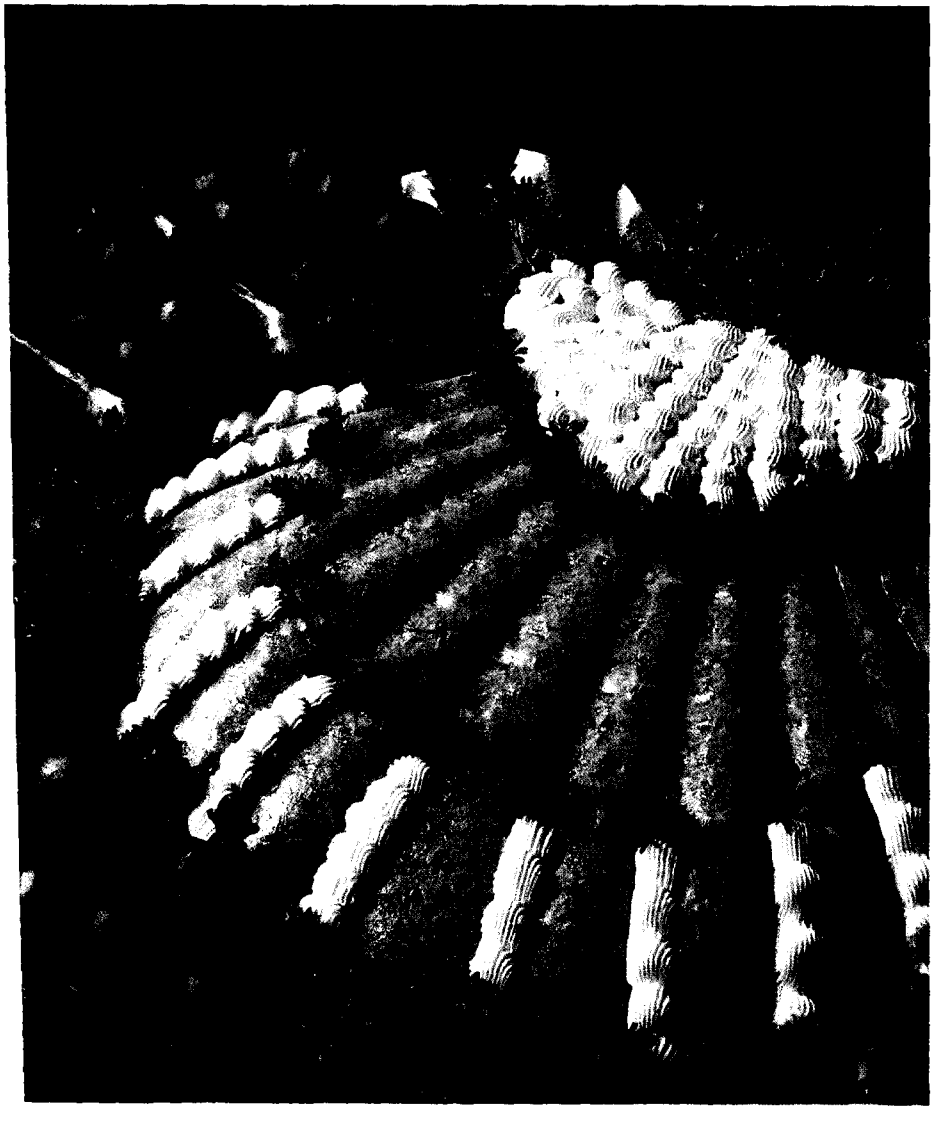
½ cup celery, with tops
2 garlic cloves, minced
Safflower oil
4 cups water
2 onions, minced
2 potatoes with skin, diced
2 carrots, diced
2 cans tomatoes
¼ cup fresh parsley, minced
1 tablespoon dill
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup long-grain rice (brown)
1 pound halibut, flounder, cod or whiting (cut in one-inch pieces)

Sauté first two ingredients. Add remaining ingredients (except fish) and cook 20 minutes. Add fish and cook 15 minutes. Instead of traditional white sauce thickening, use rice, barley, rolled oats or whole-grain noodles.

Lamb Stroganoff
(Makes 4 servings)

1 garlic clove, minced
½ cup green onions, chopped
1 cup mushrooms, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons tomato paste, blended in ¼ cup water
½ teaspoon dried tarragon
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
1½ cups yogurt
⅛ cup parsley, chopped
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 pint cherry tomatoes, halved
Spinach noodles

In a large skillet, heat oil. Sear the lamb slices with the fresh garlic. Place on a warm serving platter. Add the green onions and mushrooms to the skillet and sauté. Mix in tomato paste, water and spices. Blend thoroughly. Remove pan from heat. Stir in yogurt. Spoon the sauce over the lamb, garnish with fresh parsley and thyme. Serve with warm spinach noodles and cherry tomatoes.



Stuffed Baked Flounder
(Makes 6 servings)

½ stick margarine, unsalted
½ cup celery, chopped
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
⅓ or more cup fresh parsley, chopped
⅛ teaspoon black pepper
1 cup wheat-bread crumbs, unsalted
2½-3 pounds fresh flounder, cut as directed
Optional:
¾ teaspoon Herb Blend Seasoning, a blend of 40 spices available at health food stores

Melt margarine, mix remaining ingredients and combine. Stuff fish lightly. If stuffing is left over, bake in separate dish. Bake in large, uncovered pan on high. (Put a piece of raw, peeled potato under tail to prevent burning.) Baste with ½ cup hot water and 2 tablespoons unsalted oleo 3 or 4 times during baking. Bake at 400° F. for 30 to 45 minutes depending on thickness of fish. Test for doneness when fish flakes as fork is inserted and twisted.

Mung Bean and Zucchini Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

1 tablespoon corn oil
2 medium-sized onions, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
⅝ cup water
5 zucchini
2 stalks celery, sliced
3 medium-sized tomatoes, chopped
1 tablespoon oregano
3½ cups cooked mung beans (1½ cups dry weight)
3 tablespoons fresh parsley, chopped
2 tablespoons chives, chopped

Heat the oil in a nonstick pan and cook the onion and garlic gently for 10 minutes. Add the vinegar, lemon juice and water and simmer for 5 minutes. Wash and trim the ends and cut zucchini into ¾-inch slices. Add the zucchini, celery, tomato and oregano; cover and simmer for 15 to 20 minutes until the vegetables are just tender. Stir in the beans, cool, transfer to a shallow serving dish, sprinkle with the parsley and chives and serve.

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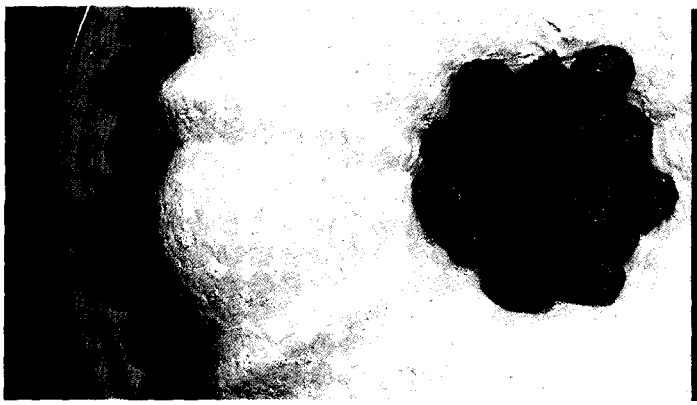
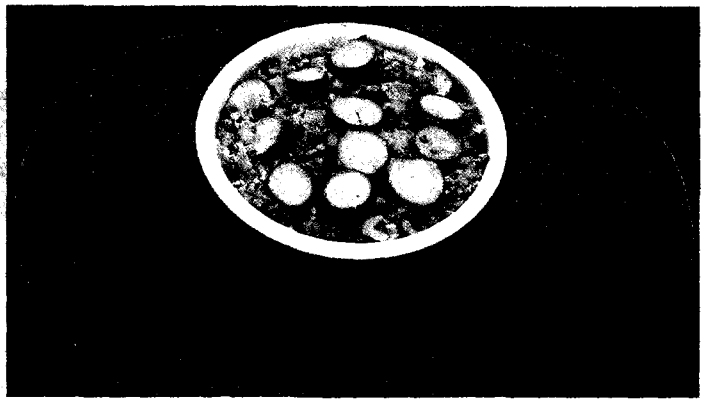


Tasty Swedish curd cake combines the texture and flavor of curds with the high fiber of raspberries. Yogurt, milk and egg whites provide the lysine (recipe on p. 90).



The spiciness of India and the zestiness of Italy are tastily combined in Zuchini Mung Bean Salad. Mung beans are the highest in lysine of all legumes (recipe on p. 91).

DIET FOR HERPES CONTROL

High-Lysine Foods (Foods to Eat)

mg. excess lysine	food	portion
+930	fresh fish	4 oz
+880	shark	4 oz
+810	canned fish	4 oz
+740	chicken	4 oz
+720	beef	4 oz
+520	goat's milk	1 cu
+420	cow's milk	1 cu
+420	lamb	4 oz
+410	mung beans, cooked	½ cu
+380	pork	4 oz
+280	cheese, all types	1 oz
+270	beans, cooked	½ cu
+240	lima beans	½ cu
+220	cottage cheese, dry	½ cu
+210	mung bean sprouts	½ cu
+190	yeast, brewer's	1 tb
+170	crustaceans	4 oz
+130	soybeans, cooked	½ cu
+120	egg	1
+100	human milk	1 cu

These foods contain more lysine than arginine. For example, a 4 oz. serving of fish contains 930 mg. of excess lysine. This is about equal to two 500 mg. L-lysine tablets. (Used by permission © 1981 Crittenden-North Concepts)

High-Arginine Foods (Foods to Avoid)

portion	food	mg. lysine deficiency
½ cu	hazel nuts	-2250
½ cu	brazil nuts	-2110
½ cu	peanuts	-2060
½ cu	walnuts	-810
½ cu	almonds	-710
½ cu	cocoa powder	-650
2 tb	peanut butter	-510
½ cu	sesame seeds	-450
½ cu	cashews	-420
½ cu	carob powder	-310
½ cu	coconut	-290
½ cu	pistachio nuts	-240
½ cu	buckwheat flour	-230
½ cu	chickpeas (garbanzos)	-210
½ cu	brown rice	-190
½ cu	pecans	-180
4 sl	whole wheat bread	-160
½ cu	oatmeal, cooked	-130
½ cu	raisins	-130
½ cu	sunflower seeds	-120

These foods contain more arginine than lysine, so there is a deficiency in lysine. For example, if you eat ½ cup of peanuts, you need to balance this with four 500 mg. tablets of L-lysine, or by eating 2,000 mg. of high-lysine foods. (Not included on the chart, but to be avoided for herpes control, are gelatin foods.)

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CHARLESTON, S. C.: THE SOUTH'S "LITTLE LONDON"

Neither hurricane, nor earthquake, nor outright warfare has stayed this city from its appointed task as one of our most charming spots.

by C. J. Burkhart

Noted journalist William Allen White once wrote that Charleston, South Carolina, was "the most civilized town in the world." Civilization did not come easily, but Charleston has withstood a deluge of natural and man-made calamities and has emerged as a vibrant, progressive and handsome showcase.

More than three centuries ago, King Charles II of England, acknowledging the allegiance of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, and seven colleagues, appointed them Carolina Territory's Lords Proprietors. In 1667 they commissioned William Sayle to survey and colonize the territory. He decided, upon a Kiawah Indian chief's advice, to establish a colony on the west bank of the Ashley River. Originally it was called Albemarle Point, but the name was quickly changed into Charles Towne, to honor King Charles II.

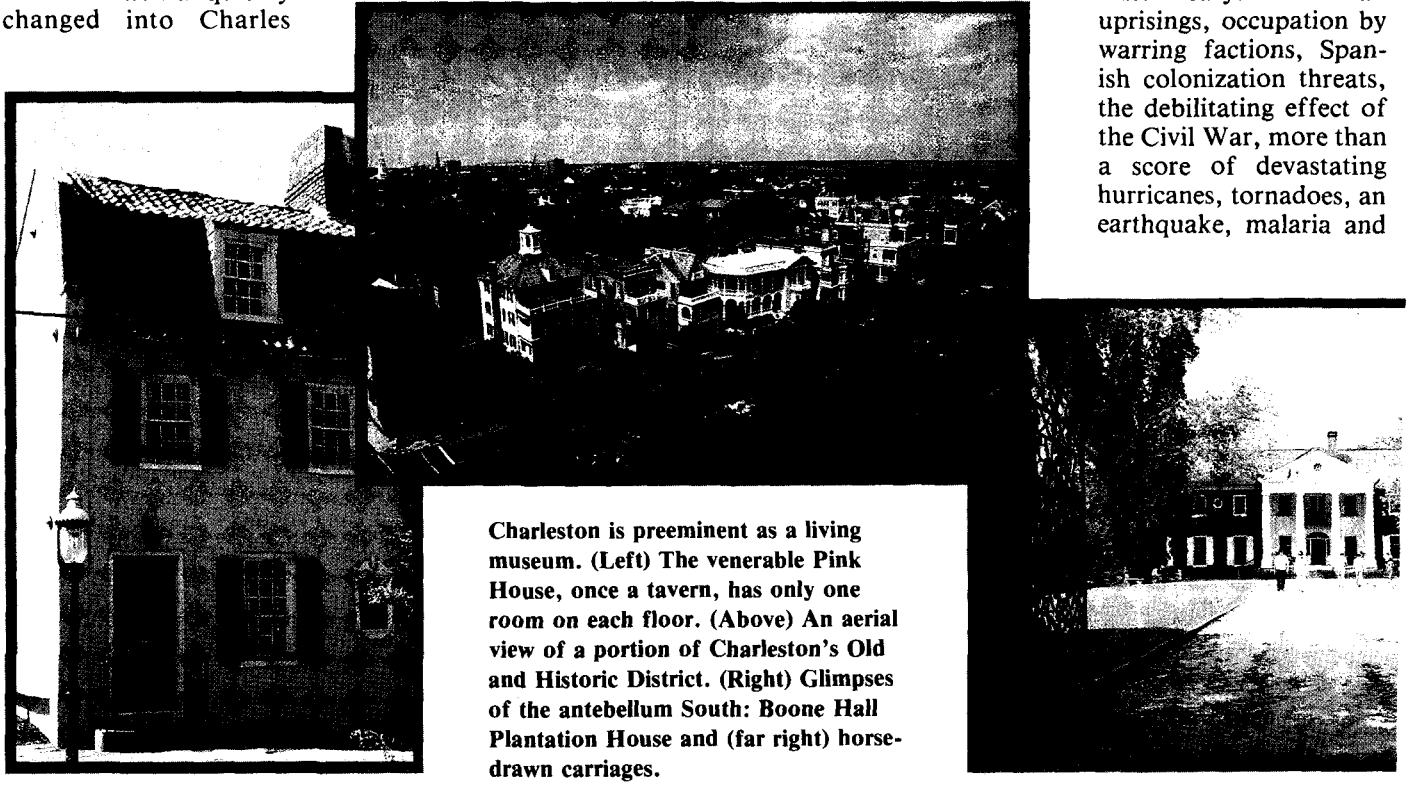
Within eight years the settlers concluded that the original site possessed too many disadvantages, so they moved their town to its present location on Oyster Point, a curling peninsula sandwiched between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers.

Careful planning prior to the move and subsequent adherence to the design provided the basis for Charleston's classical appearance. The prototype "Grand Modell" advocated 335 lots and two Great Streets, now named Meeting and Broad, to intersect at the market square.

By 1773 Charleston's population had reached 12,000, and writers characterized it as the "most eminent and by far the richest city in the Southern District of North America." Farsightedness was evident even during Charleston's formative years, when the city elders established the first chamber of commerce and the first city museum in America. This action came three years before the provincial congress created the district's first independent government, with John Rutledge as its President.

Due to excellent port facilities, Charleston's economy flourished. Charleston quickly assumed the role as the Southeast's most important and cosmopolitan city. The same ships that carried these products to Europe returned laden with luxuries that ultimately produced the city's "Little London" atmosphere.

Maintaining its opulence through a succession of disasters wasn't easy. But Indian uprisings, occupation by warring factions, Spanish colonization threats, the debilitating effect of the Civil War, more than a score of devastating hurricanes, tornadoes, an earthquake, malaria and



Charleston is preeminent as a living museum. (Left) The venerable Pink House, once a tavern, has only one room on each floor. (Above) An aerial view of a portion of Charleston's Old and Historic District. (Right) Glimpses of the antebellum South: Boone Hall Plantation House and (far right) horse-drawn carriages.

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Magnolia Plantation and Gardens is just one of the lush preserves that lie within Charleston's metropolitan area. Other well-known garden spots include Cypress Gardens, Middleton Place and Charles Towne Landing.

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yellow-fever epidemics and five savage holocausts failed to destroy either the city or its invincible spirit.

After the Revolution, Charleston's spiraling rise was aided by an influx of authors, scientists, statesmen and artists. Drama and music also contributed immeasurably to the city's developing culture.

Undoubtedly Charleston's distinguished architecture is its most impressive feature. First conceived during the 18th century, the "single house" concept became the most predominant, but styles run the gamut through ornate Scottish, Classic Revival, Regency, Victorian and the fanciful Georgian.

"Single houses" seem to have been created to accommodate Charleston's warm, humid summer climate. With gabled ends facing the street, "single houses," only one room wide with two rooms on each floor and lofty ceilings, permitted cooling air to circulate easily.

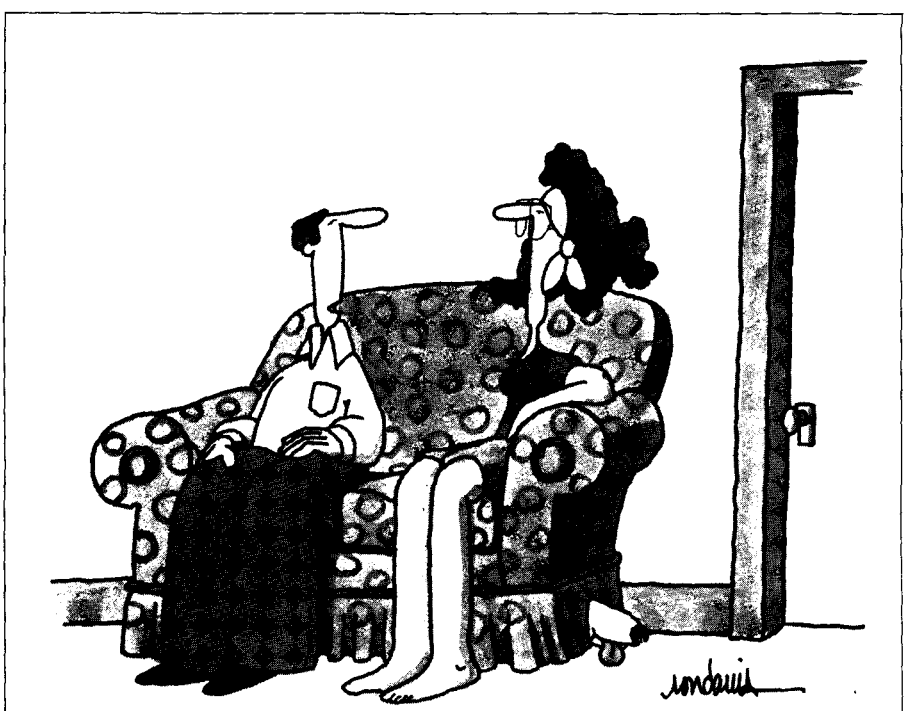
It wasn't until later years that the now familiar soaring piazzas with their attractive entrance doors were added. These long porches were placed to take full advantage of Charleston's southerly breezes and always overlooked a colorful, shady garden.

Usually parlors were located on the second floor, especially in "double houses" that were two rooms wide with four rooms on each floor. In addition to capturing the afternoon breeze, this design provided room for larger and more lavish parlors.

Scattered throughout the Historic Area you'll find many noteworthy examples of single and double houses. Church Street features numerous excellent "single house" specimens along with two pre-Revolutionary homes that, according to legend, were used by visiting pirates (Nos. 141 and 142). At 54 Hansell Street, the William Rhett House (circa 1712), Charleston's oldest surviving house, and No. 18 Bull Street, the handsome Blacklock House, are outstanding "double house" archetypes.

It has never been calculated, but it would appear that Charleston possesses more miles of intricately designed wrought-iron fences, balconies and gates than any other town. Unless you hail from America's "wrought-iron belt," you'll think that the entire city has been wrapped in an exquisite wrought-iron ribbon.

For centuries visitors have acclaimed the beauty and practicality of Charleston's handsome ironwork, earthquake bolts, intricately carved cornices, imaginative flying buttresses and the picturesque but bumpy cobblestone streets.



"I didn't either lick your foot."

Renowned for its proclivity toward fine manners and delightful hospitality, Charleston has always enjoyed the congenial practice of entertaining and being entertained in discriminating style. These customs remain one of the city's most relished traditions. Fine wine, especially the choice Madeiras, spirits and delectable dishes served in an impeccable manner, continue to be one of the city's distinguished traditions.

By preserving its rich history through a comprehensive restoration and preservation program, Charleston offers unforgettable adventures as the visitor wends his way down historic streets and through magnificent homes.

Within walking distance of White Point Park (The Battery), which overlooks the busy harbor, scores of elegant homes line quiet, narrow streets. An hour-long, horse-drawn carriage ride can be taken along these memorable paths of history. And a two-hour cruise gives a pelican's-eye view of Charleston's bustling port facilities and the stately homes that dot the shoreline.

Although not a sprawling metropolis, only some 65,000 to 70,000 residents, Charleston contains a multitude of attractions. Should you not have time or the inclination to visit everything, try to see those that are most outstanding: the Edmondston-Alston House, a Greek Revival home, built in 1832; the exquisite Sword Gates and House; the imposing Nathaniel Russell House (open to the public), with its majestic, floating spiral staircase; St. Michael's inspiring church, corner of Meeting and Broad Streets, displaying magnificent Tiffany windows; St. Philip's Cathedral on Church Street; the unusual Pineapple Gates (which look like acorns); Catfish Row, locale of Dubose Heyward's musical, *Porgy and Bess*; and the inviting, newly restored City Market.

In 1920 the Society for the Preservation of Old Dwellings, later known as the Preservation Society of Charleston, undertook the task of safeguarding these priceless treasures. During the 1930s, the city council passed the "Charleston Ordinance" aimed at protecting historic buildings, which has become a guideline for cities throughout the country. Formed in 1947, the Historic Charleston Foundation now

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encourages preservation by using a revolving fund to buy and sell historic properties and by providing guidance for authentic remodeling.

Even though Charleston has become a living museum, it isn't only a collection of historic houses and streets. Liberally sprinkled about the territory, various scenic areas offer a variety of interesting attractions.

Situated at Charleston's harbor entrance on a small man-made island, star-shaped Fort Sumter played a leading role in Charleston's history. Reached by a two-and-a-half-hour round-trip boat excursion that departs from the municipal marina located at the foot of Calhoun Street, Fort Sumter offers an engaging journey into America's past.

On April 12, 1861, Confederate troops fired the Civil War's first shots toward Yankee lines as they attacked Fort Sumter from their shore batteries. Their attack ended 33 hours later when the Union forces surrendered. Then began warfare's longest siege. Union forces maintained an unrelenting bombardment on Fort Sumter that lasted from 1863 to 1865—but the Confederates never capitulated.

All of South Carolina, and Charleston in particular, is noted for beautiful gardens. Cypress Gardens, built in 1725 as Dean Hall Rice Plantation's fresh-water reserve, has been converted into an extremely inviting attraction. Sprawling cypress trees and vivid camellia and azalea blossoms are reflected in the mirrorlike waters of a large lake.

America's oldest, continuously operated man-made attraction, Magnolia Plantation and Gardens, offers 30 acres of spectacular formal gardens that contain 950 varieties of camellias and 250 species of azaleas. Bisected by meandering waterways and covered with a lush forest, the 440-acre plantation also features a stately mansion, wildlife refuge, hiking trails and a children's zoo. From December through February the camellias reach their peaks, while azaleas bloom profusely during March and April.

Nestled among ornamental lakes, towering trees, camellias and magnolias, America's oldest landscaped gardens, Middleton Place, situated 14 miles northwest of Charlestown on Route 16, has been registered as a National Historic Landmark. Designed in 1741 by Henry Middleton, president of the First Continental Congress and a Declaration of Independence signer, Middleton Place highlights an impressive house, the stableyards, a living outdoor museum of animals and Early American crafts and elegant oriental gardens.

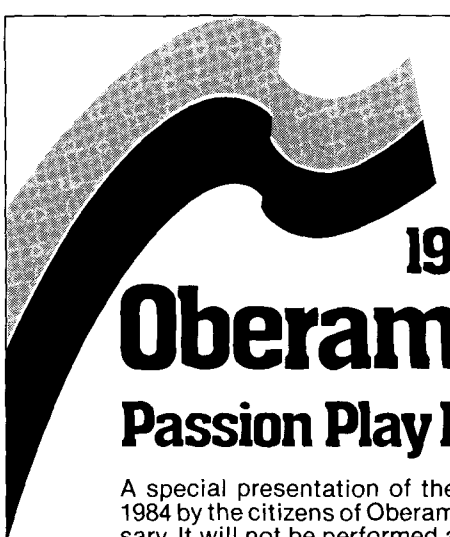
Charles Towne Landing is an animated, 663-acre park situated on the exact location where English settlers originally landed more than three centuries ago. Here you'll discover various underground exhibits displaying local artifacts in a fountain-encircled pavilion; a full-scale 17th-century replica of a blockade runner moored in a nearby stream; a pleasant picnic area; colorful gardens and a reflecting lagoon; and animals, birds and numerous other exhibits.

And at the end of a three-quarter-mile-long avenue roofed with scores of noble, moss-draped live oaks planted in 1743 by Captain Thomas Boone, you'll find Boone Hall Plantation. Originally Boone Hall was a 17,000-acre cotton plantation, until 1904, when it became the world's largest pecan plantation. It's reputed that the plantation was used in the filming of *Gone With The Wind*. Remember Rhett galloping up and down a majestic Avenue of Oaks and crinoline-skirted Scarlett flouncing up and down graceful stairs?

For the more military-minded, tours of the USS *Yorktown* and the 150-year-old Citadel Military Academy are available.

Charleston offers many superb bistros, some of which serve captivating Low Country dishes. In a port city, seafood is high on the menu: "She-Crab" soup, deviled crab, oyster stew and pie, gumbo, shrimp and a wide variety of succulent fish will compel you to come back for more. But whatever type of cuisine you prefer, whether it's Continental, European or American, you'll easily and completely satisfy your palate.

Before leaving on your Charleston adventure, be forewarned that its attractions and activities, its bewitching beauty, timeless streets, classic architecture, genteel hospitality and the echo of history resounding through its ancient walls will forever live in your memory.



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Vonnegut

continued from page 88

"With my father?" said Karl incredulously. "With yours—with yours. It's him I'm supposed to get to love me. He's supposed to be eating out his heart for a son like me. That's the big idea." He waved his arms wildly. "The station wagon, the duets, the guns that never miss, the son that works on hand signals—that's all for your father to want."

Franklin was amazed. "Karl," he said, "that's all in your head. You are what your own father would rather have than half of Waggoner Pump or anything!"

"I used to think so," said Karl.

"The plate and cube you made, Karl," said Franklin, "you gave them to my father, but they were really a present for yours. And what perfect presents from a son to a father! I never gave my father anything like that—anything I'd put my heart and soul into. I couldn't!"

Karl reddened and turned his back again. "I didn't make 'em," he said. He shivered. "I tried. How I tried!"

"I don't understand."

"My father had to make 'em!" said Karl bitterly. "And I found out it didn't make any difference to him who made 'em, just as long as your father thought I'd made 'em."

Franklin gave a sad, low whistle.

"When my old man did that," said Karl, "he rubbed my nose in what the big thing was to him." He wiped his nose on his jacket sleeve.

"But, Karl——" said Franklin.

Karl rolled his eyes. "Oh, hell," he said tiredly, "I don't blame him. Sorry I said anything. I'm O.K.—I'm O.K. I'll live." He flicked the tinfoil target with a finger tip. "I'm gonna miss, and the hell with 'em."

Nothing more was said. The two trudged back to their fathers. It seemed to Franklin that they were leaving behind all they'd said, that the rising wind was whirling their dark thoughts away. By the time the boys had reached the firing line, Franklin was thinking only of whisky, steak and a red-hot stove.

When he and Karl fired at the tinfoil, Franklin ticked a corner. Karl hit it in the middle. Rudy tapped his temple; then saluted Karl with a crooked finger. Karl returned the salute.

After supper, Rudy and Karl played duets for flute and clarinet. They played without music, intricately and beautifully. Franklin and Merle could only keep time with their fingers, hoping, wistfully, that their fingers on the tabletop sounded like drums.

Franklin glanced at his father.

"Mr. Galsworth won't be coming in to work this morning. He has convinced himself that today is Saturday."

When their eyes met, they decided instantly that their drumming wasn't helping the music at all. Their drumming stopped. It was a surprisingly affectionate moment.

With the moment to think about, to puzzle him pleasantly, Franklin found that the music wasn't speaking anymore of just Rudy and Karl. It was speaking of all fathers and sons. It was saying hauntingly what they had all been saying haltingly, what they had all been saying, sometimes with pain and sometimes with anger and sometimes with cruelty and sometimes with love—that fathers and sons were one.

It was saying, too, that a time for parting in spirit was near—no matter how close anyone held anyone else, and no matter what anyone else tried to do.

Joe Paterno

continued from page 63

2,218 yards, 22 touchdowns and a No. 1 national ranking. This year, with junior quarterback Doug Strang at the helm, Paterno is expected to revert to his ground game until the Linwood, New Jersey, youngster picks up additional experience.

Blackledge, incidentally, is effusive in his praise for Paterno. He says his Penn State experience is standing him in good stead as he battles for a Kansas City starting berth. "I learned discipline from Paterno," says Blackledge, a born-again Christian. "You learn to adjust to him and his style and to do things *his* way, or you have a miserable time. He's a very upright, moral person, and he did a good job of pushing his values."

Paterno, for a registered Republican, can be anything but conservative in his demands for better regulation of college football by its watchdog organization, the NCAA.

Three times Paterno and the Lions have been frustrated in their bid for a No. 1 ranking (1968, 1969 and 1973), despite their having undefeated seasons each time. Paterno has long criticized the way coaches in the UPI poll and sportswriters in the AP poll pick the top team. He prefers some sort of elimination match to decide the outcome.

This year, Paterno's pet peeve is against the universities that accept athletes who can barely read or write as long as they can perform on the gridiron. "There's a whole bunch of people out there taking the marginal students and forcing the other schools, [in order] to be competitive, to take them," Paterno charges. "We've got to get the 60 or 80 schools willing to do things the way they ought to be done, giving these other people five or six years to clean up their act. If they don't want to clean up, fine—we won't play them!"

By coincidence, or perhaps not,

continued on following page

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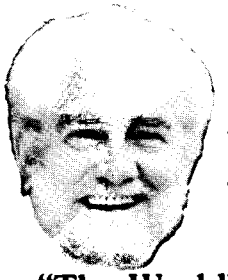

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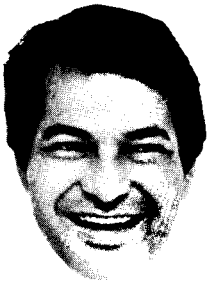

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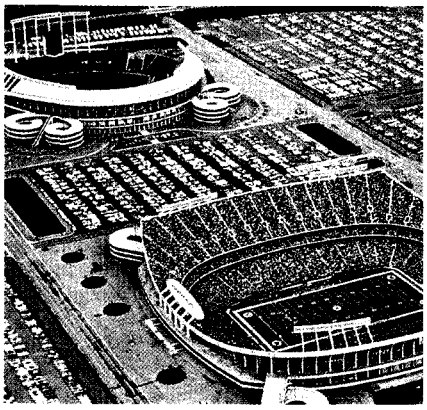
Where in the World?

Shrines of the famous, sports palaces and national monuments. Maybe you can pick the category, but how about the location?



A

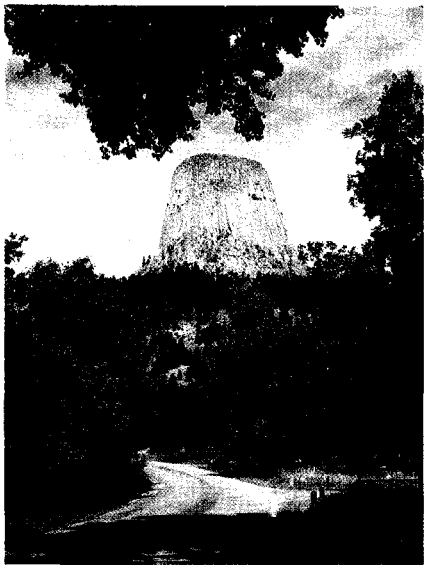
- ☐ *Kansas City*
- ☐ *St. Louis*
- ☐ *Denver*

Despite the trend toward playing football and baseball in the same stadiums, the taxpayers here decided that a look-alike, standardized multipurpose facility was not for them. So when their brand-new athletic complex opened in 1972, they were the proud owners of the first purely baseball park built in the United States in a generation.

B

- ☐ *Virginia*
- ☐ *Ohio*
- ☐ *Maryland*

No less than seven Presidents of the United States called this state home. The house above is where the oldest of the seven was born. A planter, a diplomat and a soldier as well as a statesman, the man born here has given his name to a state and even to the capital of a country. However, he is best remembered for merely being a father.



C

- ☐ *Utah*
- ☐ *Wyoming*
- ☐ *Hawaii*

Although this majestic rock was our first national monument, it did not achieve real fame until an alien spaceship landed on its peak and the occupants lured humanoids into a very close encounter. Or was it just a fantasy?

D

- ☐ *Youngstown*
- ☐ *Akron*
- ☐ *Canton*

This shrine is nonreligious, in spite of the veneration it produces. Even so, its rituals are conducted on weekends and it confers immortality upon its members.

answers on page 109

Paterno says he wants to remain in the game five or six more years. A man who always needs new worlds to conquer, Paterno appears to be ready to take on a much bigger job—putting the big-business world of college football into its proper role.

The job, of course, is too big for any one man—and that's just the challenge Joe Paterno relishes. ❦

A.L. Williams

continued from page 71

debts, they began again. And inch by inch, day by day, one debt at a time, they crawled back.

What brought Cindy back? A winning attitude. A determination not to be defeated, a decision never to make excuses. She found the ability to dream of being a winner, even when every standard of society said she was the worst kind of loser. She became motivated and she stayed motivated for as long as it took to win.

When people in our company come to me and want advice on how to succeed, I don't waste time with business tips. My best advice is to tell them to look inside themselves and pull out the ability to dream big. I tell them to grab on to that person who is deep down in there somewhere—the one who always knew he could win. And I know that if he can do that, the rest of it will surely follow.

It's worth thinking about. I've seen it work too many times to attribute it to luck. Think about it, and consider it for your own life. Reach inside and find that dream you've been hanging onto—the one about becoming somebody special, doing something great with your life. And use that dream to build your own winning attitude. If you believe in it, *really* believe in it, you'll have the security of knowing that nothing can defeat you. And that's real security, the kind that only true winners have.

The little football team did have a winning season. Today, Cindy is a top executive with a flourishing business. In both cases, the ability to develop a winning attitude made all the difference. The tough times didn't last and the people involved are still going strong. Tough people always do. That's why they call them "winners." ❦

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continued from page 51

the housework. Of course, there may be compensations. Few intact families where both the husband and wife work are below the poverty line. (Some 51 percent of all married couples are "dual-earner" families.) But 21 percent of all working mothers are without husbands, and 44 percent of these are living below the poverty line.

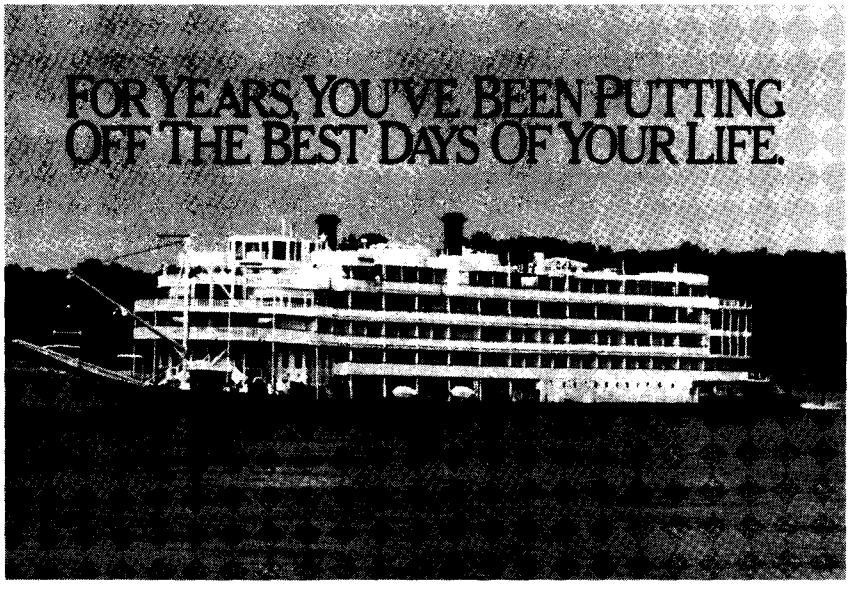
The income of women who work full time is only 59 percent that of men—relatively less than it was in 1955. But it is by no means clear how much sex discrimination or, more important, the concentration of most women in low-paying occupations (e.g., nursing) can account for the earnings gap. France, West Germany and Sweden are all experimenting with programs that would diversify women's employment and thereby eliminate the "parallel labor market." But such experiments fail to address a central problem: Female labor-force participation slumps deeply between the ages of 25 and 35 as women bear and rear their children. As economist Lester C. Thurow observes, "If there is any one decade when it pays to work hard and be consistently in the labor force it is the decade between 25 and 35." This is when lawyers become partners, academics get tenure, blue-collar workers become supervisors or acquire new skills and businessmen move onto the "fast track." "For those who succeed," Thurow says, "earnings will rise rapidly. For those who fail, earnings will remain flat for the rest of their lives."

All of women's gains during the past decade have not erased this basic fact. Nor has the advent of effective contraception dampened the urge to bear children. Increasing numbers of women, who entered the labor force five or ten years ago telling pollsters and reporters that the most important thing to them was proving themselves on the job, can now be found proudly showing off their new babies.

Over time, at least two choices that working women must make have far more ramifications than the same choices when faced by men: whether to get married; whether to have children. It is probably no coincidence that a 1976 Harvard University survey of its junior faculty revealed that 61 percent of the institution's married women professors had no children, compared to only 32 percent of their male peers. It is perhaps no coincidence, either, that virtually every male chief executive officer of a major American company is currently married, while 54 percent of the female CEOs are divorced or never married.

There are, perhaps, other kinds of trade-offs. A recent study of 123 women who graduated from business schools in 1977 and 1978 found that they were "paying a price" for success. They demonstrated significantly more stress than their male colleagues, much of it due to worry about how things were going at home. (Other studies, however, suggest that holding a job may improve a woman's mental health.) Although it is impossible to say whether more employment has anything to do with it, women's overall *physical* health has deteriorated relative to men's during the past 30 years. They are suffering from more ulcers and respiratory ailments than ever before. They have not been as quick as men have been to quit smoking. "Adult women," writes the University of Michigan's Lois M. Verbrugge, "are adopting life styles which bode ill for their longevity." They are, in short, behaving more like men.

We do not live in an ideal world and rarely agree on what an ideal world would be. Even when we do agree on some incremental "improvement," it is generally difficult to bring about. For example, every bit of poll data indicates much rethinking by employers, employees and ordinary citizens about the relative capabilities of men and women. The old notion that "a woman's place is in the home" finds a dwindling number of adherents. If the Gallup Poll's measure of people's ideals were an accurate reflection of their behavior, the National Organization for Women might have disbanded long ago for lack of new fields to conquer. In fact, as everyone knows, human beings take a more personal, less abstract approach to their own lives. "Give me chastity," St. Augustine prayed, "but not yet."



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At a time when many popular attitudes are slowly, unevenly changing, when legal and social barriers to women's autonomy and advancement are falling and when American society is patiently absorbing the resultant aftershocks, it is sometimes easy to overlook the things that never change. Men and women still manage to fall in love, still seem to draw some special comfort from one another that they don't get from their own sex. They still get married and have children, and enjoy their little boys and girls in different ways. Having both a mother and a father at home is still the best way for a child to grow up; single-parent households are, statistically, candidates for trouble and, collectively, a troublesome burden on the larger society. Biology aside, despite the misunderstandings and injustices they have imposed, differences between the sexes contribute something vital to our lives and essential to our civilization. For most people, in the end, being male or female is not a circumstance to be overcome but one to be savored, and the odds are good that this useful sentiment will long survive.

Summer

continued from page 53

Sanderson, but—soon as I get those shoes on, you know what happens?"

"What?"

"Bang! I deliver your packages, pick up packages, bring you coffee, burn your trash, run to the post office, telegraph office, library! You'll see 12 of me in and out, in and out, every minute. Feel those shoes, Mr. Sanderson; feel how fast they'd take me? All those springs inside? Feel all the running inside? Feel how they kind of grab hold and can't let you alone and don't like you just standing there? Feel how quick I'd be doing the things you'd rather not bother with? You stay in the nice cool store while I'm jumping all around town! But it's not me, really; it's the shoes. They're going like mad down alleys, cutting corners, and racing back! There they go!"

Mr. Sanderson stood amazed with the rush of words. When the words got going, the flow carried him, he began to sink deep in the shoes, to flex his toes, limber his arches, test his ankles. He rocked softly, secretly, back and forth in a small breeze from the open door. The tennis shoes silently hushed themselves deep in the carpet, sank as in jungle grass, in loam and resilient clay. He gave one solemn bounce of his heels in the yeasty dough, in the yielding and welcoming earth. Emotions hurried over his face as if many colored lights had been switched on and off. His mouth hung slightly open. Slowly, he gentled and rocked himself to a halt, and the boy's voice faded and they stood there looking at each other in a tremendous and natural silence.

"Boy," said the old man at last, "in five years, how would you like a job selling shoes in this emporium of mine?"

"Gosh, thanks Mr. Sanderson, but I don't know what I'm going to be yet."

"Anything you want to be, son," said the old man, "you'll be. No one will ever stop you."

The old man walked lightly across the store to the wall of 10,000 boxes, came back with some shoes for the boy, and wrote up a list on some paper while the boy was lacing the shoes on his feet and then standing there, waiting.

The old man held out the list. "A dozen things you got to do for me this afternoon. Finish them, we're even-steven, and you're fired."

"Thanks, Mr. Sanderson!" Tom bounded away.

"Stop!" cried the old man.

Tom pulled up and turned.

Mr. Sanderson leaned forward. "How do they feel?"

The boy looked down at his feet deep in the rivers, in the fields of wheat, in the wind that already was rushing him out of the town. He looked up at the old man, with his eyes burning, his lips moving, but no sound came out of his mouth.

"Antelopes?" said the old man, looking from the boy's face to his shoes. "Gazelles?"

The boy thought about it, hesitated, and nodded a quick nod. Almost immediately, he vanished. He just spun about with a whisper and went off. The door stood empty. The sound of the tennis shoes faded in the jungle heat.

Mr. Sanderson stood in the sun-blazed door, listening. A long time back, in an African film, he remembered the sound. Beautiful creatures leaping under the sky, gone through brush, under trees, away, and only the sound of their running left behind.

"Like antelopes," said Mr. Sanderson. "Or, maybe gazelles."

He bent to pick up the boy's abandoned winter shoes, heavy with forgotten rains and long-melted snows. Moving out of the blazing sun, walking softly, lightly, slowly, he headed back toward civilization.

The Perfect Squelch

Howard was a notable example of a sanctimonious hypocrite. He talked incessantly of loving his fellow man and posed as an almost saintly civic figure in public. Privately, he ran a sweatshop business and cheated and swindled to add to the sizable fortune he had inherited.

Due to his wealth he was one of a small, select group who owned rustic lodges on an isolated island. This retreat was restful and pleasant—except for Howard. He no sooner arrived than the place boomed and reverberated with his dogmatic opinions and his godlier-than-thou pronouncements. He finally got around, in his lofty manner, to criticizing the old motor launch that was the only ferry to and from the island.

"Why, the engine almost broke down twice on my way over," he complained.

"You took the launch?" one of his hearers said mildly. "We thought perhaps you had walked over."

—E. W. McNerney

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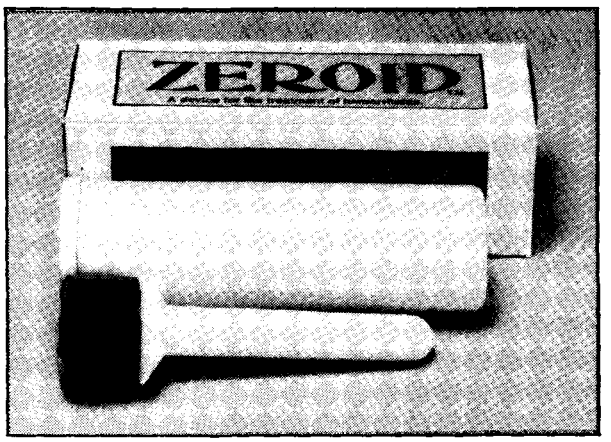

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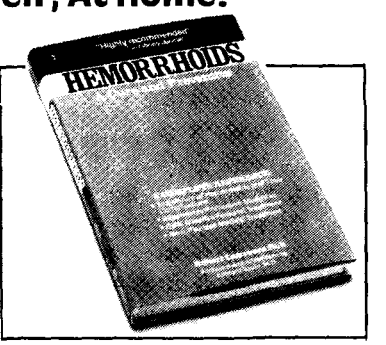

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Southpaw

continued from page 69

My hopping around like an umpire who'd had a ball fouled off his corns seemed to wake up the lugheads, and they started shouting: "Way to show 'em, kid" and "Beautiful, baby, beautiful" and "Let's pin Crimson's ears to the mound." The Lumberjacks were too shocked to razz back. My heart jigged with joy to see that collection of buffoons pulling together for a change, getting stirred up over the chance of coming out ahead. Ballplayers have to taste winning once in a while, just to continue getting up in the morning. . .and we'd lost 14 straight.

For the first time in weeks, I had a chance to try out some real strategy. While Coogan was moseying up to the plate, I scratched my left ear (that's the bunt sign on this club) at Skeeter in the third-base coaching box. He scratched his ear at the batter. And on the first pitch Leroy laid one down between the hot corner and the mound, his round rear flashing toward first. The ball trickled into the overgrown grass and died there, and I blessed the lazy ground crew—"May your soul go straight to heaven, Pop." All I'd prayed for was a clean sacrifice, but I ended up with runners on first and third. Still no outs!

By then my chin felt like satin instead of leather as I rubbed it like the 'Ole Perfessor,' Casey Stengel, deep in calculation. But inside I knew it was the kid that was making me look good, which is perfectly legitimate, because that's one of the things talent can do—make everyone around it come up smelling like rosin, too. In the yellowing bands of sunlight the Byrd looked more like an ostrich than a pelican, but he had showed pretty fair speed on the paths, so I figured we might be able to score on a hit *or* an out. Tag up after a long fly. Even a deep grounder. And I had a man coming up who at least made contact with the ball. Rigby nicked one foul, and out of the corner of my eye I saw Pop wrestle the ball out of the grip of a girl in the stands. But Crimson—the show-off—got tough, kicking off the pitching rubber hard to strike out the Jack-in-the-Box.

With one down, I could almost feel the last few dark hairs on my scalp turning white. That's because this Crimson has this dandy of a sinker that has ruined many a rally with a ground-ball double play. Making it worse was that my next batter, Prestone Filch, runs like he's walking in water. What I needed was a body that could walk *on* water. The closest I could come to a savior was Moose Brodsky, who's even slower than Prestone, but who gets his share of base hits. So I jabbed Brodsky with my elbow: "Double 3, you're swinging for Filch."

Brodsky looked scared because we hadn't been this near winning since the Dark Ages, and he didn't want to end up as the game's goat. But he grabbed a stick and tiptoed into the batter's box, because he knew I'd find some way to humiliate him if he didn't. At least I'd pleased Filch, who was grinning as he came back to the bench. "You better save that smile for a rainy day," I said, and though I don't have the faintest idea what I'd meant, it wiped away his gutless smirk.

Crimson fell behind, two balls, no strikes, and I got to dreaming that maybe the pitcher was tiring and he'd hang a curve ball, or even walk the Moose. But then the bum fired a pair that cut the heart of the plate, and Brodsky stood there blinking at them like they were bright headlights in the night. Two balls, two strikes. "Your arms made of stone?" I moaned inside, while outside I cheered, "Come on, Moosey, slam one. Just a single is all we need," and then to myself again, "You big fish."

When you've been in this game as long as I have, you learn to expect the worst. Crimson sprang one of those double-crossing, death-dealing sinkers, and the Moose—after all, he's just human—tapped a slow bounder to their slick shortstop Narum, who charged it, scooped it up, flipped to second for one, and Johnson's relay to first beat Moose to the bag. Just as I was about to die with disappointment, I saw the ball squint through the first sacker's mitt, and Moose thundered in safely as the kid scrambled home. The run scored! So help me, I stopped breathing a full minute before gasping. . . "Nice going, kid," and "Good stroke, Moose," like he'd homered with the bases loaded. (The goon had almost given *me* a stroke.) In the meantime,

continued on following page

You be the Judge

By John Ritter

Joyous over the coming birth of their first child, John and Mary took a natural-childbirth course.

"I want my husband present at the delivery," Mary told the hospital.

"Sorry," said the director, "but we have a policy against anyone other than doctors and nurses being in the delivery room."

The unhappy couple filed a lawsuit immediately. "The hospital's policy interferes with our constitutional right of marital privacy," they told the judge.

If you were the judge, would you order the hospital to let John in the delivery room?

The Judge ruled for the hospital. "The right of marital privacy does not extend to a hospital delivery room," he said.

(Based on a 1979 U.S. Court of Appeals decision in Massachusetts.)

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Stuckney struck out and ended the inning.

I could hardly believe the scoreboard:

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LUMBERJACKS	000	000	00
CLAMS	000	000	01

I kept staring at it, wondering if Pop was drunk, or had gone loco behind the scoreboard. After all, the Lumberjacks were riding high in second place and had whipped us eight straight. (A look at the record book would've proved we hadn't topped them in two years.) But it finally came through to me that we actually had a chance to win. Everything rode on the kid's left wing. I didn't even have my ace reliever Luke Brill (earned-run average 7.23) warming up. It was the kid or nothing. Win or lose. Live or die.

In the top of the ninth, I almost swallowed the baseball in my hand when they got their second hit off the Byrd: a "cheapie" Baltimore chop over the shortstop's head. But the kid bore down and struck out the next batter on three pitches, and got the second out on a pop-up to the Gimp. Two down, one to go.

Yes, I thought, this kid sure has talent. Me, too, I had talent. That's right. Once upon a time I carried a floppy old glove into a dump just like Parker Field—only it was down in Oklahoma City, 35 years ago. I was a lot taller then. And a lot smarter. Look at me now, collecting splinters in my double-wide behind in this clam burg, all for a bunch of clowns who should've faded away like the five-cent Coke.

Even after I'm dead and buried, I suppose, a band of misfits like this will show up on a lot like this and take their swings. They were timeless, and I was growing old. But I'm not complaining. At least I've had something only a handful around this game ever had. I had a taste of The Bigs—you bet your pearly dentures I did.

The Athletics called me up late in '39 after they were a good 50 games out of it. Connie Mack, the grand old man of baseball, was already thinking about the next season and wanted to see what he had on the farm. Hitting .281, I was brought up with two or three other green hands for that August and September. I even rapped a couple of hits in The Bigs, including a long double to right center (off Joe Krakauskas). But the A's backstop Frankie Hayes had banged out 20 round-trippers that year, and the front office claimed I needed seasoning.

So the next spring came and went, and so did the next, with Hayes hitting over .300, and I was still down on the farm. If he'd hit .200, who knows? I had a pretty good year with Elmira in '40—batted .274 with 12 homers. But the war had broken out. I was yanked into the army, and stayed for the duration. By the time I got back into shape for the '46 season, I'd lost something. The A's took me back into the organization, but each year my average slipped; so did the home runs. No sooner had I put on my cleats, it seemed, than my knees were turning to rubber, crouching down behind the plate.

One day I woke up in Wheeling, managing the Polecats. . . .But that's all part of the game. At least I didn't end up in a cramped, airless office, adding up long columns of numbers that had very little to do with real life. Sure, I had talent—plenty of it. My name is in the record books. *Bud Margin: Lifetime Major League Batting Average, .198. 33 Official At-Bats: Five Singles, One Double, Three Walks, Two Errors.* Those errors, incidentally, don't bother me at all. How many of us get to bobble a couple in The Bigs?

The ump roared "Ball three!" yanking me back to Parker Field. The kid had a full count on Motley Bridges. A walk would put the tying run on second, in scoring position, and the winning run on first. A single would put the knotter on third. A double . . . .I held my breath as the Byrd wound up, kicked that size-14 spike into the clouds and dealt. Bridges stirred the air with 36 ounces of Louisville lumber—long after the ball had cracked into McGinty's mitt. There was only one way to interpret what had happened, the rule book being especially clear on this point: He was out.

The game was ours, I mean, the kid's. . . .

I sat as straight as the flagpole in center field, knocked out but still upright. A 14-game losing streak over! A one-game winning streak started! A two-hit shutout for the kid! Fifteen strike-outs! Something to look forward to in the pitching

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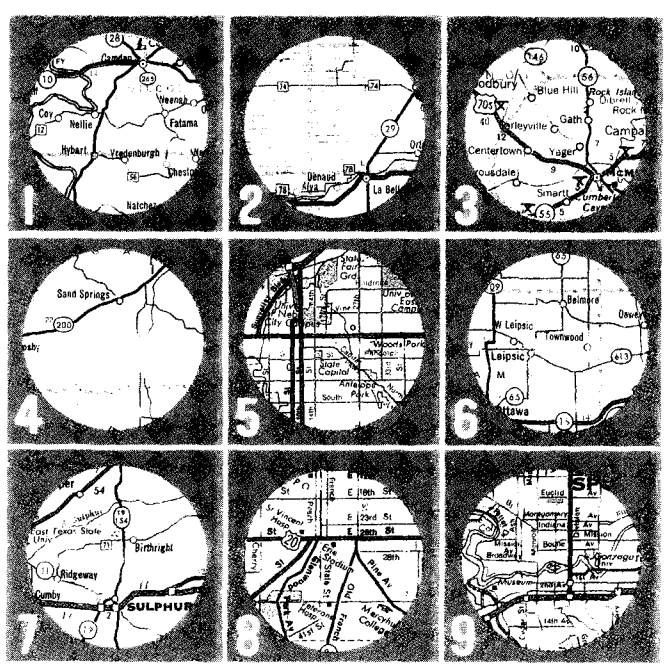

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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 109)

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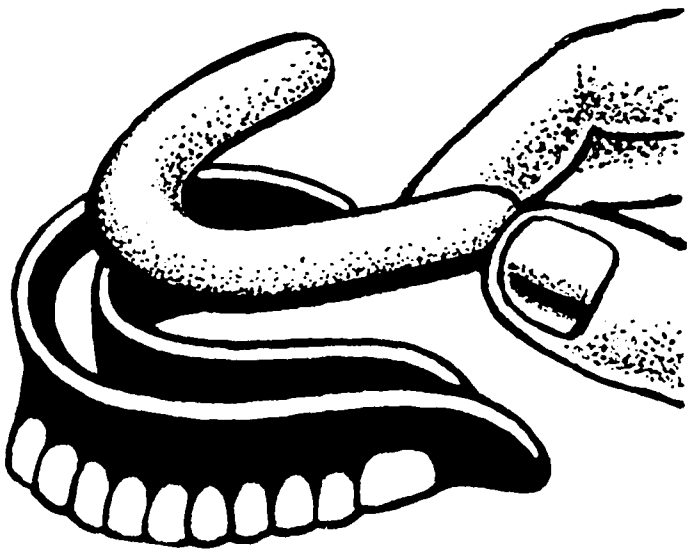

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The denture cushion RECOMMENDED by many DENTISTS

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS, Dept.D203 • 104 West Jackson St., Carbondale, Illinois 62901

I enclose $_____. Please send ENDSLIP DENTURE ADHESIVE CUSHIONS as indicated below. I understand each package of 24 "uppers" or 24 "lowers" (packed separately) is regularly $2.00. During this special offer. I get each package I buy for $1.00.

Send me ____packs of "uppers." Send me ____packs of "lowers."

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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rotation! And a good night's sleep for the first time in a month!

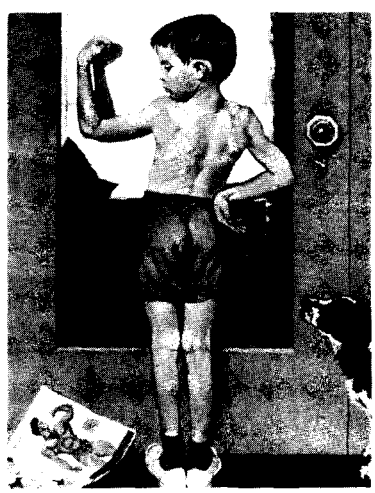
I wanted to collapse on the bench from exhaustion. I wanted to dance on the roof of the dugout. I wanted to run over to Zeke, slumped on the Lumberjack's bench, and thumb my nose at him. I wanted to call the Mrs. and tell her our investment had paid off. I wanted to kiss the kid's left hand. I wanted to do a lot of things. But I just sat and waited for Butch Byrd, the kid from nowhere, to come in. And when he reached the dugout I stood up, spit in the dust, yawned, and said, "Pretty good game, kid."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Margin."

I wanted to say more to the southpaw, much more, but I didn't dare. I didn't want to be part of that thing—whatever it is—that brings talent to its knees. I didn't want to weaken his chances by telling him he'd accomplished something great. All he did was win one ball game. Sure it came when we needed it bad. But Cy Young had won 500 ball games, and some of them had clinched the pennant. Anyway, there's no reason why I can't tell you what I couldn't tell him. . .at that particular moment, I loved the kid more than my wife, I loved him more than my life.

Can you name this picture?

. . .*contest:* $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by October 10, 1983.



Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Arlyne Ubl of Jacksonville, Florida, for the winning entry in our July/August caption contest.

In the mirror I'm lookin' and wishin'
That I could be a magician
Though I exercise nightly,
My muscles don't rightly,
Give Mr. Atlas much competition.

Young Paul

continued from page 44

sistant and researcher.

"Writing is a very relentless type of work," says Paul II. "When I began, sometimes I didn't leave the house for days at a time. I really don't want to start anything now that would require that degree of dedication. Yet I can't imagine starting anything without being that dedicated."

So "The Rest of the Story" might be the rest of the story for Paul?

"Could be," he says thoughtfully. Then he adds: "But I *would* like to rewrite my first book; and I've been thinking about a TV dramatization based on 'The Rest of the Story'; and on July 1, I started working as the radio announcer for my father's morning broadcast, and. . . ."

A-ha!

Cancer

continued from page 29

Whiting fish is an ideal low-fat choice because it is served with yogurt sauce seasoned with herbs.

Baked Whiting Fish

Bake the desired amount of fish in a 350° F. oven till the fish flakes easily, or about 20 minutes.

Spoon the yogurt sauce over the fish. This will be enough sauce for about 1 pound of fish.

Yogurt Sauce for Fish

½ cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon lemon juice

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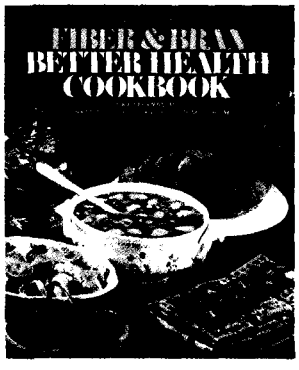
1 tablespoon dried dill
1 teaspoon tarragon

Brown Rice and Bulgur Wheat
(Makes 6 servings)

1½ cups raw brown rice
1½ cups bulgur wheat
6 cups water

Add 1½ cups raw brown rice and 1½ cups bulgur wheat to 6 cups boiling water. Stir occasionally to blend the wheat with the rice. Reduce heat to simmer and cook until tender. All water should evaporate, leaving a steamy hot, fluffy, bulgur with rice. Top with soybean cro-

continued on page 112



High Fiber Recipes

A Unique Book by
Cory SerVaas, M.D.

There is good evidence that fiber prevents diverticulosis and cancer of the colon.

In this book you will find wonderful ways to combine high-fiber foods in meals that will please the palate and placate the purse.

The Saturday Evening Post Society
1100 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

Please send me *The Saturday Evening Post Fiber & Bran Better Health Cookbook* as indicated. Add $1.50 each for postage and handling. [Please allow three weeks for delivery.]

_____ Hardcover Edition @ $12.95
_____ Softcover Edition @ $6.50

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Card # _____
Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
Name [print] _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Indiana residents add 5% sales tax.
Also available at local bookstores.

3G

Wanted to Buy:
a Foot Pedal
Sewing Machine

An old White or Singer foot pedal sewing machine that works like greased lightning but is not electric—the kind my mother used to have and on which she sewed all the clothing for her children when a drought hit Iowa during the late years of the great depression in 1934 and 1936.

If you have a foot pedal machine which works well, preferably a White, please write to my assistant, Janet Cox, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 106)

1. Alabama
2. Florida
3. Tennessee
4. Montana
5. Lincoln, NE
6. Ohio
7. Texas
8. Erie, PA
9. Spokane, WA

WHERE IN THE WORLD
(Answers from page 100)

A. The Harry S. Truman Sports Complex in Kansas City, Missouri, is the only place in the world where you'll find a football stadium and a baseball park side by side. The complex features the ballpark with its largest privately financed fountains in the world.

B. George Washington was born on this site east of Fredricksburg, Virginia, in 1732. The house is open daily and operated by the National Park Service.

C. Devils Tower is located deep in the Black Hills of northeast Wyoming. The 1,280-foot mountain gained recognition in the science-fiction film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. It was our first national monument.

D. The Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, opened its doors in 1962. The membership has swelled to 117 with each July's inductees, and the facility itself has been enlarged to hold not only the players' busts but mementoes, movies, photos and a large research library.

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You're leaving nothing to chance on your business trip to New York.

The Spirit of Achievement, at The Waldorf's entrance, overlooks Park Avenue.

Let us show you why so many business travelers, faced with a wide choice of fine places to stay in New York, insist on the location, meticulous care and comfort of The Waldorf. For information and reservations, call your local Hilton Reservation Service or travel expert. The Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue at 50th Street, New York 10022, (212) 355-3000, telex 666747.

The Waldorf=Astoria

1893

A Hilton Hotel

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"There is no riches above a sound body."
—Ecclesiasticus 30:16 The Apocrypha

Flexible Sigmoidoscopy is Best

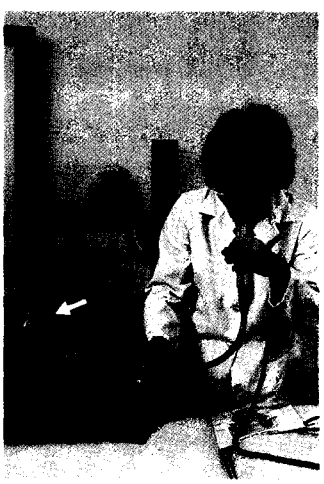
We have now entered into our computer the names of 10,103 readers and "LifeCare Digest" viewers who are over 40; of these individuals, 8,106 persons have *not* had a sigmoidoscopy within the last year. That is 80.2 percent of you. But more alarming is the fact that 55.7 percent of you who are over 40 have *never* had a sigmoidoscopy. How would *you* motivate these people, 5,701 of them, who are neglecting their colons? Are you one of them? I hope not. Doctors wish they could do more for a patient with a stage D colon cancer. Only about 5 percent of these patients survive five years, even with a lot of unpleasant radiation and chemotherapy. An early stage A colon cancer patient has a good 90 to 95 percent chance for five-year survival without *any* chemotherapy or radiation. A small, malignant polyp can be removed, and the patient is home free. If you intend to ask God to spare you, should you have a stage D colon cancer (and you surely would pray)—then why not pray now asking God to give you the understanding, determination, will power and horse-sense to see a good doctor, who has a flexible sigmoidoscope and will take a careful look at the lining of your colon.

Sigmoidoscopy is one of the very best tests for discovering a malignancy of the rectum or colon early. A flexible sigmoidoscope follows the curvature of the colon much more easily, thus causing much less discomfort when your doctor does the exam. Most colon cancers and a high percentage of noncancerous polyps can be seen by sigmoidoscopy. A sample can actually be taken through these instruments to confirm a diagnosis.

For reasons not understood, colon cancers are migrating up the colon. Ten years ago, a much larger percentage of colon cancers were down nearer the rectum. They are migrating higher, and larger numbers of malignancies are being picked up out of reach of the short, rigid sigmoidoscope.

"Hiccups still bothering you, Mr. Blake?"

Country doctor Ben Park uses the flexible 35 cm and 65 cm fiber-optic sigmoidoscopes because they enable him to diagnose cancers and benign polyps higher in the colon. The average rigid sigmoidoscopies reach only 17 cm and are far less comfortable.



Having tried both, I'll never go back to a rigid sigmoidoscope. Flexible fiber-optic sigmoidoscopy is comfortable and uses cold light *(see arrow)*.

One brother of mine, an admiral, was still getting a *rigid* sigmoidoscopy a year ago at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, and another brother, a farmer in Iowa, was then being given *flexible* sigmoidoscopy by his local doctor. My husband and I were going to a city proctologist and enduring *rigid* sigmoidoscopy until a country doctor from a small town in Indiana told me about the merits of *flexible* sigmoidoscopy last spring.

Having now tried both, I'll never again go back to the rigid kind. I can tell you now, it's a hard way to go. They are made of unyielding, unforgiving steel or plastic, and don't follow the sigmoid (meaning shaped like an S) worth a darn. They just follow their own straight—and painful way.

If you are getting flexible sigmoidoscopy regularly, then obviously this article wasn't for you. But what should we do about the 5,701 of you over 40, who have

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Georgia Ratliff, head of our Society's computer department, can tell quickly how many of our readers need to have sigmoidoscopies.

never had sigmoidoscopy? We are also concerned about the 4,037 of you who are over 40 and have not had a physical exam within the past year as well as the 6,432 of you who haven't had a rectal exam and the 7,724 of you who haven't had a test for occult blood in the stool within the past year. But the most urgent of all are you respondents who have answered "no" to the above questions but *also* have answered "yes" to this question: "Do you ever have cramps and diarrhea alternating with constipation?" There are 635 of you! This could be nothing more than diverticulosis, but it *could* also be an early sign of a colon cancer. Therefore it is especially important for you to see your doctor for an exam promptly. We are sending letters to those of you who are at this immediate risk.

We're able to continue with our computer research this month because of a generous contribution from Dr. Maloof Abraham, and all thanks go to him for making it possible for us to continue renting our Prime computer for another month. Any volunteers who wish to help with your money or time, please contact Mark Robertson at the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202

A Dickens of a Problem

Charles Dickens wrote in 1867, "Anyone may pass, any day, in the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis, some meagre, wrinkled yellow old man. . . . This old man is always a little old man. If he were ever a big old man, he has shrunk into a little old man; if he were always a little old man, he has dwindled into a less old man."

Some individuals shrink as much as five or six inches. It is now believed that this shrinking is largely caused by osteoporosis and the gradual depletion of calcium in the bones. While Dickens was writing about the men of the day, women, upon reaching menopause, are the most likely to begin losing their calcium.

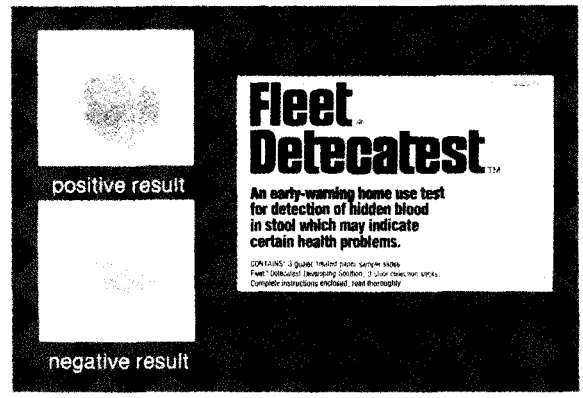
Dr. Robert Marcus of the Stanford University School of Medicine feels that postmenopausal women should have 1,500 mg of calcium a day. They feel the RDA of 800 mg per day should really be higher. Dr. Marcus said, "The recommendation that calcium intake for adolescent and premenopausal adult American women be at least 1,000 mg/day is rational and practical." Many gynecologists recommend OsCal®, for which no prescription is needed.

Tooth Preservation

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Our hats should be off to Dr. Paul Keyes for his very conservative approach to the treatment of periodontal

continued on page 114


positive result
negative result
Fleet Detecatest™
An early-warning home use test for detection of hidden blood in stool which may indicate certain health problems.

People aged 40 and over are advised to take a yearly test for hidden blood in their stools. But people of age 40 and over have not been flocking to their doctors to have this done. More than half of our readers who are over 40 have *never* had their stools checked.

For their efforts in making this all-important occult-blood test as available as a bottle of aspirin from the local drug store, *The Saturday Evening Post* is happy to award the C.B. Fleet Company Inc. this month's Benjamin Franklin Award.

The new product, Fleet Detecatest®, available in early fall, introduces itself as "an early-warning home-use test for detection of hidden blood in stool, which may indicate certain health problems." One of those problems, of course, is cancer of the colon.

Although similar tests are manufactured, Fleet Detecatest is the first to be made available over the counter. No prescription, no trip to the doctor is necessary. The Fleet Company warns, however, that this test is in no way a substitute for a rectal examination and sigmoidoscopy by your doctor. Rather, it may show the urgent need for such examinations.

The *Post* commends the originators of Fleet Detecatest® for including Vitamin C in their list of foods and medicines to avoid two days before taking the test. Taking more than 250 mg of Vitamin C per day prior to testing causes false-negative readings.

"I've hadda time keeping him in bed with that cold—he gets so restless."

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MEDICAL FILE

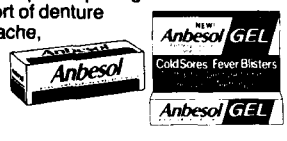
concise up-to-date information on effective treatment of common medical problems

HEADACHES Take Anacin-3,® if your doctor said you shouldn't take aspirin, or if you just want headache relief that's aspirin-free. Anacin-3 is 100% aspirin-free with the aspirin-free ingredient doctors recommend most, hospitals use most and pharmacists recommend most. So for headache relief that's 100% aspirin-free, take Anacin-3. Available in regular and maximum strengths.

HEMORRHOIDS Preparation H® gives fast, temporary relief from the occasional pain and itch brought on by hemorrhoids. It even helps shrink swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. Available in both ointment and suppositories.

BACKACHE Before you take regular strength pain relievers for a muscular backache, remember this: Momentum® Tablets are specially made for backaches. They're 50% stronger...with 50% more pain reliever per dose to relieve backache pain...to soothe inflammation, so you can move more freely again. Momentum® Tablets: specially made for backaches... 50% stronger.

DENTURES Apply Anbesol® to sore, painful gums. Anbesol kills pain on contact. Its two anesthetics deaden pain immediately, soothe irritated nerve endings. Nothing short of a doctor's prescription gives faster relief of the discomfort of denture irritation, toothache, cold sores or fever blisters.



Use all medications only as directed.
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Prostate Cancer

continued from page 109

quettes covered with mushroom sauce for an excellent entree.

Bulgur Chili

(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

1 cup kidney beans
1 cup pinto beans
Cook in 1 gallon of water until moderately tender. Drain the water and add the following:
3 number 2 cans of low-sodium tomato sauce
1 onion, chopped
1 cup bulgur
½ cup whole-wheat kernels
3 cups water or to the desired consistency
1 tablespoon cumin
1 teaspoon marjoram
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 rounded teaspoon garlic granules
Simmer all these ingredients until the wheat and beans are cooked (about 2 hours).

Chunky Vegetable Salad

2 cups broccoli florets, chopped in bite-size pieces
2 cups cauliflower florets, chopped in bite-size pieces
2 cups chunked carrots
2 cups chunked green pepper
2 cups cabbage, very coarsely chopped
1 cup onion, coarsely chopped

Oil-free dressing for the chunky vegetable salad

½ cup water
½ cup apple-cider vinegar
½ cup lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon each of any of the following herbs: garlic, oregano, parsley, marjoram, rosemary, thyme, basil, dill and celery seed
Combine all of the liquid ingredients in a jar, add the herbs you have chosen and shake well. Refrigerate for several hours or overnight.

Fruit Sundae

Layer in a parfait cup or any type of deep dessert glass:
Strawberries, sliced
Blueberries
Pecans, chopped
Top with yogurt sauce and a few blueberries

Yogurt Sauce

1 8-ounce container plain yogurt
2 tablespoons concentrated frozen orange juice
½ teaspoon ginger
Mix all the ingredients together. Spoon over the sundae and allow to run down the inside of the dessert dish and over the fruit.

Each day has a new beginning—breakfast. For the low-fat diet, Robbie bakes whole-grain breads and serves cereals in every form with fresh fruits, raisins, currants, flaked coconut and wheat germ. He adds skim or low-fat milk. His buckwheat cakes prove that a "good" breakfast doesn't have to be boring!

For snacks, popcorn is high in fiber and, unbuttered, it still tastes good if you sprinkle it generously with yellow brewer's yeast.

The most important thing to remember about cancer of the prostate is that it is fairly easily detected early in its course by your physician's rectal examination. When detected early, the outlook for this disease is very good, but advanced cases are much more difficult for your doctor to manage.

Volunteers from all over the country have helped us hand-tabulate the results of our survey. We have identified hundreds of men who are vulnerable to prostate cancer.

* Only 36.7 percent of our male readers have had a digital rectal exam within the past year!

* 80.2 percent have *not* had one within the past year.

* 36.4 percent have *never* had a digital rectal exam!

We would like to send them all a letter telling them how vulnerable they are. If you feel as strongly as we do that this would be a practical, cost-effective way of reducing cancer, and if you would like to be part of "putting a finger on prostate cancer," please send a tax-deductible contribution to the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Would you also act as volunteers to make sure that every male over 40 in your family has a rectal exam yearly?

If you have not yet converted to the low-fat/high-carbohydrate diet and would like to order our Bran and Fiber Better Health Cookbook, you can order a copy from The Saturday Evening Post Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202 (see ad on page 109).

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20-PIECE LUXURY TOWEL SET
Soft Absorbent 100% Cotton

An Incomparable Value . . .

For Only $14.95

NOW AVAILABLE IN YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS!
BLUE, YELLOW, ROSE.

For Only $14.95, You Get All This!

- *Four GIGANTIC Wraparound Bath Towels (22"x42")*
- *Four FULL-SIZE Shower Towels (15"x25")*
- *Four ULTRA-POSH Guest Towels (11"x18")*
- *Eight HUGE-Courtesy Towels (144 Square inches!)*

A Great Gift Giving Value!
Colorful Floral Prints And Bright Solids!

Luxuriously soft, extra absorbent towels for every possible occasion! Next time unexpected guests arrive, you'll be ready! Your own family will revel in the unequaled splendor of 100% PURE COTTON! Luxury ensemble features a complete range of decorator sizes—perfect for everything from quick wash-ups to complete scrub-downs!

Now enjoy quality, pure cotton luxury every day. Virtually carefree, these fully washable, 100% Cotton towels are as long-lasting as they are soft and luxurious! You'll never have to buy another towel again!

And remember—decorator towels make a memorable gift.

30-Day Money Back Guarantee

Allow 4-8 Weeks Delivery

Hamilton Decorator Store, Dept. LT- 48
399 Conklin Ave., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Please rush me my **20 Piece Luxury Towel Set(s) #22141** for only **$14.95** plus **$2.95** postage & handling. (Total $17.90)

☐ **SAVE $2.85!** Two Towel Sets—40 pieces for only **$27.95** plus **$5.00** postage and handling. (Total $32.95)

☐ **SAVE MORE!** Additional Set **$15** (we pay postage.)

Total Enclosed $ _____ (N.Y. res. add sales tax)

Check Color Choice: ☐ **Gold**/Quantity _____ ☐ **Blue**/Quantity _____ ☐ **Rose**/Quantity _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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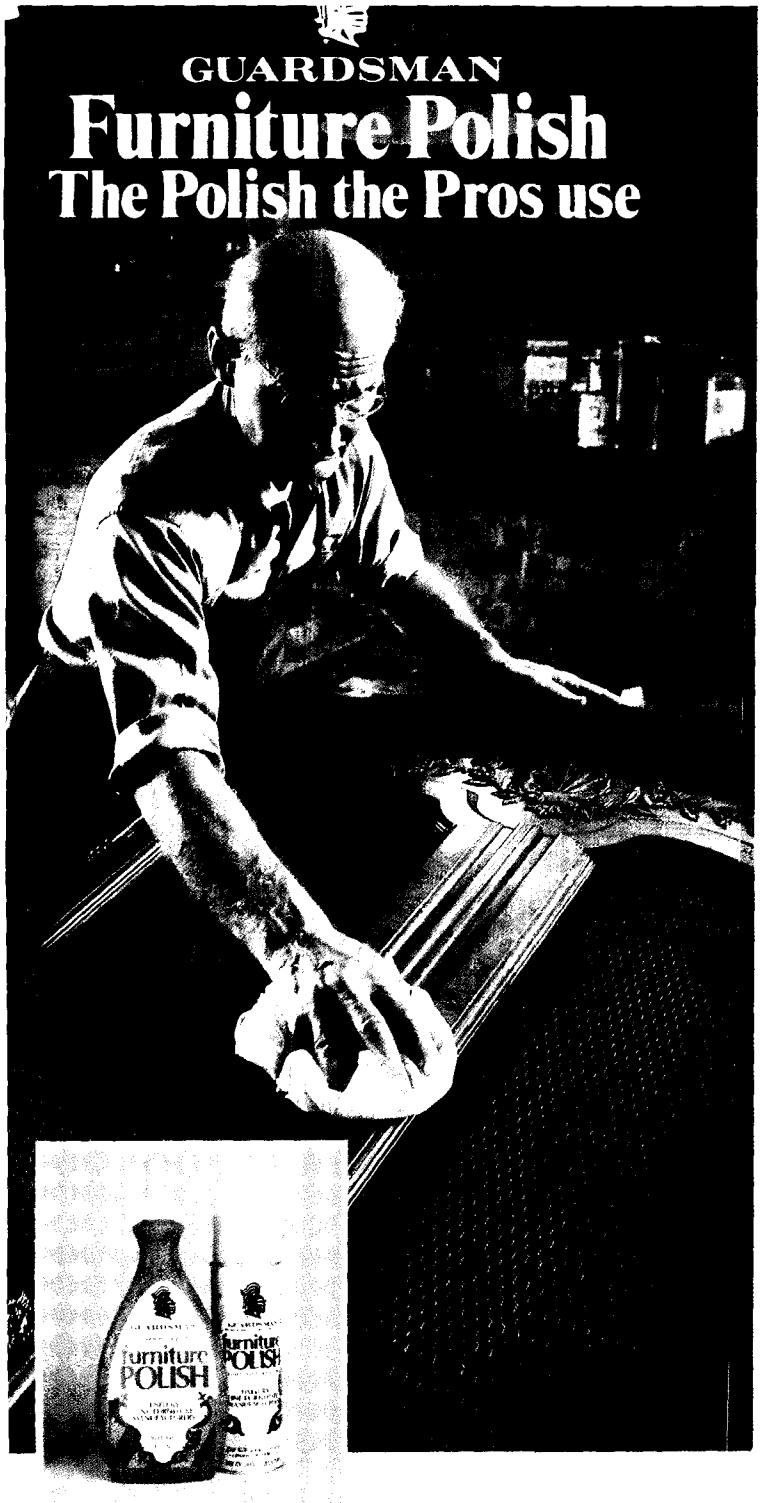

Contains No Waxes or Silicones
which may alter your furniture's finish

Leading manufacturers of fine furniture recommend Guardsman Furniture Polish because it contains *no waxes or silicones.* Polishes which contain wax or silicones may cause a gradual buildup of film. In time, this may harm or detract from the beauty of the wood's finish. Guardsman Furniture Polish contains only natural and organic oils to protect, nourish and revitalize your furniture's finish.

For over 65 years, Guardsman has supplied stains and varnishes to America's finest furniture manufacturers. Keep your furniture's original beauty with Guardsman Furniture Polish.

GUARDSMAN
...The Finishing Touch for Fine Furniture.

Medical Mailbox

continued from page 111

disease. The mouth, through which our body receives its nourishment, is just as important as the arm, leg, etc. We don't "cut off" other parts of our bodies at the onset of an infection—neither should our gums be dealt with in that manner.

Dr. Keyes' reputation as a dentist, coupled with his previous contributions to the field of dentistry, proves to me that he has much to give and very little to gain financially with his stand.

I applaud his treatment, but most of all, I applaud a man who undoubtedly cares for and treats the "people" behind those little white rocks!

Mrs. Norman Pfeifer
Leawood, Kansas

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Dental accidents can happen to anyone. If a tooth is knocked out, what is the best thing to do? The answer is as close as your refrigerator. The best way to store a tooth for successful reimplantation is to put the tooth in milk. Researchers at the University of Florida have found that milk is over 50 percent more effective than water, cell-culture media or saliva. The next time someone you know has a dental accident, be a friend and give them a glass of milk.

James Joseph Rybacki
Omaha, Nebraska

Lysine Controls Herpes

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing in response to an article in the Medical Mailbox (May/June '83 issue) regarding the use of lysine.

I have faithfully taken lysine, 500 mg per day, for the past two years. Up until two years ago, I was plagued with huge cold sores at least once a month, sometimes more often if I became run down or had a severe amount of pressure or tension. A friend of mine (whose sister and brother are both doctors) recommended I try lysine. I immediately started with six 500 mg tablets and continued another two 500 mg tablets every four hours. Within eight hours I could feel the cold sore getting smaller and the pain subsiding. In the past two years I have had one cold sore, and it appeared the week I had run out of lysine and neglected to get more. I was convinced before that incident, but now lysine is something I never run out of.

Normally I take one 500 mg tablet in the morning, but there are times when I can feel a cold sore coming on, and I immediately take 1,000 mg every four hours for one day.

I know lysine controls the recurrence of oral herpes and would be happy to take part in any survey.

Charlene Catallo
Traverse City, Michigan

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I just finished the article in the latest *Post* issue and saw in "Medical Mailbox" the experiment with leukemic mice and hi-lysine, low-arginine diets. I'm really anxious to find out the results of this experiment.

I have a high incidence of cancer in my family. I've been a lysine user for five years, as has my son. We both used to be plagued with cold sores, especially at times of stress and with lack of sleep. Both of us have low

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resistance to any type of virus that happens our way. Neither of us has had so much as a cold sore since we started using lysine.

I missed the Cancer Prevention questionnaire you published. Please mail me one in the envelope I've enclosed.

I can't afford a large donation, but want to pledge $50 to your work. I'll send it the first week of August when I can budget it in.

Sheila Revelle
Cambridge, Ohio

Hydrogen Peroxide for Swimmer's Ear

Steve Kondracki of the CBN "LifeCare Digest" camera crew reported excellent results after a simple treatment for his formerly troublesome swimmer's ear.

His help came from Dr. Rosalinda Negron at the NOW Care Center in Virginia Beach, Virginia, who used hydrogen peroxide.

Dr. Negron advises using full-strength hydrogen peroxide—full strength being straight from the bottle. (Hydrogen peroxide is bottled as a 3-percent mixture.)

The technique, which Dr. Negron learned while studying "ear, nose and throat," is to wash out the ear canal using the hydrogen peroxide. While holding the head to the side, the hydrogen peroxide is poured liberally into the ear. Dr. Negron suggests letting the peroxide bubble and cleaning the debris from the canal after about five minutes; then doing the other ear.

Since individuals produce ear wax at varying rates, the frequency of cleaning the ear canals in this manner varies. However, a normal cleaning schedule would be every two weeks, if necessary.

It is suggested that, if you are swimmer's-ear prone, you consult your physician before regularly cleaning your ears in this manner.

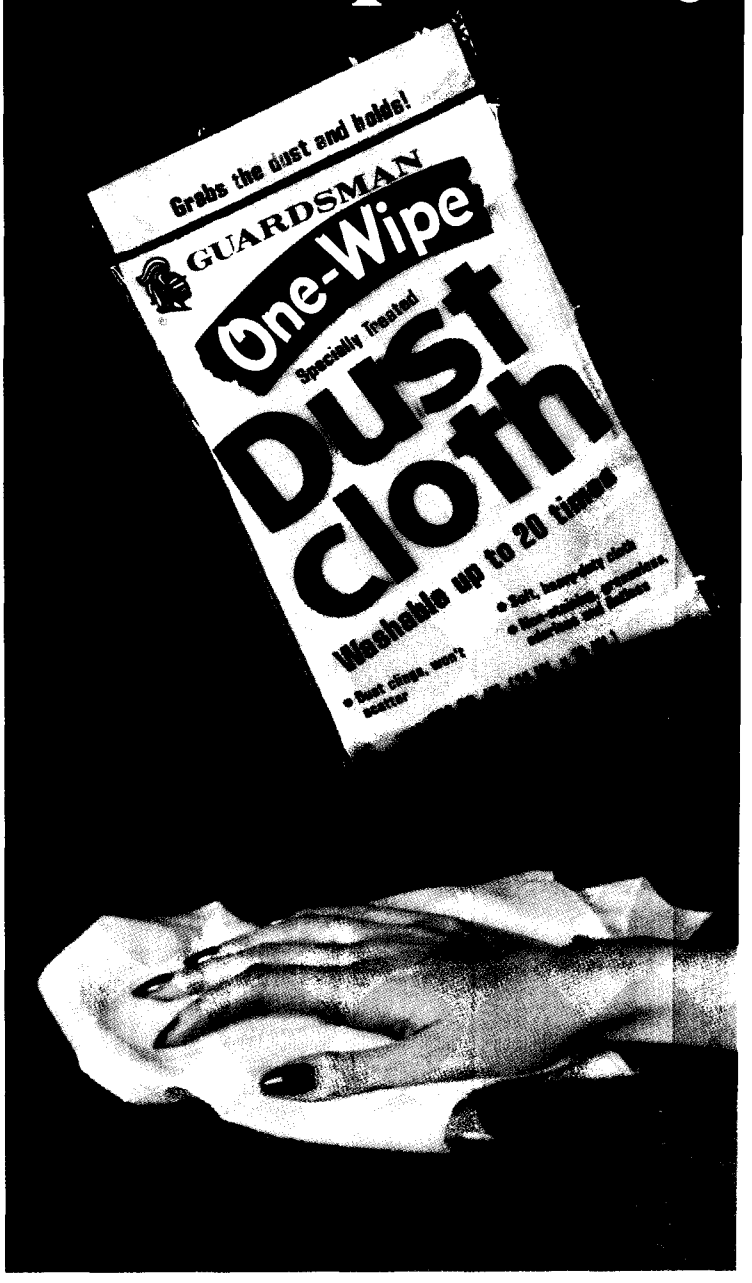
Another prevention habit that Dr. Negron suggested to us is drying the ear canals thouroughly, immediately after leaving the water. This can best be done with a blow-dryer (set on low) after sufficiently towel-drying the ear.

A tender cartilage in front of the ear usually means infection in the ear canal. All ear infections should be taken seriously and seen by a physician.

A Rockwell Gift

To encourage others to advance our research, Society member Dr. Maloof Abraham has donated a limited-edition Norman Rockwell print series to the Society. Through Dr. Abraham's generosity, the print, *First Day of School* will be sent to each individual making a contribution to the Society to further our medical research. The colorful print size is 24"x17" on heavy canvas-textured stock. Contributions can be made to the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Scatterproof Dusting... One-Wipe Away



Dusting with an old rag or feather duster is an endless task because dust is scattered, only to resettle, minutes later. One-Wipe, the heavy duty dust cloth, ends the scattering once and for all! Dust clings to One-Wipe due to a special patented formula which is deep baked into the cloth. It's economical too! One-Wipe can be *washed up to 20 times* and still retain its specially treated benefits.

Spray-on products designed to make dust cling to rags are temporary...and expensive. Constant respraying is necessary, and when the rag is washed, it's just a rag until it's sprayed again!

One-Wipe...the economical Dust Grabber!

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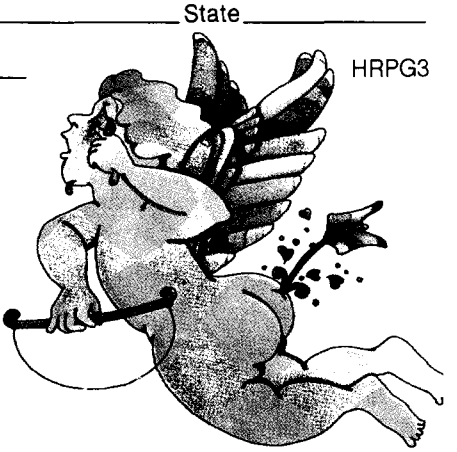

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Thanks To Cobra Your Next Clock-Radio Will Include A Telephone

Combining a clock and a radio was so practical no one realized something obvious was left out: the third bedside basic, a telephone. Cobra has now combined all three, to simplify life on your crowded night table. Or in your kitchen, den or family room. Cobra telephone-clock radios are available with either cordless or corded telephones. All feature an AM-FM radio, lighted digital clock, and alarm settings for radio or alarm wake-up. 2-in-1 used to be ok. Today you can get 3-in-1. Shouldn't your next clock-radio include a telephone? At leading retailers.

Cobra Cordless Telephone-Clock Radios

Deluxe model features a Cobra cordless phone with 300′ range.* built-in speakerphone for hands-free conversation and 9-number memory for automatic dialing.

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Cobra Standard Telephone-Clock Radios

Deluxe model includes a Cobra push-button telephone with 9-number memory for automatic dialing. Plus mute feature and automatic last-number redial.

Features a Cobra push-button telephone with mute button for privacy. Push and the caller can't hear while you speak to someone near you. Plus automatic last-number redial.

*Range may vary depending on local environmental conditions

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